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FORTY YEARS

OF

AMERICAN LIFE

BY

DR. THOMAS L. NICHOLS

60456

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

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CHAPTER I.

TRAVELLING AND HOTEL LIFE IN AMERICA.

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English tourists in America become better acquainted with the life of hotels, railways, and steamboats—the life of the floating and voyaging population of America—than any other. Most of them do not seem to like it. From first to last they have done little but find fault. It is all different from, or, as the English say, different to, what they have known at home. Being different, an Englishman naturally thinks it is worse. I do not altogether agree with this opinion. In certain respects I undoubtedly prefer the American hotel, railway, and steamboat to the English.

More Americans travel, and Americans travel more than the people of any other nation. In England

there are certain classes who make a business of travelling. In America there are very few who do not make journeys more or less long and frequent. Shopkeepers — merchants or storekeepers they are called in America; a shop meaning there the working place of a mechanic, as a blacksmith's shop, carpenter's shop, &c.—travel hundreds of miles, twice a year, from the remotest villages to the large cities of the seaboard, to buy their stocks of merchandize. Of these there are hundreds of thousands, who gather every spring and autumn into the great centres of commerce. Then planters, and the great farmers of the West, make an excuse to go to Charleston, New Orleans, New York, or Baltimore to sell their crops of rice, cotton, hemp, tobacco, wheat, beef, pork, and buy supplies for their homes and plantations. These excursions give a variety to their lives. Then, in the times of the Union, the rich Southern planters brought their families north to spend the summer season. They filled the shops of Broadway, the boxes of the opera or theatres, and the gay saloons of Saratoga, Newport, and Niagara. Their money, by millions, also filled the pockets of the Northerners. In the winter, also, thousands went from the North to the fair and sunny cities of the South for business, pleasure, and health. Then the whole western country is filled with emigrants from the east, who take journeys of a thousand miles to see the old folks at home, and all their brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, at Christmas or thanksgiving. Young men return to the East, and come ten

thousand miles from California and Oregon to marry the girls they left behind them.

In these various ways there was kept up a constant intercourse between the different portions of the country, and, but for the growth of a wretched fanaticism in the North, this intercourse and a thousand bonds of mutual interest would have cemented the whole country into a real and therefore indissoluble union.

It was necessary to provide accommodations for this vast number of travellers. Hence, lines of magnificent steamboats on all the great rivers, sheltered bays, and lakes; hence, thirty thousand miles of railway; hence, hotels large and numerous enough to accommodate this vast multitude.

As Americans invented steamboats, and use more of them in internal navigation than all the world besides, they have made them just as splendid, and just as convenient as they thought necessary. They are really floating palaces, with gilding, pictures, great mirrors, stained glass, rich carpets, grand pianofortes, elegant furniture, and everything which can attract and please. I really think a first-class steamer on Long Island Sound, the River Hudson, the great Lakes, the Ohio, or Mississippi, one of the finest of human inventions. A first-class Hudson River-boat, for example, is four hundred feet long. Its paddle-wheels are sixty feet in diameter. It draws only four feet water, and it glides along the waters of one of the finest rivers in the world, and through scenery of ever-varying beauty and grandeur, at the rate of twenty-

four miles an hour. There are a thousand passengers, lounging in the great saloons, or reading under the awnings on deck, but no crowd. When the dinner-bell rings they all find seats at the long ranges of tables in the great cabin. They are served with every luxury of the season, from the soup and fish to the fruit and ice-cream. And the trip of one hundred and sixty miles, including the sumptuous dinner, has cost seven shillings. I have known it to be as low as five—less than the cost of a very poor meal at a very poor English hotel.

But the finest boat, all things considered, that I ever saw on the American waters, was on the river Ohio, one of the mail packets between Cincinnati and Louisville, named after her owner, Jacob Strader, a worthy citizen of Cincinnati, who had the ambition to build the finest steamboat in the world; and of her kind, a high-pressure western boat, I have nowhere seen her equal.

These western boats have striking peculiarities. They are broad of beam and almost flat-bottomed. The rivers which drain the vast basin between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, some of them navigable four thousand miles from their common mouth on the Mexican Gulf, vary greatly in their depth. The lower Mississippi is one hundred and fifty feet deep. The Ohio and upper Missouri may be thirty or forty feet deep at one season of the year, and scarcely as many inches at another. There are times when the *Great Eastern*, if past the bars at the mouths of the Mississippi, could steam up to Pittsburg among

the Alleghanies, or to the foot of the Rocky Mountains; and there are others, when the boys at Cincinnati can wade across the Ohio, and a steamboat drawing but twenty inches may stick fast on a sand-bar at the mouths of the Cumberland or Tennessee.

The *Jacob Strader*, like nearly all the western river-boats, is high-pressure, because the grit of the water would rapidly wear out the more costly and complicated low-pressure engines. She has two powerful inclined engines, not working together upon one shaft, but upon each side wheel separately. This is for the convenience of turning quickly in the sharp bends of a narrow channel. Such a boat, with the wheels going in different directions, can turn upon her centre, can be steered without a rudder, and rounds to, to make her landings, as she invariably does, with her head up stream, with the greatest facility.

As I stood upon the river's brink, and looked up at this boat, I was greatly struck by her size and appearance. She is not, I judge, more than three hundred feet in length, but rises in a light and graceful style of architecture, of which no example can be found in Europe, to a height of five storeys, or decks. On the first deck are the boilers, engines, fuel, and light freight, horses, carriages, and deck passengers. You mount a broad staircase and come to the spacious drinking saloon, barber's shop, and luggage-room. From this landing two fine staircases bring you to the captain's office, where passengers are booked and their state-rooms assigned them. This is an ante-room to the great saloon, which is broad, high, well-lighted, and

furnished with marble tables, glass chandeliers, mirrors, sofas, &c., and reaches to the stern of the boat, perhaps two hundred feet. On each side are state-rooms of a large size, and furnished with every convenience. The panels of the great saloon are painted in oil with landscapes of American scenery, and no cost has been spared in upholstery. The whole boat is lighted with gas, and hot and cold-baths can be had at a moment's notice. The capacity of the kitchen and force of waiters is sufficient to provide a sumptuous dinner, with printed bills of fare, for six hundred passengers. Beneath the ladies' saloon is a large saloon fitted up expressly for children and their nurses.

Over the great saloon and its double range of state-rooms, is the promenade deck, on which are built the state-rooms of the officers and pilots. The deck above this is called the hurricane-deck, and above this rises the pilot-house; which, with its large windows on all sides, made comfortable by a stove in winter, commanding an unimpeded view, and communicating by signal-bells and speaking-tubes with the engineers, and by chains from the wheel to the rudder, gives the pilots, as the steersmen of these boats are called, complete command of the boat in its often difficult navigation. The pilot, his mate, and two assistants, are very important personages. They have the entire charge and responsibility of navigation. The captain indicates the points at which he wishes to land, and gives the signal for departure, but seldom interferes further with the course of the boat. The pilots are

paid two hundred or three hundred dollars a month and "found." Imagine yourself so favoured as to be invited by the pilot to take a seat in his glazed turret, forty feet above the water, and commanding a full panorama of the river valley through which you are gliding. Villages, farms, and forests seem to sweep past you. You meet steamers and pass flat boats, going lazily down with the current, carrying coal perhaps from the carboniferous banks of the Monongahela, where it crops out in great seams in the river-bank, to Memphis or New Orleans. In its way, it is the poetry of travelling. The rail is more rapid, but in comfort there is no comparison.

None—for here is a bar where you can have your choice of every possible drink. Here is a *table d'hôte*, with its bill of fare of fifty dishes. You may lounge on a sofa, promenade on the deck, play poker forward, chess amidships, or the pianoforte aft. It is your own fault if you do not, so being inclined, get up a discussion or a flirtation.

At night the *Jacob Strader*, dashing along the starlit river, all her windows blazing with lights, her furnace fires throwing their red glare forward, the black smoke, filled with sparks of fire, pouring from her tall smoke stacks, steam roaring from her escape pipes, perhaps a band playing, and a gay party dancing on her lofty promenade deck, is altogether a strange and curious picture. The polite Pasha of Egypt, when asked by the Empress Eugenie if he was not surprised at the splendours of Paris, replied—

"No, Madame, I had read the *Arabian Nights*."

These tales of Oriental and magical splendour would not give him the least idea of an Ohio steamboat.

Let us return, however, to our imaginary trip up the Hudson and across the Empire State. At Albany, we take the New York Central railroad for Niagara. It is some three hundred miles, and the fare twenty or twenty-five shillings. In some of the States the highest fare is three-halfpence a mile. The carriages are much lighter, and to my taste handsomer in appearance than the English. There is no lack of paint, gilding, upholstery, and ornament. The seats are cushioned and backed with plush. There are stoves in winter, and ice-water in summer. In these cars, as these long carriages—seating fifty or sixty persons—are called, are small retiring rooms for both sexes. The doors open upon platforms at the ends of the cars, and you can walk from one end of a train to another while it is in motion. The conductor walks from end to end inspecting tickets. There is no danger of robbery, murder, or other outrage, as in the small, locked, and inaccessible compartments of European roads. Not only does the conductor walk through to examine the tickets, see that all is right, and answer inquiries, but the newsboy comes along loaded with daily and weekly papers; then he comes with books—all the newest publications, and then with oranges and confectionary. Overhead through every car runs a cord, in reach of every passenger, a pull at which will signal the engineer or driver to stop, in case of accident or other necessity. This cord also enables the conductor to control the train in any part of it. I

never heard of any fear that passengers would needlessly meddle with it.

You travel all night, perhaps, or on a long journey, two or three nights in succession. There are sleeping-cars, where, for a shilling extra, you can have a berth made up, and lie very comfortably under your blanket all night without disturbance. There is a wash-room in the corner of this car for your morning ablutions.

These railway-cars, day and night, are not always as well ventilated as they should be. There are some which are supplied with warm air in winter, and artificially cooled air in summer, in which the ventilation is perfect. There are various contrivances for changing the air and excluding dust, which answer a good purpose. Free competition and demand and supply, it may be presumed, will in time make them universal.

The arrangement about luggage is convenient. On taking a train for a journey of a thousand miles, perhaps through five or six sovereign states, and over as many different lines of continuous road, I hand over my portmanteau, and receive a small metal numbered check, a duplicate of which is attached to my luggage. I receive as many checks as I have packages. There is no more trouble. At the end of the route I produce my checks—hand them to the omnibus agent, or hotel porter—and find my luggage at the hotel when I arrive, or a few moments after.

If, for any reason, luggage is not claimed, it is stored for a year, advertised, and then, if unclaimed, sold at auction.

And now for the hotel. As a steamboat is a floating hotel, the hotel is a stationary steamboat. It covers a square of several hundred feet. It is built of granite, brown sandstone, or white marble, seven storeys high. It has bed-rooms for a thousand or twelve hundred guests, and dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, reading-room, public parlours, bar-room, barber's-shop, baths; everything on the same scale. There is a kitchen capable of furnishing four meals a day for a thousand people. There is a steam laundry, in which your trunk full of soiled linen will be washed, dried, starched, ironed, and returned to your room in a couple of hours. There is a corps of Irish chambermaids, not selected for their beauty, but to scrub, clean, and do up a mile or two of corridors and a thousand bed-chambers. There is a corps of table-waiters, who are Irish or negroes, who manage with more or less dexterity to feed a thousand guests.

The Irish waiters blunder a little, but they are invincibly good-natured, and have the merit of good intentions, plenty of mother-wit, and an ever-amusing faculty of blarney. The free negro, in the North, is sometimes sullen, as if smarting under a sense of inferiority. In the South the negro waiters, bond or free, are models of their class: they are attentive, complaisant, and do everything to gain your approbation. The race has, as phrenologists would say, small self-esteem and large approbativeness. Negro-children learn to wait at table as soon as they are tall enough to look over it, and they become wonderfully adroit in their duties.

"Breakfast from seven to eleven." This notice means that, by going into the dining-room—a large and lofty saloon fit for a concert or ball, and sometimes used for them—you will find waiters ready to take your order. You take your seat and morning-paper. The waiter hands you the bill of fare: Coffee, tea, chocolate, all kinds of bread, toast, rolls, biscuit; buckwheat, Indian corn, rice, flour, griddle-cakes; beefsteak, porksteak, ham, eggs, mutton-chop, sausages, fish, broiled chicken, oysters stewed, fried, broiled; potatoes, and so on. It is all the same price; you may eat of every dish, or one, or none; you pay six, eight, or ten shillings a day, according to the class of the house. These were the prices before the war, and include board and lodging.

There are in the large cities two dinners each day: one for business men, or persons leaving in early trains, at two o'clock; the other at four or five o'clock, for a more fashionable class of travellers and the regular boarders at the hotel. They are substantially the same, but the first being for men in a hurry is somewhat less ceremonious. At Niagara the waiters have an almost military drill, and a band of music plays in an adjoining saloon. At Saratoga the music comes after dinner.

The *carte*, or bill of fare, is long, full, and I must say, in spite of the bad luck or bad humour of Mr. Anthony Trollope, generally well cooked. Why not? No markets in the world are better supplied than those of the large American cities. I know that Englishmen have a superstition about the excellence of their beef and mutton; but they have the same

breeds in America, and the same mode of feeding. The game is not to be surpassed.

And then for cooks. I have not supposed the English super-eminent in this respect. Every great American hotel has its chief cook, usually a Frenchman. A hundred hotels are in competition. What is to hinder good cookery, with all the appliances and a lavish expenditure? I am sorry for Mr. Trollope. I agree that there is much bad cooking in America, and especially in the West; but it is also certain that if there is no good, there is none anywhere. Americans travel all over the world. They are always ready to adopt improvements. The keepers of American hotels, who consider themselves on an equality with senators, and who not unfrequently become senators, take pride in entertaining their guests. They sit at the head of the table, and invite the President, the Governor of the State, or distinguished foreigners, to take wine with them. They have the manners, not of a head-waiter, but of a gentleman of fortune dispensing the hospitalities of his mansion. The hotel-keeper pays a rent of five to ten thousand pounds a year. He makes twenty thousand a year; keeps his carriage, has his box at the opera, and his country villa. He could retire with a fortune, but he likes his business too well. Is it credible that such a man will not have a good cook?

There is tea at six or seven, and a substantial supper for those who require one at eleven o'clock.

Now for the expense. Lodging, attendance, and

four meals a day cost, as I have said, from six to ten shillings, according to the class of hotel. The usual price formerly was eight shillings a day. Wines, malt liquors, &c., are extra. The price list is on the bill of fare. But there are no fees for waiters, chamber-maids, or any service but boots and porter, commonly the same personage. The laundry-work of course is extra. The barber's shop, though in the house, is an independent affair. There is no doubt about the bill; you know to a shilling what it will be for a day or ten days. And that, to one who has had a few of the surprises with which English innkeepers indulge their customers, is certainly a comfort.

There are in New York, and several of the larger towns, hotels kept on what is called the European plan. Not much English, however. You take a room at two, three, or more shillings a day. You eat in a refectory attached to the house, have meals brought to your room, or eat at a restaurant. Your only bill is the price of the room, and there are no fees or extras.

National habits, tastes, and feelings differ, and Americans, in several particulars, are unlike their English relatives. The Englishman is shy and private. He builds a high wall around his house and garden to keep out the eyes of the public. The American builds a fine house and lays out a handsome garden, that others may see and enjoy them as well as himself. Shut in and hidden, they would lose half their value. He builds near the road, to be the better seen by the passers by; and his only fence is

a low paling, as light and open as possible. The Englishman likes to eat and drink in private—shut up in his room or a close little box. The American prefers a large, gay dining-room and the presence of many guests. What has he to be ashamed of? He wishes to see and be seen. He suns himself in the public gaze. He enjoys society, and enters into the life around him. The more the merrier. The larger the hotel, the bigger the steamboat, the more people eating and drinking about him, the greater his enjoyment. So in travelling, an Englishman's ideal is to be shut up alone, or, at the most, with his little private party. He has taken the carriage with two seats as the model of his railway conveyance, where half the passengers must ride backward. The American prefers his spacious and handsome car with forty or fifty passengers. He likes to walk through the train and find some one he knows. He is not afraid of intrusion; and knows how to protect himself. He is gregarious and social—ready to discuss trade or politics with a stranger, without buttoning up his pockets. He is not afraid that some person below his rank will claim his acquaintance. He shakes hands with the President, and discusses the coming election with the blacksmith or shoemaker. He calculates to treat every well-behaved man like a gentleman, and every woman is to him a lady, to whom he is courteous, respectful, and, if need be, protective.

Perhaps the most repulsive thing an English traveller meets with in America is the want of dis-

tinction in classes. On the railroad there is but one class and one price. The best cars are, indeed, reserved for ladies and those who accompany them; but all pay the same fare. The rudest American understands that a lady, a woman, has a prescriptive right to the front seat at the show, to the head of the table at dinner, to the best cabins and state-rooms on the steamer, and the best cars in the railway train. She may be rich or poor, mistress or maid, these are her prescriptive rights as a woman. There is not a steamboat running on the wildest western river where a male passenger ever takes his seat at table until every woman is seated at her own place of honour. A hundred hungry men, with a hot dinner smoking before them, will patiently wait until some young miss has fixed her last curl, and taken her seat near the head of the table. And a lone woman, old or young, pretty or ugly, may travel from one end of America to the other, finding kindness, civility, and help from every man she meets.

There are then, in price and privilege, no first-class, second-class, or third-class passengers. But there are on steamboats deck-passengers, generally immigrants going West, or up the Mississippi; and immigrant trains, at very low rates, are run upon some of the principal lines of railway. It is very seldom, however, that an American can be found on these trains. He puts on his Sunday clothes, pays full fare—as high as the highest—and holds himself as good as the best.

Not that he always is. He may be rude and un-

cleanly. Not as I have seen men in England, whom one could not approach within several feet without holding one's breath—never, I believe, so bad as that. But they chew tobacco a great deal, and they are not nice about disposing of the superfluous saliva. I admit that it is very disgusting. There are smoking-cars on every large railway train, and there ought to be chewing-cars as well. I have no excuse for people who have no delicacy themselves, and no regard for the feelings of others. Spitting is the vice of America, pervading and all but universal. The judge chews and spits upon the bench, the lawyer at the bar, the doctor at the bedside of his patient, and the minister in the pulpit. The senator removes his quid to make a speech in Congress, and pauses in the midst of his most eloquent period to look for the spittoon. I do not mean that all do this. There are thousands who never touch tobacco, and are as refined in their manners as any society demands; but still, what I have said is true. In the still pauses of an impassioned oration, I have heard a pattering shower upon the floor from the mouths, not the eyes, of the audience. It was in a rude frontier town. I have sneezed from tobacco dust, raised by the applause—stamping of feet—in a fashionable theatre. I have seen courts of law carpeted an inch deep with saw-dust, and so converted into one big, universal spittoon. English tourists, in this matter, I confess with shame and sorrow, have not exaggerated.

CHAPTER II.

REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

The law of progress.—Phrenology.—Animal magnetism.—Vegetarianism.—Hydropathy.—Woman's rights.—Bloomerism.—Land reforms.—"Vote yourself a farm."—Legal reform.—The no-money reformers.—Evils and remedies.

FREEDOM from prejudice, disregard of precedents, a lack of that "prehensility of tail" which Mr. Emerson considers a striking characteristic of Englishmen, a love of novelty, a striving after progress, make the Americans ready listeners to every new doctrine, pretended science, or would-be philosophy, so that it promises the reformation of society and the increase of human happiness.

The country itself is a new world, newly peopled by its present inhabitants. Its political institutions are novel and experimental. The fusion of various nationalities is making a new race. The people of the various states every few years revise their constitutions, and new laws are continually made by thirty-odd legislatures. New sects in religion are springing up, new systems of ethics and metaphysics, new ideas of society.

In England, an old house, an old business firm, an

old sign, almost everything old, is held in high esteem. A business established a century ago is on a very firm foundation. In America, on the contrary, it is newness that gives success. People believe in progress and improvement; why should they not prefer the new hotel, steamboat, machine, or establishment of whatever kind, to the old? It is not to be wondered at that they should imagine that morals and religion may be subject to the law of progress, and that the last-invented creed may be an improvement upon the one promulgated two centuries or two decades of centuries ago.

When Dr. Spurzheim, the associate of Gall in the elaboration of the system of phrenology, came to America, about 1834, he was received with enthusiasm. Phrenology became the rage. Plaster casts of heads, and lithographs marked with the organs, were sold by thousands. There was a universal feeling of heads. Lecturers went from town to town, explaining the new science, and giving public and private examinations. Periodicals were published to promulgate the new philosophy, and a library of books was rapidly published. I have no doubt that in five years after the advent of Dr. Spurzheim, there were more phrenologists, or believers of phrenology, in the United States than in all the world beside.

Animal magnetism trod closely on the heels of phrenology. I cannot tell what delayed it so long. Perhaps it was the fact that Dr. Franklin, who was invited to take part in an investigation of the claims of Mesmer, made by a commission of the French

Academy in Paris, had not reported favourably. However that may have been, mesmerism, or animal magnetism, found at length an apostle. Monsieur Poyen, a French Creole, from one of the West India Islands, came to Boston, and introduced the new science to the American public. He was listened to with eager curiosity. I chanced to be present at one of Dr. Poyen's first lectures. His health was too feeble, as he said, to allow him to operate; but after the lecture, and in presence of a portion of the audience, a young man who volunteered to try the experiment, succeeded in putting one of his companions to sleep. A few days afterwards he accompanied some physicians to a city hospital, and magnetized a patient selected for the experiment so thoroughly that she remained asleep forty-eight hours, though suffering from an acute disease of the heart that usually deprived her of rest. During the mesmeric sleep or trance, she appeared placid and free from pain, but it was found impossible to awaken her by ordinary means. At the end of the forty-eight hours, she awoke herself, and seemed much refreshed, and said she was better than she had been for months. The publication of this and a few similar cases, of course set the whole people to mesmerising each other. There were medical mesmerists and clairvoyants everywhere. Distinguished surgeons performed operations on patients who were insensible to pain during the magnetic sleep. Clairvoyants professed to inspect the internal organs of patients, describe their diseases, and prescribe remedies, which were not more varied or dan-

gerous than those given by the regular and irregular faculty.

Then came psychometrists, who could tell the lives, characters, fortunes, and diseases of people they had never seen, by holding a sealed letter, scrap of writing, lock of hair, or other connecting relic, in their hands. There was one who, when a fossil of some remote geological period was placed in contact with her forehead, would give an animated description of the appearance of the planet at that period, which she professed to see in a kind of vision. This lady, I believe, is still living, and might perhaps throw some light upon the flint hatchets and other supposed relics of the pre-Adamite man, and settle the Huxleyan and Darwinian controversies.

Mesmerism vulgarly culminated in an exhibition of what was called, absurdly enough, "psychology," or "biology," a process of hallucination by which a number of susceptible persons, selected by a lecturer from his audience, were made to believe and do the most ridiculous things—to fancy they were swimming, or flying, or drinking, at the will of the operator.

That persons having a certain nervous impressibility were put to sleep, or reduced to insensibility to pain, and that certain faculties were strangely excited by the mesmeric process, there seems to be abundant evidence. There is no lack of evidence—of testimony, if that were all, for much more; but a large amount of humbug may reasonably be presumed where such pretensions are made for purposes of gain. The scientific anthropologist cannot lose sight of the real pheno-

mena of mesmerism, and even its wildest pretensions may deserve a more careful investigation than men of established scientific reputations have seemed inclined to give them.

The vegetarian system of dietetics was not original in, nor peculiar to America, but it was taken up there with great zeal, and promulgated with singular ability by Sylvester Graham and other sanitary reformers. The English talk a good deal about roast beef, but there are ten persons in England who do not taste flesh meat of any kind oftener than once a week to one in America. The Irish emigrants, who, perhaps, never ate meat a dozen times a year at home, think they must eat it three times a day in America. There is little doubt that a great deal too much flesh is eaten by all classes—more by the poor than the rich. The vegetarian reform was, therefore, to a certain extent, a reaction against excesses and abuses. But some thousands of Americans abandoned the use of flesh entirely, and many never returned to it. These, of course, believe that most of the diseases and evils of life are caused by eating flesh, and that with its disuse would come health, purity, and happiness.

The spread of hydropathy was another example of the readiness of Americans to accept anything new. The system of Priessnitz had scarcely been heard of before several large water-cure establishments were opened in America, five or six water-cure journals were published, two medical schools of hydropathy opened, and in a few years a hundred or more practitioners, male and female, of course, were dispensing

packs and douches with much desirable cleanliness, and, it is probable, much sanitary improvement also, to the American public.

The theory of woman's rights is not peculiar to America. It has had its advocates in England, Germany, and Belgium. Mary Wolstonecraft was an Englishwoman, and had she been born half a century later, would have met with an enthusiastic welcome in America. Frances Wright was an Englishwoman, who lectured thirty years ago in America, on politics, socialism, and deism, with no inconsiderable success. This success, however, did not outlast the novelty. She died a few years ago, in Cincinnati, Ohio, almost alone, and neglected by the thousands who had once admired her. Mrs. Rose, at present the most eloquent female advocate of woman's rights and the philosophy of Thomas Paine, is a native of Poland. Miss Dr. Blackwell, who studied medicine in the hospitals and schools of Paris, and has received a diploma of Doctor of Medicine, is an Englishwoman. But there are an abundance of American women who have aspired to places in the learned professions of law, physic, and divinity. Women have studied law, but I am not aware that one has yet been admitted to the bar. Women have been settled as preachers, and this is scarcely a novelty, since female preachers have long been common in the sect of Friends or Quakers, and women have founded several denominations. As to female physicians, there is a considerable number in several schools of medical practice.

There is less of popular prejudice to hinder women

from finding their proper work and doing it in America than in most countries. There is little probability that they will take an active part in politics, there or elsewhere. They are not likely, under ordinary circumstances, to command fleets or armies. They will not become lawyers. We may expect them to find their proper function in the Church, but scarcely in the ministrations of the pulpit or the altar. But it seems probable that educated women will rightfully assume certain departments of medicine; they may take charge of hospitals, of reformatories, and even of prisons. They have a large work as educators. Nothing hinders them from becoming painters, sculptors, musicians. They are prolific and delightful authors, successfully competing with men in certain departments of literature.

The attempt on the part of certain American women to assume masculine or semi-masculine habiliments—a movement which received the name of Bloomerism from one of its prominent American advocates—was a bold and energetic one, but not successful. Some thousands of American women, and many in high positions, assumed the dress. They were brave to heroism, and persevering to fanaticism; but the attempted reform was a failure. America could rebel against a foreign Government, she may revolutionize her own, but America was not strong enough to war upon the fashions of civilization. A woman in New York may make a political speech to three or four thousand people, but to wear a Bloomer dress down Broadway is another affair, and a far greater

difficulty would be to get others to follow her example. There were ladies in the rural districts, and some of wealth and position, who engaged in this movement, assumed the dress, and advocated its use. Mrs. Cady Stanton, the wife of a New York member of Congress, and a married daughter of Mr. Gerrit Smith—a wealthy philanthropist, who gave thousands of acres of land to free negroes in New York, which he could never get them to cultivate—were conspicuous in the dress reform; but their influence and example were powerless against fashion and crinoline. Women believe almost universally that it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion. When Bloomerism is the fashion, they will all rush into short petticoats and trowsers—not before. In the meantime, a few of them get out of the world by means of crinoline.

The land reformers were at one period a pretty formidable organization, and had some influence on local and even on national politics. That the earth is the property of its inhabitants; that the land of every country belongs to the people of that country; that no individual can have a right to monopolize great tracts of country, and compel others to pay him rent or starve, many Americans believe. In a country where wild land is abundant and cheap, and landlords or large proprietors are scarcely known, it is not very strange that even the right of property in land, or at least in large quantities of land, should be questioned. Land, said the land reformers, should be free as air or water. Land is a necessary of life, and all men have an equal right to life and what is necessary to pre-

serve it. A man cannot bottle up the atmosphere. Why claim exclusive possession of square leagues of territory? Who gives any man an exclusive right to earth and sunshine, and the food they produce? Land for the landless! No land monopoly! Vote yourself a farm!

Of course, in a state where there is universal suffrage, and the people make the laws, it would require only the votes of a majority to confiscate all the lands—to divide them equally among the people, or to hold them as common property. Unfortunately for this plan, a majority of the voters in every state, up to this time, are owners of land which they mean to keep. They also wish to buy more, and to hold it in secure possession. Several states went so far, however, as to secure to every man a homestead, consisting of a house, barn, and a few acres of land, which cannot be taken for debt. This is as far as the land reformers have got; but they have made strong efforts to have the national domain—the wild lands of the West—given free of cost to actual settlers. But it will all be swallowed up in railroad grants and soldiers' bounties.

In the new states great tracts of land have been purchased as permanent investments, by men who wish to leave something to their posterity. In all the states property accumulates. The thrifty swallow up the property of the thriftless; and the time may come when the land reformers will find a majority of landless men ready to vote for a new division. Then those who have property will need a strong

government, and a government made by and for the rich, to give their property adequate protection. What would universal suffrage do with the great estates of England? Their title-deeds would not be worth the parchment on which they are written.

Another crotchet of American reformers was the abolition of all laws for the collection of debts and enforcement of contracts—a sort of universal bankrupt law, which would entirely dispense with courts of civil jurisdiction, make every debt a "debt of honour," and leave men to deal entirely on the cash system, or trust to the consciences of their debtors. Credit, it was contended, would be of real value in the absence of law, and rest on character, and not on a man's supposed property. An honourable man would have all the credit he required, while scamps would not be trusted. All the expenses of the courts of law and equity would be saved to the public, and mercantile transactions would have a more solid foundation. As men notoriously pay their bets and gambling debts, because there is no means of enforcing payment, there would actually be more security than under the present system.

The abolition of imprisonment for debt, the exemption of homesteads, tools, libraries, and a certain amount of furniture, and liberal bankrupt laws, have been steps in legislation in this direction; but there are too many lawyers in every state legislature to allow us to expect that the whole system can be carried without a strong effort.

Next to no-law we may rank the no-money reformers.

The attempt to get along without money has had some earnest advocates, and even a few who have for a time carried the anti-money system into practical operation. Money, they said, was the root of all evil; it was an engine of oppression; it enabled the rich to accumulate riches by the robbery of the poor. It made men slaves in the payment of interest on capital. It was money that gave one idle man the power to absorb a large portion of the labour of hundreds or thousands of his industrious fellow-men, without the shadow of any right to do so—without rendering any real equivalent. What is money, gold or paper? Power. The power of making some one labour for my benefit. It is an instrument of slavery, an engine of despotism. Down with money! away with it, rather. Let men exchange things of real value. Let them give labour for that which labour produced; but away with this curse of curses, by means of which whole nations are bound under burthens of debt and taxation. Abolish money, and all despotisms would cease. There could be no war. Property would be equitably divided, and the reign of justice—the millennium—would dawn upon a liberated race!

The political institutions of America—liberty, equality, fraternity, the government of the people by universal suffrage—were supposed at first to be a panacea for all evils. Civil and religious liberty, however, did not quite remove the evils of life. Toil, poverty, vice, crime, and misery existed even in a model republic. We bear with the inevitable when we have come to believe that it is so. "What *can't*

be cured must be endured;" but Americans are sanguine enough to believe that no evil is without a remedy, if they could only find it, and they see no good reason why they should not try to find remedies for all the evils of life.

CHAPTER III.

SOCIAL THEORIES AND EXPERIMENTS.

The religious element in social reform.—Rappites and Mormons.—The Shakers.—Modern Times.—System of Josiah Warren.—Stephen Pearl Andrews.—Robert Owen and Communism at New Harmony.—Cost the limit of price.—The sovereignty of the individual.—Fourierism in America.—Anti-marriage doctrines.—The "Come-outers."—Ultimations of democracy.

It is a remarkable thing that no social experiment in America has had any permanence, or any considerable success, that has not been based upon the religious sentiment. The Rappites, who founded large communities and gathered wealth by industry, were the followers of a religious zealot, who yielded implicit obedience to his commands. They had the element of faith, and faith made them obedient to authority.

The Mormons are a living example of the vivifying power of the religious element. I do not speak of truth of doctrines, but of faith and zeal. The Mormons earnestly believe and zealously practise their religion. In our memory they have grown from one man, Joseph Smith, to be a nation. Their missionaries traverse the world. Converts flock to them from England, Wales, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, and

the American States. Whatever may be thought of Brigham Young and his fellow apostles, there is no question about the earnestness, the zeal, the fanaticism of their followers. They triumphed over persecution, marched into the wilderness, and have laid the foundations of an empire which appears to be full of vitality.

In all my travels I have never seen a more remarkable people than the American Shakers, or, as they are sometimes called, Shaking Quakers.

It was a few years after the American Revolution, when religious excitement had taken the place of political in New England, that Mother Ann Lee, an emigrant from Lancashire, England, declared herself to be the second Incarnation, or the female Messiah. As always happens to enthusiasts, she found followers and believers, earnest in proportion to the wildness and absurdity of her mystical revelations.

She thought that in her was the second coming. The church she formed was the millennial church. It was to come out from the world and be separate. She abolished marriage, and established celibacy as the unvarying rule for every member of her society. She revived, moreover, the apostolic rule of a community of worldly goods. Her society grew and flourished—not rapidly, indeed, but with a slow and steady progress—until there are now scattered over the American States some twelve or fifteen Shaker villages or communities of the disciples, followers, and worshippers of Mother Ann Lee.

Spending a few days, some years ago, in the city of

Cincinnati, Ohio, I one day came into contact with a Shaking Quaker. He was dressed in the extreme fashion of the Society of Friends—a broad-brimmed hat, a shad-bellied coat of a bluish-gray homespun cloth, his hair cropped short before and falling into the neck behind. His conversation was simple and formal, with the scripture quaintness of "yea" and "nay." He conversed freely on the doctrines and polity of the society, and gave me a cordial invitation to pay them a visit at the Shaker village of Lebanon, only twenty miles distant. I need not say that I eagerly accepted the invitation.

The wisdom of the ruling elders could scarcely have selected a finer spot for the domain of a community. The land in this portion of the Western States is of a wonderful fertility. In the valley of the Great and Little Miami there are lands where the same crops have grown for fifty successive years without an ounce of manure, where the stalks of Indian corn grow twenty feet high, and the ears cannot be reached without a step-ladder.

I drove, after leaving the railway, through a rich and well-cultivated country; still the domain of the Shakers, from its utmost boundary, was marked by striking peculiarities. The fences were higher and stronger than those on the adjacent farms, though these showed the benefit of a good example. The woods were cleared of underbrush; the tillage was of extraordinary neatness; the horses, cattle, and sheep were of the best breeds, and gave evidence of intelligence and care on the part of their breeders.

I soon came in sight of the buildings which form the Shaker village. There are no taverns or shops, but large, plainly-built dwelling-houses, barns, workshops, and an edifice for meetings or religious exercises. Simple utility is the only rule of architecture. There is not, in the whole village, one line of ornament. The brown paint is used only to protect the woodwork of the buildings. I did not see so much as an ornamental shrub or flower in the whole domain.

One house in the village is set apart for the entertainment of strangers, who receive attention, food, and lodging as long as they choose to remain. The brethren and sisters in charge, who are appointed to fulfil the duties of hospitality, neither demand nor refuse payment.

The women, old and young, ugly and pretty, dress in the same quaint and most unfashionable attire. There are no bright colours; no ruffles or flounces or frills; no embroidery or laces; no ribbons or ornaments of any kind. The hair is combed smoothly back under a plain cap; a three-cornered kerchief of sober brown covers the bosom, and the narrow gored skirt has no room for crinoline beneath it.

The rooms and furniture are as plain and homely as the external architecture. There is not a moulding or coloured paper; not a picture or print adorns the walls, nor is there a vase or statue. The only books are a few of their own religious treatises, collections of hymns, and works of education, science, and utility.

But there is everywhere the perfection of order and neatness. The floors shine like mirrors. Every visible

thing is bright and clean. There is a place for everything, and everything is in its place. This order and neatness is carried out in the workshops, the farmyards, and even the pigsties.

A community of two or three hundred persons, all devoted to an ordinary industry, and engaged in agriculture and profitable manufactures, with no rents, light taxes, and producing for themselves all the necessaries of life, cannot fail to grow rich. I found this community living in comfort and abundance, surrounded with a great wealth of houses and lands, flocks and herds, and, as I was told, with large sums invested in the best securities. Men, women, and children all work. There are no idlers, and no time is lost. As the honesty of the Shakers is proverbial, they have the command of the best markets for their wooden wares, agricultural implements, brooms, garden seeds, preserved fruits and vegetables, and the surplus of their cloth, leather, &c. There is nothing, therefore, to hinder them from accumulating property to an immense extent.

As there is no marriage—as all the men and women live together like brothers and sisters—their only increase is by the accession of new members from the world, or by taking orphan and destitute children. People with whom the world has dealt hardly, widows or deserted wives, with families of children, often go to the Shakers. They are never turned away. So long as they choose to remain, and comply with the rules of the society, they have the full enjoyment of all its material and spiritual goods. So the Shakers

slowly increase, and new domains are purchased, and brought under cultivation.

Curiously enough, while everything like art and beauty is ignored in the secular life of the Shaker, music and dancing make a part of their religious observances. But their singing is of the rudest character, and without any instrumental accompaniment. They have no musical instruments—not even a fife, or drum, or jew's-harp. Their pious songs in praise of their Divine Mother, who makes for them a fourth person in the godhead, are sung in rude choruses, which have little melody and no attempt at harmony. The dancing is as rude as the singing: it is merely a violent exercise, wholly destitute of corporeal grace, whatever may be its spiritual influences.

In this strange community I was received with a simple and hearty kindness; my questions were frankly answered; even my objections to the religious doctrines and social practices of the community were replied to in a kindly spirit. I found the dispensers of Shaker hospitalities, male and female, well up in their Scripture, and as ready as other sectarians to secure a convert to their faith.

At dinner-time I was served at a private table with a homely but most substantial repast. Everything was of the best quality. The bread was of the whitest, the butter of the sweetest, the fruit of the finest, the honey delicious. One might travel far in any country to get so good a meal.

The community eat at common tables, but each sex has its own. They enter the large dining-rooms in

a certain order, and kneel down by the table while asking a blessing; then rise and eat in silence. A similar order pervades all their movements.

They made upon my mind the impression of great honesty and earnestness in their religious views; and from all I saw or could learn of them I have no reason to believe that there is any frequent violation of the ascetic rule of the society. They are fanatical: I saw no evidence of hypocrisy. In a few instances, persons have proved unfaithful to pecuniary trusts; and I have heard of one or two cases in which male and female Shakers have left the society together to get married. I have no reason to believe that any of them live in the community while violating its rule of life, which is that of entire chastity.

The history of the Shakers is full of suggestions to the social reformer. It is certain that they have made an industrial community a material success. They show us a whole society living in peace, plenty, and worldly prosperity. But how far are their religious system and ascetic life necessary to this success? Might not the Shakers change their faith, enjoy the sweets of domestic life, have music, pictures, and flowers, and still carry on their works of useful industry, and increase and enjoy their stores of worldly wealth? This is a question which we will leave to sociologists to answer.

Forty miles east of the city of New York, on the great central plain of Long Island, was, and is if it still exist, the village of MODERN TIMES, founded by Stephen Pearl Andrews and Josiah Warren.

Long Island, which is separated from the mainland of New York by the narrow strait called East River, is a long and narrow island, one hundred and twenty miles long, and from five to twenty wide. There is a backbone of low hills along the northern shore, from which it slopes down regularly, a great plain, to the sea, as if the land had gradually risen, or the ocean had as gradually retired. The island has a belt of farms and villages around the coast, but the centre has been kept as an uncultivated common, covered with pitch-pine and scrub-oak, the resort of sportsmen and charcoal-burners.

A railway runs through the centre of this region. It is not needed, and has never paid; but it was considered an easy place to make one, and it was made. The inducement was to make it a direct and rapid route from New York to Boston; but other lines on the mainland soon spoiled this speculation. But the railway made half a million acres of land accessible. A committee of the Farmers' Club made an excursion into this region, examined the soil, and declared that it could be converted into fertile farms and gardens. It is a very light, sandy loam, costly to clear of its scrub-oak, but easy to work afterward. It would produce nothing without manure, but made quick returns for whatever was expended upon it. It was close to a market. The Farmers' Club held that it was better to buy land here for a pound an acre than to go to Iowa or Minnesota. They found few people to agree with them. There is abundance of wild land and of good land in the Atlantic States of America which has

been left by the great torrents of emigration, because there were more fertile and desirable lands in the Mississippi valley. When the wave of population reaches the Rocky Mountains it will be thrown back upon these neglected forests in Pennsylvania and Virginia.

Country people flock to cities as if drawn by some strong attraction. My father used to say that the meanest people in any country were those who lived within thirty or forty miles of a large town. In the first place, all the brightest and most enterprising people were drawn into the town. The more dull and stolid that were left were intent upon making the most of the market. If they killed an animal, they took the four quarters to town, and lived, themselves, upon the head and pluck.

I think there was truth in his observation; but while country people flock to cities in search of fortune, the dream of those born in towns is to get into the country. Town people get out of town for a holiday, and country people come to town for the same purpose. The artisans of New York invest their earnings in small villages, where they can carry on their trades, or from which they can come to town by rail or steamboat. Several such villages have been built upon the line of the Long Island Railway.

Modern Times, however, was of a different character. Mr. Andrews, who secured the land on which it was built, and laid the foundations of what he hoped would become the centre of a new and higher civilization, was a pupil of Josiah Warren, who had been a pupil of Robert Owen, but had seceded from New

Harmony, and invented a social system of his own.

New Harmony, the experiment of Robert Owen, Frances Wright, and their coadjutors in Indiana, failed, from an attempt at combination without the element of order. It was communism, pure and simple: communism based upon equality. It was the attempt to have a body without a head. It was democracy in its ultimation, which is chaos come again. Mr. Owen was a benevolent despot, but his theories compelled him to abdicate authority, and leave all government to the popular will, or the decision of the majority. But to arrive at this decision it was necessary to have freedom of discussion; and while the people of New Harmony were discussing, day after day, with interminable speeches, how they should cultivate their fertile lands, seed-time had passed, and they had no harvest. The discussions went on, and the time came when there was nothing to eat. The leaders, or those who ought to have been leaders, but who had abdicated in favour of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," were profoundly disappointed to find that a mob would be a mob, and that a body needed a head. As to the members of this acephalous agglomeration, they scattered, fled from the noise of their own discordance — fled, frightened at their own chaotic proceedings—and fled, also, from the hunger brooding over their uncultured fields.

Among the deserters from this army without a commander, and consequently without order, or dis-

cipline, or the first element of success, was Josiah Warren, an ingenious, thoughtful little man, and a thorough Yankee. He could turn his hand to many things. He was a bit of a musician. He invented a method of stereotyping, and a printing press. Finally, pondering over the failure of the system of Owen, he invented a new theory of society.

The failure of communism, he held, had come from combination. Combinations required government. Government was opposed to liberty. Now, liberty was the very thing that was most wanted; and every system of combined society must be the death of liberty, because in every combined body there must be order, and the only possible elements of order in a combined society are authority and obedience.

His theory of society, therefore, was one of individualism—his doctrine, "the sovereignty of the individual." That he held to be more important than any society or government. There was no sufficient compensation for its abandonment. He wanted no government, no laws, no police. Persons, who chose to do so, might unite for mutual defence and protection, under an individual leader; but such combinations must be voluntary, and abandoned at pleasure. Whatever of this kind was necessary would come naturally by the law of demand and supply. One man would undertake to protect and defend the public by contract; another to carry the mails; and others to supply water or gas. No government but this voluntary, spontaneous, free-trade kind was necessary or to be tolerated.

Of course, Mr. Warren, in carrying out his theory of individual sovereignty, could admit of no laws or regulations respecting religion or morals. Worship must be voluntary; marriage existed or was dissolved at the choice of the parties. There could be no taxes. Every man paid for what he had; and could not be obliged either to have or pay for more than he required. As far as possible every person must be independent of every other. Combination is the grave of liberty. Self-protection is the first right of nature.

Freedom has but one proper limitation. It must not infringe upon the rights of others. Every one may do what he likes so long as he does it at his own cost—so long as he does not inflict the consequences of his acts upon others. But how men are to be prevented from injuring others in the exercise of their own freedom, I do not think Mr. Warren has very clearly explained.

The politico-economical doctrines of Mr. Warren, and of his pupil Mr. Andrews, were very simple. They had but one axiom—COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE. A thing is worth not what it will fetch but what it has cost to produce. This is the actual value of ever article of commerce, and the sole rule of exchange. The price of a hat is the labour it has taken to produce it—to place it in the hands of the wearer; and it is to be paid for by an equivalent amount of labour, thought, repugnance, &c., ultimated in some other article. Profit and interest are excluded from this system. Profit is the taking of something without giving an equivalent; interest is mere plunder;

Wealth is an organized system of robbery, enabling a series of persons for generations to live in idleness upon the labour of hundreds and thousands who get no corresponding advantages.

All this system of civilized iniquity, supported by the tyranny of governments and laws, Mr. Warren proposed to sweep away by his axiom—*Cost the limit of price*, or a system of just and equal exchanges of labour for labour. He tried to introduce the principle by opening a cost grocery in Cincinnati, where every article was charged its exact cost, including the time spent in selling it. If customers were difficult they had to pay a higher price. A wooden clock ticked off the minutes, and Mr. Warren's customers did not stand to gossip until they had made their purchases. The stock was renewed as fast as sold, and the trader was paid fair wages for his work in weighing and measuring.

But so small an experiment did not satisfy Mr. Warren. Modern Times was founded to carry out the system as far as it could be done in one little village. Disciples came from New York and even from Boston. They bought lots of one to four acres at cost; they built houses of lime and gravel at cost; they exchanged labour and goods, grubbed up the scrub-oaks, and made the desert blossom with abundance of roses. The air was pure; the water found at a depth of thirty feet in the gravel, soft and delicious. There were no churches, no magistrates. Every one did what was right in his own eyes. The women wore bloomers, or donned the entire male

costume, as they found most convenient. As the sovereignty of the individual was opposed to all artificial, social, or legal restraints, marriages were abolished, and families arranged themselves according to the law of attraction. Those lived together who chose to do so, and people parted without giving any trouble to the courts of common pleas. The right of the law either to unite or separate was denied, and free love was placed in the same category with all other freedom. A man might have one wife, or ten, or more if he could take upon himself the proper cost or burthen; and the same freedom was asserted to women.

It seemed very odd to find one's self, by two hours' travel, in a community which had deliberately discarded the common restraints and regulations of society, and where the leading spirits—the persons most admired and respected—were those who had the most completely acted upon their theories. But it was evident that Modern Times was a failure. It was wanting in the basis of wealth; the land was poor; there were no facilities for manufactures. The mere enjoyment of freedom, or the utmost realization of the sovereignty of the individual, was not enough to bring or hold people together. They went where their interests called them. One most enthusiastic advocate of the principles of Warren and Andrews got an appointment in the New York police force, and became a humble instrument of the power he had long denounced. Others were attracted away by the chance of profit, or the hope of wealth. It was very well to teach that profit was plunder, and that to be rich

only gave the power to rob others with impunity, that marriage was legalized adultery, and families petty despotisms. There were few who could resist the temptation to live upon the labour of others, and to preside over a despotism that society has stamped with respectability and power.

No theory of social reorganization has had so many followers in America as the system of association invented by Charles Fourier. Many hasty, crude, imperfect, and necessarily abortive efforts were also made to carry the system into practical realization. I do not say that any efforts would have succeeded, but every system has a right to a full and fair experimental trial, if to any. Americans were enraptured with association, attractive industry, and the economics of the large scale. Albert Brisbane, a personal pupil of Fourier, lectured, wrote, and translated, and made many converts. Horace Greeley advocated the system, as far as he was able to understand it, in the *Tribune*. George Ripley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles A. Dana, and other literary men in New England, formed an association at Brook Farm, near Boston, which Mr. Hawthorne rather alludes to and romances about, than describes, in his *Blythedale Romance*. It soon came to grief, and several of its founders were taken upon the staff of the *Tribune*. A larger society made a more persistent effort on an estate in New Jersey, near New York, in which Mr. Greeley was a stockholder, but this also came to an end. I think there were a dozen so-called Phalansteries in various parts of the West; rude and hopeless gatherings of disorderly

reformers who could not live *in* civilization and had a still worse chance *out* of it. The truth was that very few understood the doctrines or the system of Fourier or what it required, and those who comprehended it were not prepared for so thorough a revolution in morals and social organization. It is a form of life that may exist on some other planet, but can scarcely be expected to take root on ours; yet no one can read Fourier without being fascinated with its beauty, splendour, and apparent practicability.

It is scarcely known, I believe, in England, to what extent the anti-marriage theory has been maintained in the Northern States of America. I do not speak of the divorce laws of several States, under which married people could be released from their bonds for almost any reason—for desertion, or alleged incompatibility of temper—to marry again and be again divorced when the caprice should seize them; but the very prevalent doctrine that the relations of the sexes were matters with which the State, the Government, and the laws had no proper business. Every one, it was said, should be free to enter upon such relations without the interference of the civil magistrate. If marriage was held to be a sacrament, as among Roman Catholics, then it was an affair of religion, with which American governments had nothing to do. Religious liberty required that people should be left in freedom to follow the dictates of their own consciences. The right of private judgment in matters of the affections was sturdily maintained. So far as the State or the community was concerned

a man might have no wife, or one, or a dozen, either at one time or successively. The only ground of interference was the right of society to protect itself from burthens that might be thrown upon it. Beyond this all legislation was a needless and unwarrantable infringement of the liberty of the citizen, or, as some chose to phrase it, the sovereignty of the individual. Consequently, marriage by a magistrate was a superfluous formality, divorce a common right that need not be questioned—no one's business but that of the parties concerned; while a prosecution for bigamy was an outrage on private rights. What should be done was simply to abolish all laws upon the subject and pass one, if found necessary, to define and protect the rights of children.

The most advanced and intellectual portion of the "Party of Progress," chiefly residing in the New England States, but extending across the North on the same parallel, united most of the ideas of reform that I have mentioned, and went, perhaps, a little beyond them. These ultras, who were anti-everything, were called, and perhaps called themselves, COME-OUTERS. They were for coming out of the old and entering into the new in everything. They were opposed to government and refused to pay taxes, do military duty, or serve on juries. They were opposed to the Church, Sabbath, and religious ceremonials of all kinds. They were opposed to marriage, the family, and all the arbitrary and conventional institutions of society. Property they denounced as plunder; trade and commerce were legalized theft;

and law a system of oppression. Some went so far in their fight with civilization as not only to renounce property, and the use of money, but, in the warm season, to go without clothes, which they declared to be a social bondage unworthy of freemen and philosophers. It is true that this fancy did not spread far or last long; and many of these Come-outers, after a practical experience of the difficulties in carrying out their theories in the present state of the world, concluded to postpone them to a more convenient season and higher state of progress, and conforming, outwardly at least, to the regulations of a crude and imperfect society, became lawyers, editors, politicians, and poets, and now occupy distinguished positions in the world they vainly tried to turn topsy-turvy.

Democracy in America points to some, perhaps to all these ultimations. Grant these reformers their premises, and it is not easy to escape the conclusions they press upon you with relentless logic. If all men are equal in respect to political rights—if they have the natural right of self-government—if all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed—if the only source of power is the will of the people expressed by the votes of a majority, what are the institutions that may not be overthrown?—what are the institutions that may not be established? The whole people own the whole property; what shall hinder them from dividing it as they think best, or rather as they may choose to divide it? So the people are above their institutions, and may modify, abolish, or frame them according to their sovereign

will and pleasure. Right is a matter of opinion, and to be determined by a majority. Justice is what that majority chooses. The apparent expediency is the only rule of conduct. The rights of man, as stated by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, are "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Liberty of conscience settles duties.

Political and social reforms are postponed in America until the restoration of the Union. The eloquent advocates of the rights of man and the rights of woman are forced into the army by conscription, and sent to enforce union with the cannon and extend brotherhood by the bayonet.

"*Fraternité, ou la mort!*"

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE PHENOMENA KNOWN AS SPIRITUALISM.

Extent and influence of spiritualism in America.—Religious and philosophical opinions. — The fate of investigators. — The "Fox girls."—Various manifestations.—A séance with rappings.—A table-tipping séance.—Theories and explanations. —Speaking mediums.—Absurdities of spiritualism.—Effects of spiritualism in America.

It is impossible to give a truthful account of the moral and social condition of America for the past ten years without some description of the rise and progress of spiritualism, since it has affected the religion, philosophy, and, more or less, the morals and life of millions of the American people.

On this curious subject I have no theory to maintain and no philosophy to propound. But it seems proper that I should, in this as in other matters, give the facts which I have had the opportunity of observing; but even these, I find many persons unaccountably averse to. They seem to think or feel that there is danger in knowing anything about what they have no doubt is a great, absurd, or deplorable delusion.

But a philosopher would like to know what kind of a delusion can have led astray some millions of "the most intelligent people on the earth," as the Americans

consider themselves; and as they pretty nearly are, if the diffusion of rudimentary education and the circulation of cheap books and newspapers be taken as the test of intelligence. If so many people, from senators, governors, and judges, down to the great mass of ordinary observers—men of every creed and profession—have been deceived, befooled, and humbugged—one might wish to understand what had deceived them.

There can be no question about the marked effect of Spiritualism upon American thought, feeling, and character. Nothing within my memory has had so great an influence. It has broken up hundreds of churches; it has changed the religious belief of hundreds of thousands; it has influenced, more or less, the most important actions and relations of vast multitudes. Immense numbers of those who, a few years ago, professed a belief in some form of Christianity, or were members of religious organizations, have, under the influence of Spiritualism, modified or renounced such beliefs. Greater numbers, perhaps, who doubted or denied a future state of existence, have found, as they think, in the phenomena of Spiritualism, incontrovertible proofs of its reality.

What are the phenomena which have led to these extraordinary results? Few and simple. Absurd, ridiculous, and impossible they doubtless appear to the vast majority of English readers. But no one—certainly no philosopher—no man of science in whom the public has implicit confidence, has thought them of sufficient importance to give them a careful investigation, and account for them to the satisfaction of the

public. Professor Faraday has offered, indeed, a plausible explanation of one or two facts. Professor Brewster has done no more—and even that little not very satisfactorily.

The whole English people, with inconsiderable exceptions, divide into two classes—the philosophers of the school of Hume, who declare that the laws of nature are never suspended, and its ordinary routine never violated, and that what is called the supernatural or miraculous is absurd and impossible, and not to be believed on any amount of evidence, nor, according to a writer in *Cornhill*, upon the evidence of one's own senses; and the religious classes of the Protestant faith, who hold, with Middleton, that though there were miracles and supernatural events for some thousands of years after the creation, there have been none since the days of the Apostles. These two classes include almost the whole English nation. I need not say how very ridiculous all the stories of so-called spiritual manifestations must seem to both of them.

In America, people are not so settled in their convictions. Professor Hare, a distinguished chemist and electrician, and a thorough materialist and sceptic, commenced to investigate spiritualism in the expectation of being able to explain it on accepted scientific principles; but he failed, by becoming converted to a belief in the verity of the manifestations, and by the same means lost his credibility as a witness. Judge Edmonds, a distinguished jurist of New York, failed in like manner. Governor Talmadge, of

Wisconsin, met a similar fate. Professor Mapes, of New Jersey, and Judge Tilton, of Ohio, from investigators became converts. Indeed, a great number of persons, from whom the public expected enlightenment, became unfitted even to give evidence on the subject, from the fact of their becoming believers. Those who denied the reality of the phenomena called loudly for investigation; but, as those who investigated were converted, nothing was gained. The very testimony called for by the disbelieving public was naturally rejected, when its fairness, impartiality, and consequent credibility had been destroyed. The unbelieving public could not take the testimony of believers. Of course, they would not believe in the truthfulness of those who testified to the very facts they wanted overthrown.

Whoever writes on this subject to the great mass of the British public has the same difficulties. If he asserts the facts, he destroys the credit of his testimony. If he denies them, how can he account for the belief of thousands of, perhaps, as intelligent witnesses as himself? The only *safe* course is to deny the facts, reject all testimony, and disbelieve the evidence of your own senses.

As I cannot very well ignore the subject, I have but one honest course to take, which is to write what I believe to be true, giving my testimony as I would to any other facts of my own observation or experience.

About 1850, there began to appear in the newspapers accounts of strange phenomena in the Fox

family, in Western New York. There were a mother and three daughters, fifteen to twenty years old; persons of moderate intelligence and decent position, getting their livelihood by their needles. The manifestations consisted of loud rappings on floors, furniture, on the walls, doors, &c.; violent opening and shutting of doors and drawers, and the movement or throwing about of furniture and smaller articles, as if the house had been possessed by the spirits of mischief.

The women, according to their own statements, were first frightened, then annoyed, and then so overwhelmed by the natural curiosity of the public, that they locked their doors. This could not last. People would be admitted, and they were compelled to gratify their desire to penetrate the mystery.

What makes the noises? What moves the furniture? were natural questions. One, bolder than the rest, asked these questions and got answers, not very intelligible at first, but they led to an understanding. Their "who?" or "what?" was answered by raps. Finally some one suggested the use of the alphabet, and the raps, by indicating letters, as they were called over, spelled out words and sentences. It was but a short time before there were in various places, hundreds of miles apart, scores and hundreds of so-called mediums, and a variety of manifestations.

With many there were raps or knocks, answering questions or spelling out messages. In other cases, tables, rising up on two legs, pounded on the floor their revelations. Dials were made with moveable

hands, which pointed out letters and answered questions without apparent human aid. The hands of mediums acting convulsively, and, as they averred, without their volition, wrote things apparently beyond their knowledge, in documents purporting to be signed by departed spirits. These writings were sometimes made upside down, or reversed so as only to be read through the paper or in a mirror. Some mediums wrote, with both hands at a time, different messages, without, as they said, being conscious of either. There were speaking mediums, who declared themselves to be the merely passive instruments of the spirits. Some represented most faithfully, it was said, the actions, voices, and appearance of persons long dead, and unknown to the mediums. There were drawing mediums, who, blindfolded, drew portraits said to be likenesses of deceased persons, whom they had never seen. To draw a portrait blindfolded would be no easy matter; but these were done with marvellous rapidity—the ordinary work of hours being done in a few minutes. Sometimes the names of deceased persons and short messages appeared in raised red lines upon the skin of the medium. Ponderous bodies, as heavy dining-tables and pianofortes, were raised from the floor, falling again with a crash and jar. Tables, on which several persons were seated, were in like manner raised into the air by some invisible force, contrary to the supposed laws of gravitation. Mediums are said to have been raised into the air, and floated about above the heads of the spectators. Writings and pictures were produced without

visible hands. Persons were touched by invisible and sometimes by visible hands. Various musical instruments were played upon, without visible agency. Strange feats of legerdemain, as the untying of complicated rope knottings in an incredibly short time, astonished many. Voices were heard, which purported to be those of spirits. In a word, over a vast extent of country, from east to west, these phenomena existed, or were said to exist, in hundreds of places, and were witnessed by many thousands of people—numbers of whom were of the highest credibility, and the mass of them persons whose testimony no one would think of impeaching in a trial of life and death.

So far I have given only the public and notorious facts, published in the newspapers, and known—by repute at least—to everybody. But it seems proper that I should also give some account of my own observations. They were neither numerous nor extensive. I had little interest or curiosity on the subject. I had no doubts of immortality to be removed. I believed there were spirits somewhere, and saw no reasons why they should not manifest themselves if they chose, or were permitted to do so. As to this question of power or permission on the part of spirits or beings usually invisible to manifest themselves, I had subscribed to no theory on the subject. In my younger days I heard plenty of stories of witchcraft. The old people in New England had had terrible experiences of that sort. There were also many houses reputed to be haunted. I had never seen a witch or a ghost to know it, and had, really, very

little curiosity on the subject, and consequently saw only what fell in my way of the so-called spiritual manifestations, without any special seeking.

I went, one evening, with a party of friends, to see one of the "Fox girls." We sat around a long dining-table in a well-lighted room in New York. I chanced to sit next the medium, a fair, plump, and pleasant lady, who was suffering from a swollen face, which her spirit-friends had neglected to cure. She conversed easily about the weather, the opera, or whatever happened to be the topic, and appeared to pay very little attention to the manifestations. While they were going on, and persons were asking questions and receiving answers, she was giving me an animated and amusing description of the early experiences of herself and her family, some of which I have already mentioned.

The raps were loud, percussive poundings, or explosions, which appeared to be upon or within the table. I looked upon and under it. I listened to them carefully. I watched every person present: I am certain the raps were not made by the lady beside me. As long as there were one, two, or three raps, she kept on talking. If there were five, she interrupted our conversation to call over the alphabet, which she did very rapidly until letters enough had been selected to spell out a sentence. The person interested took it down. She did not seem to mind what it was.

The raps, I observed, varied. Each professed spirit had its own characteristic rap. Some were more loud

and energetic than others. The raps which purported to come from the spirits of children were slight and infantile. The messages were, I believe, of the usual character. They seemed intended only to satisfy the inquirers of the identity of the spirits and their good wishes. They appeared to satisfy the circle of inquiring friends.

After we had risen from the table, and I was still talking with and watching carefully the medium, she said the rapping often came upon the doors when she stood near them; and, approaching a door, but still standing at a few feet distance, I heard loud knocks as of a person striking with a heavy mallet. I opened the door, so that I could see both sides of it at once. The thumps continued. I felt the vibrations of the invisible blows, percussions, or explosions. It is very certain that the lady did not make them by any visible method, and that I cannot tell who did. I failed to detect the slightest sign of deception, collusion, machinery, sleight of hand, or anything of the sort; and, truly, the metaphysical manifestations—communications to fifteen or twenty persons, strangers to the medium and to each other, from what purported to be their departed friends, with satisfactory evidences to each of the identity of the communicating spirit—were, if possible, more difficult to account for than the physical phenomena.

In the case of a Mr. Conklin, a New York medium, I had, perhaps, a still better opportunity of making a careful examination. I invited him to come to my house, where a small party assembled, expressly

to test his powers, or gifts, or whatever the mediumship may be called. He seemed to be a simple, earnest, illiterate man, neither ambitious nor mercenary. He had been a sailor, and, in his religious belief, a Methodist. Assuredly he was the last person I should have selected either for an impostor or a magician.

In our company were two distinguished lawyers; one of them a brother of Major Anderson, "the hero of Fort Sumter;" the other, a gentleman from Michigan, and one of the sharpest and ablest lawyers practising in the Supreme Court of the United States. I brought into the drawing-room a heavy walnut table, and placed it in the centre of the room. The medium sat down on one side of it, and the sharp Michigan lawyer, who was a stranger to us and the medium, on the other. The medium placed his fingers lightly upon the table. It tilted up under them; the two legs nearest him rising several inches. The lawyer examined the table, and tried to give it a similar movement, but without success. There was a force and a consequent movement he could not account for. There was no other person near the table—there was no perceptible muscular movement, and no way in which it could be applied to produce the effect.

When there was no more doubt on this point, the lawyer, at the suggestion of the medium, wrote on five small bits of paper—rolling each up like a pea as he wrote, and concealing his hand with care—the names of five deceased persons whom he had known. Then he rolled them about until he could not tell one from

the other. Then, pointing to them successively, the tipping table selected one, which the gentleman, without opening, put in his vest pocket. Of course, neither he nor any other person could have known, in any ordinary way, which one it was. It was one chance in five for the man who had written them to guess the name upon the selected paper—not one in five millions for a stranger.

The next step was to write the ages of these five persons at their death, on as many bits of paper, which were folded with the same care. One of these was selected, and again, without being opened, deposited in the lawyer's pocket, which now contained a name and a number indicating age. What was the chance of guesswork now?

With the same precautions the lawyer then wrote the places where these persons died, the diseases of which they died, and the dates of their decease. He had then in his pocket five little balls of paper, each selected by a movement of the table, for which no one could account. Did they correspond to each other, and were they altogether true?

At this moment the hand of the medium seized a pencil, and with singular rapidity dashed off a few lines, addressed to the lawyer as from a near relative, and signed with a name, which the medium very certainly had never heard of.

The lawyer, very much startled, took from his pocket the five paper balls, and unrolled them. Then he spread them before him on the table, and read the same name as the one in the written message, with

his proper age, place and time of death, and the disease of which he had died. They all corresponded with each other, and with the message. No person had approached the table, and neither lawyer nor medium had moved. It was in my own house, under a full gas-light, and so far as I could see, or can see now, no deception was possible.

The written communication, which purported to come from a deceased relative of the gentleman, only expressed, in affectionate terms, happiness at being able to give him this evidence of immortality.

Now I flatter myself that I am as shrewd as my neighbours, and as learned as most of them; and I frankly confess, that, absurd as it seems to a nineteenth century philosopher, I can offer no reasonable explanation of the facts I have stated. I cannot tell what made the heavy thumps or percussions in the case of the Fox lady, and I can no more tell what moved the table in the case of Conklin. In each case there was force, and volition, and physical manifestation—atmospheric vibrations. There was also an intelligence accompanying these manifestations, of a very remarkable character. One might safely challenge all England, or the world, to do what I have described with the bits of paper. Yet it was done, in connexion with this Conklin, ten thousand times perhaps; and also with hundreds of other so-called mediums. I ought to say of Conklin that he received no pay on this occasion, and that his rooms in New York were open free to all comers for months, perhaps years.

A movement, sound, or motion, indicates force. A

movement that gives information, true or false—and the messages were often false—indicates intelligence acting by force. Question this invisible intelligence, which moves tables or pounds upon them, and it declares itself to be the spirit of your grandfather, your friend, or acquaintance. You cannot easily credit this; but it is the only testimony you have upon the subject. To satisfy you of its identity, it submits to a cross-examination, and tells you things known only to you and the pretended spirit. It tells you also things you have forgotten or never knew. It is really a pretty strong case, especially as you have no evidence to offer to the contrary. Is it very strange that thousands, and even millions, as it is claimed, became Spiritualists?

But, the reader may ask, were there no attempts to explain these phenomena? Yes, many. They were attributed to sleight of hand, collusion, imposture. The answer to this was, that in ten years, with every opportunity, imposture had not been detected as to the great mass of the phenomena. No doubt there were and are impostors—but there is as little doubt that a great many mediums, and the most remarkable, were persons whose character and position removed them from any suspicion of dishonesty.

When people with a smattering of science meet with any difficulty, they try to account for it by attributing it to something else, of which they are quite as ignorant. Electricity was the favourite theory of the ignorant. Of course, no person with any knowledge of the subject will contend that elec-

tricity produces raps, tips tables, answers mental questions, or pretends to be one's grandmother. Clairvoyance, if admitted as a faculty of certain organizations, would account for certain phenomena, but would not give the least explanation of others. Clairvoyance, if it actually exists, so as to enable persons to read the thoughts and memories of those about them, will not account for revelations of things unknown, and does nothing towards giving an explanation of physical phenomena.

Hallucination has been offered as a possible explanation. The manifestations, it is said, did not really occur—but people were made to believe that they saw, heard, or felt them. I think this theory does not diminish the difficulty. By what known process can hundreds and thousands of people, of all classes, and under all circumstances, be so hallucinated, that they would testify under oath to things that never happened? Of what value is any amount of human testimony, to any fact whatever, if such hallucination is possible? Finally, how, and by what means, are people hallucinated?

I have heard several so-called speaking mediums, who were supposed to speak in a "circle" or to address public assemblies, either in a state of trance or under spiritual influence. I heard a cadaverous-looking personage with long hair spout poetry, or something in rhyme and metre, in Memphis. In Springfield, Illinois, the home of President Lincoln, I listened an hour to a speech of what Americans call "highfalutin" eloquence, froth and rainbows. I heard Miss Hardinge

once an English actress, deliver a very imposing oration to more than a thousand persons, in a splendid lecture-room at St. Louis. I have heard the pretty, doll-like Mrs. Cora Hatch in New York. In none of these cases did I see the least evidence of spiritual or supernatural influence. The speakers shut their eyes, but anyone can do that. They may have looked inspired—but I did not see it. The improvisatore was a clever one, if honest; but improvisatori are not necessarily supernatural; and if spirits spoke through Miss Hardinge or Mrs. Cora Hatch, they either came direct from the father of lies, or were absurdly ignorant of the commonest facts of history. It is fair to say that I heard a plain-looking middle-aged Quaker woman in Cincinnati talking metaphysics for two hours, as if she had been possessed by the spirits of Hegel or Herbart; and I have also, in one or two instances, heard so-called mediums, in private discoursing of matters of which in their usual state they appeared to have no knowledge. But where we are to draw the line between what is called the inspiration of the poet, and a supernatural obsession, or possession, or illumination, may be somewhat difficult to determine.

The arguments against the existence of spiritual phenomena are abundant; but then, it must be confessed that one well-established fact is worth a great many arguments. If we say the things alleged to be done are *impossible*, we are told that they are *true*. After all, it is very difficult to say what is or is not possible. Life and the universe are mysteries.

Newton was too modest to attempt to explain the cause or nature of what he called gravitation.

If you say Spiritualism is absurd, I agree with you. What can be more absurd than for departed spirits—those whose memories are sacred to us—amusing a gaping circle by thumping on furniture, tipping tables, throwing things about, and spelling out unimportant messages? What more absurd than for the spirits of Shakespeare or Bacon, Napoleon or Wellington, Washington or Franklin, answering the questions of every rude and vulgar person who chooses to call for them? And the answers and communications of these alleged spirits are commonly absurdly different from what we expect from them. Furthermore, these pretended spirits often lie. Messages are received, purporting to come from departed persons, and giving the particulars of their decease, who prove on inquiry to be still alive. I have known this in several instances. Of course this does not disprove a communicating intelligence. It may, in certain cases, be an evidence of the honesty of the medium, as he would not be likely to invent such a deception as must soon be exposed.

If we admit the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, and concede that communications or revelations are really made by beings ordinarily invisible to us mortals, we are still surrounded with difficulties. What assurance can we have in any case of the identity of a spirit? A bad or mischievous spirit may, for aught we know, personate our friends, penetrate our secrets, and deceive us with false

representations. Where is the proof of identity? When an ignorant boy in Massachusetts, acting as a medium, calls upon the spirit of Washington to manifest his presence by rapping with the hilt of his sword, though I hear metallic raps, and cannot in any way account for them, I am not obliged to believe that they were made by the "Father of his country," who, in this life, was a gentleman of singular dignity of character. When a medium, apparently possessed for the moment by the spirit of Hahnemann, gives me an explanation of the philosophy of homœopathy —if I have reason to believe that it was not invented by the medium, I have still no absolute proof that it came from the departed inventor of infinitesimals.

The spirits of physicians often prescribe for mediums and those who consult them; but it is remarkable that doctors continue to disagree in the other world, just as they always have done in this. Hahnemann gives high dilutions—Abernethy and Rush stick to their gallipots, and Preissnitz wraps in the wet sheet or deluges with the douche.

Religious people were naturally shocked with almost everything about the matter. Good spirits, they thought, would not come from heaven to engage in such absurdities, and bad ones would scarcely be allowed to leave the other place for such a purpose. Those who could not deny the existence of the manifestations, attributed them to the devil. The spirits gave an account of their residence and condition, which was very little in accordance with the teachings of the popular theology. But others said—heaven is

a state or condition—not a place; and what do we really know of the state of spirits who have left the body? The man who has left his bodily existence, but still lives, may not be much wiser or better than he was. The future life may be one of progress, &c. &c.

But what, the reader will ask, has been the real influence of spiritualism in America? I will try to answer the question truly.

It has, as I have said, separated many thousands of persons from the religious creeds in which they were educated, and the religious societies to which they belonged—turning them adrift, and leaving them to find, if they can, new associations; while spiritualism itself seems to have no bond of union, but to act as a segregating and scattering force. I shall not attempt to decide whether this effect will be good or evil in its final result.

It has, as I have also intimated, convinced many thousands of unbelievers—materialists and sceptics—of a continued existence, or the immortality of the soul. The reader may make his own estimate of the value of this conviction.

There can be no question that an undoubting faith in the genuineness of communications from deceased friends has been to vast numbers a source of consolation and happiness.

There is as little doubt that spiritualism has either produced or developed a tendency to insanity in a great number of instances. I think no careful observer can mingle with considerable numbers of spiritualists,

without noticing symptoms of insanity, probably similar to those which attend religious revivals, and, perhaps, all great excitements and intellectual revolutions. There is no portion of the world so subject to insanity as New England and the Northern States—which it has mainly peopled. The Southern States have very little insanity, and the Southern people have given themselves very little trouble about spiritualism, or any of the many "isms" that have agitated their northern neighbours.

The influence of spiritualism upon morality is not very easy to estimate. It is claimed that the influence and admonitions of spirits and the belief in immortality have reformed many drunkards and profligates. On the other hand, it is known that numbers of spiritualists have taught and acted upon ideas of the largest liberty in social relations. They have adopted individualistic and "free-love" doctrines. Husbands have abandoned wives, and wives their husbands, to find more congenial partners, or those for whom they had stronger spiritual affinities. All spiritualists, it is true, do not accept the free-love doctrines: but it is also true that some of the most noted spiritualistic mediums, speakers and writers, have both taught and practised them, and that they have had numerous followers, to the great scandal and disgust of those who hold to old-fashioned morality.

Without wishing to give an uncharitable judgment, I think it may be conceded that spiritualism has been revolutionary, chaotic, disorderly, tending, for the present at least, to produce moral and social evils.

That it may be Providential, and tend to good in the future, few will be rash enough to deny.

It is said by some, that a matter of so much importance should be investigated by the Government, or by learned societies. And what then? In America, half the members of Congress and the State Legislatures are spiritualists. Would their decision satisfy unbelievers? Half the scientific and literary men are also believers. This fact destroys their testimony. There seems no way but that every one who has any interest in the matter should make his own investigation. On such a subject men will not be satisfied with any amount of testimony. They must see for themselves.

It has been credibly reported that Mr. Lincoln and some members of his Cabinet at Washington are believers in spiritualism, and that they have been guided by what purported to be spiritual manifestations in the war waged for the subjugation of the Seceded States. I have no reason to doubt it. The greater part of Mr. Lincoln's personal friends are spiritualists. There are many indications that he has been subjected to some such influences; there are very few that they are likely to lead him to any good.

CHAPTER V.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENTS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Irish and German immigration.—Germans, Catholic and Protestant.—Irish labour.—Whisky and politics.—Irish servants, their generosity and other virtues.—Wages and extravagance.—Sanitary condition.—Political fraternizations.—Influence of bishops and clergy.—The Irish on the negro question.—Politics of the Germans.—Prolific races.—British residents.—Foreigners in North and South.

THE foreign element in American society is a large and important one. True, we were all foreigners once; but there is a difference between the descendants of those who emigrated to America two hundred years ago and those who went there last year, or those whose parents were born in Europe.

Two countries have supplied America with the great mass of its recent immigrants—Ireland and Germany. An enthusiastic Irishman claims that not less than ten millions of the American people are of Irish birth or Irish descent. A careful estimate gives six millions of Germans. These calculations go back to the early settlement of the country. I judge that there are three or four millions of people of Irish blood, without counting more than three generations. And there are nearly or quite as many Germans of

recent emigration, or children of Germans born upon the soil. There are portions of New York, and of nearly every large city, where the population is as thoroughly Irish as in Dublin or Cork. There are also large tracts of these cities crowded with Germans. The Germans have gone farther west, and scattered themselves more widely in the rural districts. There are large bodies of Germans, for example, in Wisconsin, Missouri, and Texas. Crowds of emigrants land at New York, and go west by rail. Thousands also in past years have gone out in cotton ships to New Orleans, and ascended the Mississippi. There is a German quarter and an Irish quarter, as well as French and American quarters in New Orleans. I found many of both races at Galveston, Texas. Nearly half of Cincinnati is German; and crossing a canal that divides the northern part of the city from the southern is popularly termed "going over the Rhine." It is much the same at Chicago and St. Louis. At Milwaukie, the Germans appeared to me to occupy nearly or quite a third of the city.

The Germans of recent immigration or birth in the United States are, I suppose, about equally divided in religion between Roman Catholics and Protestants, though a large portion of the latter class belong to the school of Rationalism, and can scarcely be said to have any religion. They are, to a great extent, ultra Red Republicans, and in America have also become what is called Black Republicans. They gave a large vote to Mr. Lincoln, and have also contributed a great many regiments of soldiers to the war, and several

generals—as Gen. Siegel, Gen. Carl Shurz, Gen. Blenker, &c. Blenker was relieved of his command for carrying out the confiscation doctrine too energetically, or for permitting his soldiers to steal for themselves rather than for the Government.

The Roman Catholic Germans are of a more conservative character, and mostly democrats.

The Irish population of the United States is Roman Catholic in about the same proportion as in Ireland. They are scattered over the Northern States, and to some extent in the larger commercial cities of the South. They have dug the canals, built the railways, and done the rough work of the cities of the North and West. They are settled in hundreds of cities and villages, on those great works of internal improvement, and wherever they have gone of course their priests have accompanied or followed them. They have had good wages, and are always liberal and open-handed, especially for anything connected with their religion. The result is that there are everywhere Catholic churches, convents, schools, and colleges.

The Irish in America have been a source of wealth and strength. One can hardly see how the heavy work of the country could have been done without them. They are not as prudent and thrifty as the Germans; but great numbers of them have accumulated property, and with wages at from four to ten shillings a day, and provisions one half or one third the price in this country, they could not fail to live and prosper.

The fact that whisky, of a very fiery and destruc-

tive quality, has been as cheap in proportion as corn and potatoes, has been against them. But their bishops and clergy have done much to keep them in habits of temperance. Politics, also, have been of little benefit to them. Doubtless it is very fine, five years after landing, to become a citizen of the great republic, a voter at elections, and eligible to every office but that of President. Patrick loves excitement—he loves to be of consequence, and he loves a row. By a kind of instinct the Irish have attached themselves almost universally to the democratic party. They got the idea that it was the party of popular rights, the anti-aristocratic party, the liberal party. They at least knew their friends. The democrats always welcomed, and guarded the rights of the foreigner. The Federal-whig-republican party always hated foreigners, and wished to restrict their rights of citizenship. A few years ago, the Irish, French, and Germans in America, nearly all belonged to the Democratic party. A portion of the Germans have left it on account of their Abolition sympathies.

If Irishmen have been a great help to America in supplying the demand for rough and heavy work on canals, railways, &c., vast numbers of Irish girls have also found employment as servants in families. They are not in all respects the best, but they were the only ones to be had in sufficient numbers. And they have their virtues. They are reasonably honest, and almost invariably chaste. Their kindness and generosity to their relations also appeal to our best sympathies. Thousands—hundreds of

thousands of poor Irish girls, working in American kitchens, have sent home the money to maintain their families, or enable them also to emigrate. Millions of dollars have been sent by poor servant girls in America to the land of their birth.

The great hotels of American cities, some of which have accommodations for more than a thousand persons, are obliged to employ a large number of servants, in the kitchen, as waiters, and as chambermaids. In New York, a floating population which may at times be estimated at a hundred thousand—merchants who come to buy goods, and travellers for business or pleasure—live at these hotels, while nearly as many residents of New York prefer living in the hotels or large boarding-houses to the trouble of housekeeping. The necessity of having reliable servants, under these circumstances, is apparent. One can see what these great hotels might become were it otherwise. The fact that Irishmen and Irishwomen are almost the only ones employed in these establishments, is one very creditable to them. And it is very rare that there is any cause for complaint against them. A New York hotel keeper, whatever his own religious belief, knows from experience that if his servants are Roman Catholics, and attend regularly to the duties prescribed by their religion, he has the best security he can have for the good order of his establishment.

The wages of men, with board, are from thirty-five to fifty pounds a year; those of girls from twenty to forty pounds. Servant girls in families often have presents of clothing, so that they are able to save, or

send "home," almost their entire wages. I have often been asked, when the month's wages were due, or those of several months had been allowed to accumulate, to get a bill of exchange on some branch of the Bank of Ireland, to enable some hard pressed father to pay his rent, or assist in bringing out a brother or sister to America.

When these helpful young ladies from the Emerald Isle have done their duty to their relations, they are free to indulge in their own tastes, which are apt, I must say, to be a little extravagant. I have been amused, on a Sunday morning, to see two Irish girls walk out of my basement door, dressed in rich *moire antique*, with everything to correspond, from elegant bonnets and parasols to gloves and gaiter-boots—an outfit that would not disgrace the neatest carriage in Hyde Park. These girls had been brought up in a floorless mud-cabin, covered with thatch, and gone to mass without shoes or stockings very likely, and now enjoyed all the more their unaccustomed luxuries. Who will blame them? They had better have saved their money, perhaps, but saving money is not, generally speaking, an Irish virtue.

There is another matter which may interest sanitary reformers. The great mass of the Irish people, of the class that emigrates to America, live in Ireland chiefly on potatoes, oatmeal, buttermilk—on a simple, and an almost entirely vegetable diet. They have not the means, if they had the inclination, to drink much whisky, or use much tobacco. They land in America

with clear, rosy complexions, bright eyes, good teeth, and good health generally. They are as strong as horses. They find themselves in a land of good wages, cheap provisions, cheap whisky and tobacco. Flesh meat they have been accustomed to consider the luxury of the rich, and they go in for it accordingly. They eat meat three times a day, rudely cooked, and in large quantities. Whisky of an execrable quality, is plentiful and cheap, so is tobacco, and they drink, smoke, and chew abundantly. They grow sallow, dyspeptic, and lose health, strength, and spirits. They attribute it to the climate. Out of malarious regions, the climate has very little to do with it. It is the change in their habits of living—excessive eating of flesh, and the whisky and tobacco—much more than change of climate that fills them with disease, and carries so many to an early grave.

The political influence of the foreign population, Irish or German, is due to the fact that they have votes, and that it is the interest of each political party to endeavour to secure them. For this they are flattered and wheedled, and, as far as possible, corrupted by aspiring demagogues and an unscrupulous press. Irish emigrants have little love for England. It is no exaggeration to say that they hate the British Government. It is quite natural that Americans should find their own ancient hatred, which might otherwise have died out, reviving under this strong influence of political interest. The party in America which can make itself appear to be most intensely

Anti-British, must appeal most powerfully to the sympathies of the great body of Irish Americans.

Now, in the early formation of parties, the Federalists favoured the British, while the Democrats sympathized with the French. Adams, Hamilton, and Jay were friendly to England, though they had fought for independence. They wished to make the English government, laws, and institutions the model of their own. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe and the Democratic party, denounced the English system as aristocratic, and adopted the principles of "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," of the French revolutionists. The Irish of that day sided with those who took the part of the French against the English, and those who have followed them to America have naturally joined the party to which they found the great body of their countrymen adhering.

Mr. Seward, by favouring the views of Archbishop Hughes, of New York, by flattering the Irish, and professing sentiments of ultra-hostility to England, has transferred a certain portion of the Irish Catholic votes to himself and his party; but this is a matter of personal influence, and is not likely to last. The Archbishop of New York, and all the clergy, if they went with him, which they do not always, could affect, only to a very moderate extent, the Catholic vote; for Roman Catholics in America, whatever they be elsewhere, are very jealous of any attempt of their clergy to influence or control them out of their own special province. The more they obey them in

spiritual matters, the more they repel interference in temporal affairs. I knew an instance in which a popular priest, having a large congregation, tried to induce his flock to vote *one* way, with the result that all but two of them voted the *other*. To this jealousy of priestly influence in secular affairs may be attributed the curious fact that while nine-tenths of the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy have been opposed to the war upon the South from its outbreak, and while the greater part of them sympathize warmly with the South, or hold the war of coercion to be unconstitutional and wrong, great numbers of Irish have enlisted in the Federal army—Repealers fighting for the Union, rebels fighting to put down a rebellion, Irishmen fighting against Irishmen—a spectacle for the world to gaze at with wonder.

But if the Irish fight in the war on both sides, in proportion to their numbers, it cannot be said that they sympathize with what some Englishmen imagine to be its objects. They are not Abolitionists. They have no sympathy with the negro. They care very little about his emancipation, and wish him as far as possible away from their vicinity. Their antipathy to the negro, which seems genuine and instinctive, and which manifests itself as soon as they come in contact with him, is more marked than that of the Northern Americans generally. The Irish at home are Abolitionists, like the English. They may not be so fond of living with negroes, or marrying them, but they appear to participate in the general feeling of the British people respecting slavery. It is not so in

America. It is very rare to find an Irish Abolitionist. Irishmen fight for the country, the flag, the government, or because they love to fight, or were forced to enlist—for anything but to free the negroes. It is the Irish vote in Illinois that forbids even a free negro to enter that state. It is the Irish vote that calls for a similar law in New Jersey. The Irish-American sentiment is pro-slavery. It is, at least, for leaving the negroes to the South. The clergy and people are alike in this matter. I never knew of but one Roman Catholic priest in America who was, in the Northern American or English sense, an Abolitionist. Probably the best written defence of slavery extant, was that made by the Irish Roman Catholic Bishop England, a native, I believe, of Cork or Waterford, but a resident for many years, and Bishop, of Charleston, South Carolina, where he was respected and beloved by people of every religious faith.*

The Germans, like the Irish, have in past years nearly all voted with the Democratic party; but they appear to have less instinctive antipathy to the negroes, and large numbers of them, generally of the Protestant or rationalist class, have joined the Republican party, from a sympathy with its Abolition and ultra views, led by Mr. Greely and their own Socialist or Red Republican leaders. Germans of this stamp have filled up the armies of the North-west.

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* The anti-conscription and anti-negro riots in New York, in which the Irish took a chief part, have occurred since the above was written, and confirm its truth.

The more conservative portion have been against the war; believing, as one of the leaders said, that it was "the same old thing over again. In Europe it was fight for the King: in America, fight for the Government." He could see no difference, and refused to fight for either.

There is one characteristic of the foreign population of the United States which deserves to be considered with reference to the future. There is a continuous influx of immigration; larger at some periods than at others, but always a stream of immense magnitude. Ireland, Germany, and Belgium pour out their surplus or poverty-stricken populations. These people, transplanted to a new soil, and surrounded with unwonted plenty, are wonderfully prolific. The Irish and Germans in America increase with much greater rapidity than the Americans of an older stock. So remarkably is this the case, that there must, in a few years, be an Irish majority even in such old states as Massachusetts and Rhode Island. By a natural process and without counting on conversions, there must also be Roman Catholic majorities in several states. The nativist party, with its secret organization, was a futile effort to meet this danger, by attempting to extend the period during which foreigners must reside in the country before exercising the right of suffrage. It failed, because neither of the great parties could afford to lose the foreign vote. It is now too late for such constitutional changes. The foreign element is too strong and too conscious of its power.

Besides, distinctions of birth are essentially un-American. Why should the foreigners of yesterday proscribe the foreigners of to-day?

It should be noted that Englishmen, when, in rare cases, they become naturalized, usually vote with the once aristocratic party, and seldom if ever on the same side with the Irish. However, few Englishmen residing in America renounce their allegiance to their own Government. They are patriotic John Bulls. They take British papers, frequent British beer-houses, drink British ale, and are proud and happy to call themselves "British residents."

When New York celebrates the Fourth of July with a military procession, there are German regiments, Irish regiments, a Scottish regiment, a French regiment, an Italian regiment, including Poles and Hungarians; but who ever saw even an English company marching under the stars and stripes? That phenomenon has yet to be witnessed.

Why Irishmen, Germans, Scotchmen, &c., are so much more assimilable than Englishmen, I cannot pretend to say. It may be that Englishmen, born in America, are different — are Americans. This is curiously true of Irishmen. In the second generation they are more American than the Americans. Germans have the difficulties of language to overcome, but the children of German parents, where they attend American schools, and mingle with American children, can hardly be induced to speak German at all, and if spoken to in that language, are apt to answer in English. Germans learn enough English to trade

with very rapidly; but you must not expect them to be able to converse on other subjects. They can neither understand you nor express themselves, except on matters of business.

Germans, Irish, Norwegians, and other foreigners of recent immigration and their children form from thirty to fifty per cent. of the population of several of the North-western States. From ten to twenty per cent. would be a large estimate of a similar population in the Southern States, where the white population is English in a large proportion, and of a more remote European origin.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.

The American colonies mostly Protestant.—Necessity of religious liberty.—Catholic statistics.—Roman Catholic conversions.—Mixed marriages.—Colleges and convents.—Spiritualism and miracles.—No-popery riots, and "Know-nothing" societies.—Catholics and the war.—The Irish element.—Bishops, priests, and religious.—The Jesuits.

THE progress, position, and probable future of the Roman Catholic Church in America cannot but excite the interest of every intelligent observer. Its progress has been so rapid, its position is already so influential, and its future is looked forward to with so much of hope by one party, and of dread by another, that there are few more interesting subjects for observation or speculation.

What we call America—the United States—was in its origin mostly Protestant. Canada was settled by French Roman Catholics; the Mississippi and Ohio were explored by Catholic missionaries; and Louisiana and Florida, as well as New Mexico and California, were first settled by French and Spanish adherents of the Church of Rome. There was also, in the very centre of the thirteen American colonies, one small settlement

of Roman Catholics, the colony planted by Lord Baltimore in Maryland, which, feeling the need of religious liberty, was the first to grant it. But the English settlers of New England and Virginia, and the Dutch founders of New Amsterdam, were Protestants.

The Puritan settlers of New England would have banished or hanged any Popish priest who came into their dominions. They destroyed a Jesuit mission to a tribe of Indians in Maine. The Southern cavaliers, though they might not have proceeded to the same extremities, were far from tolerant. But the fathers of the Revolution were also, by the necessities of their position, if not otherwise, the advocates of religious liberty.

When the colonies had taken up arms against the Government of England, they wished to gain the co-operation of the Roman Catholics in Canada, and sent a delegation to them, with a Catholic priest from Maryland at its head, promising them the fullest protection in their religious faith. The Canadian prelates, protected by the British Government, were too prudent to trust to two uncertainties—the success of the rebellion; and the fidelity of the Protestant colonists to their engagements.

When the colonies appealed to a Catholic nation for aid, they could no longer refuse toleration to that nation's faith. French fleets and armies were sent to America, and they brought, of course, their chaplains, who performed the ceremonies of their worship. Then was seen the strange spectacle of Puritan troops form-

ing a portion of the escort of Roman Catholic processions.

Under these circumstances, there was no other course to take but that of guaranteeing the absolute freedom of every form of religious faith and worship. A prominent Maryland Catholic, Charles Carroll of Carrolton, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and his brother, a Jesuit priest, was the first American bishop of that faith. The annexation of Louisiana added a large Catholic population, French and Spanish creoles, who also had in the treaty of purchase solemn guarantees of the freedom of their religion.

The Maryland Catholics spread themselves westward through Kentucky, Southern Ohio, and Missouri, where their descendants are found in considerable numbers. Every large city has its share of foreign merchants, French, German, Spanish, Italian—most of whom are Catholics. But the great mass of Catholic population has come from the immigration of the last half century. They are Irish, Germans, or their descendants, chiefly of the first and second generations.

The great bulk of foreign immigration to America is of recent date. The full tide had not set in fifty years ago. In 1808 the Roman Catholic Church in the United States had but 1 diocess, 2 bishops, 68 priests, 80 churches, and 2 ecclesiastical educational institutions. In 1861 there were 7 provinces, 48 diocesses, 45 archbishops and bishops, 2317 priests, 2517 churches, 1278 stations and chapels, and 48 ecclesiastical educational institutions.

There are only approximating estimates of the Catholic population, which place it at from three to four millions. But some idea may be formed of the energy with which the work of extending the Papal influence in that country is carried on, from the number of educational and other institutions which has been established, chiefly by the various religious orders. Of these there were in 1861, 96 academies and colleges for young men, 212 female academies, 28 hospitals, 102 orphan asylums, 100 other benevolent and charitable institutions, 100 monasteries and religious houses for male religious orders, and 173 convents of nuns and female religious.

These are additional to a vast number of primary schools established by the Catholics for the education of their own children, while they are also obliged to contribute to the taxes for the support of the common schools of the country. This heavy burden will be borne, however, only until the Catholics in any State have numbers and political power sufficient to compel a division of the school fund, and the devotion of a fair proportion to their separate use, as is the practice in Great Britain and several Continental States. That day, in several States, cannot be very distant, and is looked forward to with dread by many Protestant Americans.

The number of converts from Protestantism to Catholicity in America is not so large as might be expected; still it is considerable. Three or more bishops, and a proportional number of priests, are converts. An obscure, but particularly energetic

priest in Ohio, labouring in a rude backwoods district, told me he had received one hundred and fifty converts. An eminent missionary priest in New Orleans, belonging to the order of Redemptorists, in conversing on this subject, mentioned to me that he had received eight hundred converts in his various missions. It is probable that every priest of any experience has received more or less, as I have heard them spoken of in nearly every place I have visited.

As a rule or principle, Catholic priests discourage mixed marriages—that is, the marriages of Catholics to Protestants. But they do not try much to hinder them, because, in the first place, it would be of no use, and in the second place, such marriages generally lead to the conversion of the Protestant party to the Catholic faith. The reason for this is, that the Protestant who proposes to marry a Catholic is generally indifferent to any religion. Catholics are commonly more in earnest. The Catholic insists on being married by the priest, holding marriage to be a sacrament. The Protestant cares little whether the ceremony is performed by priest, parson, or magistrate. The priest requires a promise that the children shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic faith. In nine cases in ten where a practical Catholic—that is, one who attends to the duties of religion—marries a non-Catholic, it results in the conversion, or as some call it, perversion of the latter to the Roman Catholic communion.

It is true that many Roman Catholics in America stray away, become very bad Catholics or infidels, but

it is also true that very few of these are converted to any system of Protestantism. If they ever have any religion, it is that in which they were born and educated.

The whole number of converts bears a very small proportion to the Roman Catholics of foreign birth, the Irish, Germans, French, Spanish, and their descendants, who are spoken of as born Catholics. But it will strike every thoughtful person that the means taken by the Roman Church to lay the foundation for a preponderating influence in America have been wise and far-seeing. They have founded colleges, especially in the west and south-west, in which not only Catholic youth, but the *élite* of the Protestants, have been educated. There are Jesuit colleges in Massachusetts, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Mobile; and the reputation of this order for thoroughness of education has caused large numbers of the Southern youth to be entrusted to its care; and whatever may be the demerits of its members, they seldom fail to gain the confidence and love of their pupils, who, as the Southerners say, can read their diplomas.

This process of educating Protestants, if not in the Catholic faith, yet out of their prejudices against it, has been carried on still more widely and successfully in the convent schools of various orders for the education of young ladies. Teachers, often ladies of rank, members of religious orders, from France, Belgium, Germany, England and Ireland, have engaged in this work, and have brought to it character, man-

ners, and accomplishments not easy to be found elsewhere in a new country. Devoted to their work with religious fervour, they supplied a means of female education of which the wealthy classes in America, who were not very bigoted, were glad to take advantage. And as these ladies, wise in their generation, or under wise direction, scrupulously refrained from direct efforts at proselyting, they gained more and more the confidence of the public. The result has been that everywhere in America, in the best society, the most accomplished and influential ladies have been educated in convents, and though they may never go over to Rome, they love and respect their teachers, and defend them from the attacks commonly made against them; all the more that these attacks, generally made by very bigoted and equally ignorant persons, are usually of an absurd, and often of a very atrocious character.

There could not be a better preparation for the work of conversion, which the American hierarchy fully hopes to accomplish. The sturdiness of the German element, the vigour and enthusiasm of the Irish, the prolific character of both populations, will do much. Education is removing ancient prejudices, and the chaotic condition of the Protestant community, divided into warring sects, increases the power of a church whose characteristic is unity, and whose claim is infallibility.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in America, the daughter of the Church of England, though highly respectable and aristocratic in its character, is not

popular, is weak, and is divided. It has no Government to sustain it. Its High Church section tends more strongly to Rome, perhaps, than the same section of the Church of England, while its Low Church portion leans more to Evangelicanism and sectarian Protestantism.

Strange as it may seem, the spread of and belief in Spiritualism in America appears to favour the progress of the Roman Catholic faith. The Lives of the Saints are full of spiritual manifestations. The Church claims the same power of working miracles to-day as in the times of the Apostles, and who so likely as Spiritualists to give credence to such pretensions? And the Church, in America as elsewhere, has no lack of well-authenticated miracles. Without having made any special research into the matter, I can remember one very striking one at Baltimore; another, of the most extraordinary character, testified to under oath by credible witnesses, and known to great numbers of persons, in Washington; another at Cincinnati, and one in Michigan—an account of which was published a few years ago in many of the American newspapers. This last was the alleged appearance of a cross of brilliant light in the air, over a crowd assembled at a Catholic mission, and said to have been seen by hundreds of persons—Catholics, Protestants, and infidels. So, in a church at Brooklyn, a suburb of New York, during a Passionist mission, a few years ago, there were, as reported in the papers of the day, miracles of healing, so numerous and so convincing as to cause the immediate conversion of numbers of

Protestants who were present. Those who have no faith in such manifestations will attribute them to vivid imaginations, and the strong credensiveness of the American character.

But the progress and success of the Roman Catholic Church in America, as shown in the statistics I have given, have not been won without serious, violent, and at times a bloody opposition. In 1835, or thereabout, Rev. Dr. Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, inventor of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a Calvinistic divine of the old Puritan type, who held that the Pope is Antichrist, and Rome the scarlet lady of Babylon, the many-horned beast, and I know not what beside, preached a course of no-popery lectures in the Boston Park-street Church, popularly known as "Brimstone Corner." At the conclusion of his lectures a mob of Boston rowdies went over to Charlestown and plundered and burnt the Ursuline convent of Mount Benedict, driving the poor nuns and their pupils out into the night, to find refuge where they might, and violating even the graves of the departed sisterhood, who never, that I have heard, did any harm; but spent their lives in saying their prayers, and teaching young ladies useful learning and polite accomplishments.

Not long after this, the spirit of anti-popery riot broke out in Philadelphia, where churches, schools, and whole blocks of houses, occupied chiefly by Irish Roman Catholics, were burnt to the ground, and several persons were murdered. A similar riot, in

Louisville, Kentucky, resulted in another conflagration, and a more serious loss of life. Anti-Catholic secret societies were organized over a large portion of the country, and a political Protestant party formed, which had local successes in several States; but its spread was resisted by the Democratic party, which had most of the Catholic vote, and notably by Governor Wise, in Virginia, who gallantly upheld the principles of Jefferson, and became the champion of religious liberty. The conspiracy of nativism or know-nothingism, with its machinery of oath-bound secret societies, failed, because neither of the existing political parties could hope to succeed without the Catholic vote. The Democrats were pledged to toleration by all their former acts and declarations. The Republicans, well enough disposed to no-popery and nativism, found that they had no chance unless they could secure a portion at least of the foreign vote. These necessities destroyed nativism and the political Anti-Catholic party. When the war arose between the North and South, it seemed a point of honour for the foreign-born citizens of each section to manifest their loyalty to their adopted country. The small foreign population of the South flew to arms for the defence of the Confederacy of their adopted States. So did the Irish and Germans of the North and West. The Roman Catholic bishops and clergy were in an embarrassing position. In the South, they were the earnest defenders of Southern rights. In the North, they almost to a man sympathized with the South, and were opposed to the war. The Catholic clergy

never participated in the abolition fanaticism that burned in Protestant pulpits. They never disowned, excommunicated, and anathematized the slave-holding Catholics of the South; or treated them as the Northern Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists did *their* Southern brethren. They prayed for peace. Some of them boldly denounced the war.

But to denounce the war came to be considered treason. The Catholics claim not to be behind any in loyalty; the men enlisted, and their clergy held their peace. Archbishop Hughes, of New York, was opposed to abolitionism and to the war; and yet his influence was used, by adroit management, to fill the ranks of the Federal army. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, at first denounced the war; but when his Irish flock became largely represented in the army, and the brother of his coadjutor bishop, the Catholic General Rosencranz, an important leader, he appears to have looked rather to the possible benefit that might come to Irishmen, and perhaps to Ireland, than to the merits of the actual contest. Catholics fought on both sides. General Beauregard, a Catholic creole of Louisiana, caused mass to be said on the morning of the first battle of Manassas, popularly known as Bull Run, and, with hundreds of his officers and men, knelt to receive the Sacrament of the Altar. Whole regiments from Louisiana, and many from Mobile, South Carolina, &c., were also Roman Catholics.

How largely the Roman Catholic Church in America is Irish may be seen from the fact that

twenty of its prelates are either Irish or of Irish descent, while more than eight hundred priests have names unmistakably Irish; two hundred beginning with O' or Mc, while the Bradys, Carrolls, Kelleys, Quinns, Ryans and Walshs, are strongly represented. The prelates not of Irish birth or descent are German, French, Belgian or American. Each prelate has done his utmost to get priests from his own country; and such a missionary field, to the devoted young ecclesiastic, though one of severe labour, and sometimes of privation, is very enticing. If the clergy are not aided by the Government, neither are they hampered or corrupted as in Cuba and Mexico. Their energies expand in the contest in which they must engage. Few in numbers, and with a support which gives them the bare necessaries of life, they have constant toils. In the large towns they are overwhelmed with the care of the poor and the sick. In the country their flocks are scattered over large districts. I have known a priest to return late in a winter's night from a sick call twelve miles away, only to find an urgent message which hurried him as far through a lonely forest in the opposite direction. In sickly seasons, or epidemics, their labours are almost superhuman.

In my travels in America, North and South, I have sometimes accepted the genial hospitalities of the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy; and though the fare was sometimes rude enough, I always found a hearty welcome and gentlemanly companionship. I

have sweetened my tea at a bishop's table with brown sugar, stirred with a pewter spoon, when he was expending thousands a year on schools, asylums and hospitals. This bishop was up at five o'clock in the morning, and seldom went to bed before twelve at night. He said mass every day, preached three times every Sunday, visited the sick, and attended to an amount of business, secular and religious, such as few men could have undertaken.

The impression made upon me by Roman Catholic priests, and members of male and female religious orders, is a very peculiar one. The simplicity and hilarity of a party of priests, dining together, or taking a social glass, as they sometimes do, though always, so far as I have seen, with a becoming moderation, in their stories, jokes and laughter, is like that of a party of merry, good schoolboys. They have no air of shrewdness or worldliness, or constraint of any kind about them. As for the nuns, wherever I have seen them, they appeared to overflow with a simple merriment. In their schools they are big children among the little ones, real "mothers" and "sisters," as they are called, to those committed to their charge. They have doubtless much less cultivation of the intellect than Protestants of the same class, but seem to have more culture of the heart.

The confession, I know, will shock the worthy Mr. Whalley, and that estimable "old Fogey," Mr. Newdegate, but it has happened to me to make the acquaintance of a number of Jesuits. Those gentle-

men have a vague idea that all Popish priests, and a good many laymen, belong to that terrible society of Ignatius de Loyola. It is a slight mistake of theirs. Jesuits are not very numerous. The sort of men who choose or can undergo the fourteen years of training necessary to make a Jesuit are not numerous anywhere. In America, I think there are about a hundred, French, Belgian, German, and a few English or Irish.

The Jesuit is the special, refined, concentrated "bugaboo" of all good Protestants—yet we must speak of men as we find them; and I have found the Jesuits of various nationalities in New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Mobile, and New Orleans, everywhere the same refined, delicate, gentle, highly educated, polished men, devoted to their calling, devoted to the poor, and, to all appearance, earnest and sincere Christians. How they can believe all they profess to believe, it is not for me to say. It has been the faith of many ages and countless millions. Protestantism, so far, is in a very small and rather discordant minority. The reader, no doubt, is quite satisfied with his own cult and creed. To that I have nothing to say; but I have to say, that after all the Jesuits I have seen, and after all I have seen of Jesuits, I am only the more profoundly astonished at the things said about them in Protestant pulpits, and written about them in popular books.

If there is one thing the American Catholic clergy take less trouble about than any other, it is politics.

They never run for office, they never make political speeches, and very rarely do they seek to exercise any influence upon elections, unless some matter is pending connected with education or their religious rights. And the Jesuits, from whom so much mischief is apprehended, seemed to me, more than all others, entirely absorbed in their scholastic and ecclesiastical duties.

I venture no predictions in respect to the future; but it is easy to see that the Roman Catholic Church is gaining ground in Protestant countries, and that Protestants are doing little or nothing to convert Roman Catholics, even in Ireland, to any form of Protestantism.

CHAPTER VII.

CONVENTS AND RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Ursuline convent in New Orleans.—Orphan asylums of the Sisters of Charity.—Convent of the Visitation at Mobile.—Ladies of the Sacred Heart.—New House at Havannah.—Postulants and novices.—A convent in Ohio.—A rough journey and a hospitable reception.—A concert and a comedy.—Teachers and pupils.—Morals of convents.—A stroll in Indiana.—A college in the woods.—The novitiates.—A noisy dinner.—Benediction.—Sisters of Charity.—Heroism and devotion.—Protestant sisterhoods.

It may be thought that I have given more than sufficient space to the Church of Rome and its religious and educational establishments in the United States; but there is a very respectable, if not a very large class of English readers, who may wish to know more of their extent and operations. There is also a kind of mystery about religious orders, which makes them more or less attractive to the general reader.

The oldest convent in the United States, I think, must be the Ursuline convent in New Orleans. More than a hundred years ago, a party of Ursuline nuns went from France to that city, to nurse the sick in the Charity Hospital, to which all sick strangers and

poor were taken, and especially those attacked with yellow fever. Honour to the courage and devotion of those noble women! They were received, as we may suppose, with demonstrations of joy and gratitude by the whole population. They were ladies of birth and education, who had come four thousand miles across the ocean, when such a voyage was much more of an enterprise than it is now, to nurse the dying, and to die themselves, many of them, as they well knew, of a pestilence sure to decimate, at least, those unacclimatized volunteers of charity.

In time, a fine convent was built for them, in what is now the heart of the old French portion of the city of New Orleans. The Sisters of Charity came, and took their place in the Charity Hospital, which they have had charge of ever since, and the Ursulines attended to their usual work of educating young girls. Four generations of the ladies of New Orleans and of Louisiana, before and since its annexation to the United States, have been educated by the Ursuline nuns. When their old convent had become surrounded by the city, and too confined for their needs, they built the spacious and beautiful one they now occupy, on a large estate which was given them in the suburbs. The old convent is now the episcopal palace of his Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop of New Orleans. The new one fronts on the Mississippi, is surrounded by gardens and groves of orange trees, and is a delightful home for the hundreds of Southern belles who pass their early years in that sunny and fragrant paradise.

There are five or six other convents of various orders in New Orleans, and the Sisters of Charity have the management of a large Orphan Asylum, or system of Asylums, which are conducted with admirable economy, order, and success. There is, first, a Baby House, or nursery for infants. The yellow fever which carries off adults, spares their children, and the white-bonneted sisters gather them under their wings. At a certain age they pass into the School Asylum, where they are educated according to the abilities they develope, but always with a tender and motherly care. Lastly, there is the Industrial School, in which they learn domestic economy, needlework, and some trade by which they can gain their livelihood. Here they graduate, and pass into the world. There is no lack of good places for girls who have had so excellent a training. There is a similar school for boys under the charge of a male brotherhood.

A short distance above New Orleans, on the left bank of the Mississippi, is a large convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, a more recent order than the Ursulines, and said to closely resemble the Jesuits. They educate the daughters of the rich in the most elegant and fashionable manner; but they also keep free schools for the poor, which is the rule with most of the religious orders.

In the suburbs of Mobile there is a large and beautifully-situated Convent of the Visitation, another aristocratic order, devoted to education, in which the belles of Alabama are educated in a quiet retreat, and

by the kindest as well as the most accomplished teachers. I visited this convent, as I did the neighbouring Jesuit College at Spring Hill, and was introduced to the oldest nun in the community, a venerable lady, more than eighty years of age, whose story was a very singular one. At the age of forty she was the wife of an episcopal clergyman in Connecticut. He was an earnest and zealous clergyman, with, I presume, high church proclivities, and not well satisfied with the rather low church tendencies of Connecticut churchmen at that period, who were disposed to fraternize with their Presbyterian or other evangelical neighbours. The immediate cause of his conversion, however, was the reading of a life of St. Francis Xavier, the celebrated Jesuit missionary to the Indies. He "went over to Rome" with his wife, a son, and three daughters. He was ordained a priest, his wife became a nun of the Order of the Visitation, the son is a Jesuit Father in Maryland, one daughter was with her mother, a nun in the convent I visited, and the two others were Ursulines.

There are convents in Galveston, and at one or two places besides in Texas. At Memphis there is a pretty convent of Dominican nuns, with a large boarding-school. The young ladies here, as in many other cases, are mostly Protestants. At St. Louis, and in Missouri, where there is a large and influential Catholic population, there are many spacious convents. Among these are the Convents of the Sacred Heart, Visitation, Ursulines, and Sisters of the Good Shepherd. The new Convent of the Visita-

tion at St. Louis is one of the largest and finest in the country. All its arrangements are in the most admirable order. There are also large convents at Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukie, Pittsburgh, and in nearly every city of any size in the West. But these pious and enterprising ladies do not confine themselves to the limits of civilization. Like the Jesuits, and, I presume, the members of all religious orders, they are ready to go wherever they are sent, and there are convents, or little groups of religious women in the far-off wilds of Nebraska and Dacotah, among the Indian tribes that roam the Rocky Mountains and hunt among the sources of the Missouri.

In the older cities of the East, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, there are, of course, plenty of convents and nuns. The ladies of the Sacred Heart have a grand old mansion on one of the finest eminences of the upper part of New York, and a large school in 17th Street. The ladies who are troubled about woman's rights and woman's sphere, would be delighted with Madame Hardy, the superior of this institution, and, if I mistake not, of the whole order in America. She is certainly a lady of extraordinary ability, tact, and energy; equal, I should think, to the duties of any department of State; and one who would be the right woman in the right place, as the governor of an important colony.

The ladies of the Sacred Heart are always to be found in the neighbourhood of the Jesuits, who are their spiritual directors, as the Lazarists are those

of the Sisters of Charity. A few years ago, Madame Hardy was invited to establish a house of her order in Havannah, where it was greatly needed. Her two or three hundred young ladies, educated in the New York house, were largely from the Southern States, the West Indies, and Mexico. The ladies were most generously welcomed in Cuba by the authorities and people. Among other presents, the Governor-General selected from a recently landed cargo of slaves, brought fresh from Dahomey by a New York slave ship, five or six negro girls, to be trained as servants and Christians by the ladies. A nice time they had with these savage maidens! The first difficulty was to keep enough clothes on them for the decencies of a convent. Every little while they would be missing. After a long search, their clothes would be found in a garret, just as they had been dropped, and then, out on the hot roof, under the hot sun of Cuba, the sable maids of Dahomey would be found, like so many nude and shining statues of bronze—God's image in polished ebony—fast asleep, enjoying a negro's paradise.

There are over thirty different female orders in the United States, something like two hundred convents, and between two and three thousand nuns, or female religious.

Convents and nuns, as we read about them in romances, and those which exist among the hard, rough work of education and charity in America, have few features in common. I could not see that there was any anxiety to induce young ladies to take

the veil. For one that is accepted many are rejected. The probation is long and severe. The candidate must remain a postulant for a year. If, at the end of this period, she still wishes to join the order, and they are willing to receive her, she is allowed to take the white veil of the novice. At the end of two years more, if her wish remains the same, and her director is satisfied that she has a genuine vocation, she takes her final vows, with impressive solemnities, dies to the world, and assumes the black veil of the order. She is still free, however, as any person can be. No key is turned upon her; she can go and come as she pleases. Nothing binds her but her own sense of duty. Should it appear that she had mistaken her vocation, she can be dispensed from her vows by the bishop, or proper ecclesiastical authority.

It happened to me, at one time, to reside for several months very near a large Ursuline Convent, in one of the wildest regions of Ohio, and some account of it and its inmates, as they appeared to me, may not be uninteresting, nor, perhaps, wholly uninstructive. My first visit to look at a pretty house which had been recommended to me as a retired and healthy residence, was made in company with a venerable archbishop and two bishops, who were going on a little pious pleasure excursion to the convent. His Grace was an Irishman, with the most striking virtues, and some of the faults of the Irish character; one of their lordships was an American convert from Presbyterianism, the other a recently consecrated Belgian. We went forty miles by rail-

way, then six miles by the very worst waggon road I ever saw, even in America. The railway took us many miles into the primitive forest—the road also lay through it. It was a ravine of mud. The poor horses sank to their knees, the wheels to their axles. Sometimes the driver would pull out of the track and find his way among the trees, over roots and stumps, and into quagmires. The best part of the way was where he drove nearly a mile in the rocky bed of a river, with the water close to the body of the waggon. The horses, after their wallow in the mud, appeared to enjoy it. Night came on, and the woods made it very dark. Suddenly we came into a clearing, like an island in the ocean, with lights in the distance.

The Ursulines had here a domain of three hundred acres, half cleared and cultivated—half a magnificent forest. On the centre of this estate was the convent, a plain, substantial brick building, about two hundred feet in length; and at a short distance were two or three cottages for the farm-labourers, a priest's house, and a chapel built of logs for the Irish, German, and Belgian settlers in the vicinity. All this, of course, I saw afterward.

Arriving at the front door of the convent, I followed their Most Reverend and Right Reverend Lordships into a large, neatly furnished, and well-lighted parlour. They were received by four ladies in the black robes and veils of the nuns of St. Ursula. As each one knelt, kissed the episcopal ring, and received the blessing of each of the three bishops, it was a

rather formidable ceremony, but was rapidly and gracefully performed.

Let me try to give an idea of these four ladies. The Reverend Mother Superior was an English lady of, say, forty-five, who had been sent to France for her education, and had, to the great scandal and grief of her English Church relations, become a convert and a nun. The second in authority, "*Ma Mère Stanislaus,*" may have been forty years old. It is not easy to tell a lady's age, especially when all you see of her is two-thirds of a calm and passionless face. But how beautiful she was! Of noble French birth, she was grace and elegance to the tips of her fingers. She wore her coarse serge habit and sombre veil, the leathern strap around her waist and wooden crucifix, as if they were the robes and ornaments of a princess. The third was a Belgian of five-and-twenty, pretty, smiling, busy, with a great talent for affairs, and an equally wonderful power of diffusing sunshine. She was Sister Xavier, and a merrier spirit never hid herself under a black veil, and then away in the deep, dark woods. How shall I describe the fourth? This rosy blossom, Sister Alphonse, was an American, and scarcely twenty, the pet of a fond father, whom she loved most tenderly.

The table was laid, and we had an excellent dinner. If the order has any dietetic asceticism, it does not extend to its guests. The food was various and abundant, and the wine, as usual in religious houses, pure and good. The Mother Superior and her assistant sat near the table, conversing with the bishops;

the others, assisted by two white-veiled novices, waited upon the guests.

When the dinner was over, we were invited into a large saloon, and entertained with a musical concert by some of the more advanced pupils. A pretty stage had been prepared, on which were a grand pianoforte and two harps. The playing and singing were better than I expected—some of it, indeed, surprisingly good. Several of the nuns were accomplished musicians, and when they found talent in their pupils, spared no pains to give it proper development. They had consequently produced some brilliant players and tasteful singers. Perhaps the most effective performance was a duet on the harp and pianoforte by two little girls of ten and twelve, of the most delicate and exquisite type of American beauty—two of three orphan girls, who had found a home in the convent in their infancy, when both their parents had died of cholera.

When the concert was over, I wondered what was next in store for us. The nuns were demure enough, but the faces of the young misses were full of some kind of jolly anticipation. The curtain rose upon the screaming farce of "The Irish Lion," played by a bevy of young girls, with the part Mr. Tim Moore, the poetical tailor, by a rollicking young lady from the Emerald Isle, whose brogue and fun seemed equally natural and delightful.

When the fun was over, and genuine good fun it was, the Archbishop thanked them for their entertainment, and then all went to the convent chapel, where

he officiated in one of the most impressive offices of Catholic devotion, while the nuns in the choir sang their *Ave Sanctissima.*

I was taken to the priest's house to sleep. The hospitalities of female convents have their limits. Two French priests had charge of the spiritual and material affairs of the community. An old man of seventy, gentle and venerable, was the spiritual director. A small, dark, wiry, energetic man of thirty-five superintended the farming, and was pastor of the out-door flock. His English was very droll. It had been picked up among Irish labourers and rough western people, and had a good deal more slang than grammar.

I think there could hardly have been a happier school. In the months that followed, I often looked away from my books to the little parties of twenty or thirty girls, taking their recreations in the woods or meadows, under the charge of the black or white-veiled sisters—picking flowers by the brook-side, or filling the forest with their musical laughter. The nuns themselves laughed and played like the children in their own hours of recreation. I judged that about one-third of the young misses were children of Protestant parents. They conformed, to a certain degree, to the outward ceremonial of daily worship. They were all in their seats in the chapel, Sunday morning and evening, but the Mother Superior, who doubtless knew what was most effectual, was careful that no effort at proselyting should be made, except by the silent influence of example—an influence so powerful on the

impressible spirit, that arguments only disturb and hinder its operation.

I have read *Six Months in a Convent*, and other works of a similar character. In some, religious communities are described as gloomy and ascetic; in others, as grossly immoral and licentious. I never could see any reason why nuns should be less virtuous than other old maids of my acquaintance. So far as I could judge, I never saw a more cheerful community than this one in the woods of Ohio, and I never heard a breath of scandal in regard to them, nor to any convent in America, out of the very stupid and nasty books, which were made to sell, and were all the worse for their wretched pretence of pious motives. The pretended author of *Six Months in a Convent* lived a prostitute in New York, and died, a wretched outcast, in the alms-house hospital, while the miserable scamps and impostors, pretending to be clergymen, who published the book, were living upon its proceeds.

But these nuns, the reader may say, were lost to the world—lost to society. They might have been good wives and mothers. Perhaps. It is not the lot of all. There are a few hundred thousand women in the British Islands who certainly cannot be wives, because there are no men to match them. They are a surplus female population. Can they do better than to perform maternal duties as far as they are able; and if it suits them to live in communities, pray, teach, and take care of the poor and sick, why not? I do not see that they can do much better, and I can see that they might do a great deal worse.

A few years ago, on my way to Chicago, I stopped for a day on the banks of the St. Joseph's River, in Northern Indiana, close upon the line of Michigan. Civilization was struggling with nature, and I watched with interest the rough encounter. The railway, after running twenty miles through a grand primeval forest, dashes suddenly into a city. Leaving my luggage at a great brick hotel, I struck out northward, across a fine, rapid river, into a rich rolling country, where each farm of one to three hundred acres was cut out of the forest, and where the stumps had not rotted out of the fields; while in many of them the great trees, all dry and leafless, girdled by choppings of the axe to destroy their vitality, were still standing in the fields of growing corn. Stacks of wheat-straw were around the log-houses of the lords of the soil. Great cribs of Indian corn in the ear were proofs of the land's fertility; herds of swine and flocks of cattle were browsing in the forest. It was a scene rough and uncouth in the present, but full of hope for the future.

Tired with my morning ramble, I sat down in the shade of a beautiful tulip-tree by the river-side, and thought of the three phases of life which a single generation would have experienced. A few years before, the wild Indian fought and hunted through these forests, and the smoke of his wigwam rose from the banks of this lonely river: the transition phase was now in progress: a few years more, and the whole country would be covered with the triumphs of civilization.

As I mused upon the scene and its associations, music filled the air; it came down out of the blue summer sky; it swept through the arches of the ancient woods. The birds sat mute upon the branches to hear it; the squirrels stopped their gambols. Even a bright little striped snake, which had been gliding through the grass near my feet, paused, erected his head, and poised it on one side, as if the better to hear the sweet melody that filled the air. It was a chime of bells, playing the music of a French religious hymn—a rich, melodious chime of twenty-four bells. But how came they in the depths of a forest in Northern Indiana? I rose from my mossy seat, while the little snake lowered his tiny head, and glided away, and the pretty squirrels hid themselves in the foliage, and went in the direction from which the music had seemed to come.

It was a longer walk in the woods than I expected; but with a slight turn in the road I emerged suddenly from the dark forest into the glowing sunshine, and a scene that filled me with surprise and admiration. It was a clearing of three or four square miles, walled round on three sides by the forest, and bounded on the fourth by a noble sweep of the river. In the centre was a pretty Gothic church, with two spires, in whose towers were the chime of bells. Near it was a cluster of buildings, the central one long, massive, and having a collegiate aspect. At the left were two bright lakelets, glittering in the sun; and between them nestled a small peninsula, shaded with trees, ornamented with shrubbery, and cultivated as a garden

and vineyard. In the midst of these gardens were two pretty chapels, one in the Grecian style, the other Gothic. Across the lake there was a small steam-mill and a brickyard, and contiguous to the college buildings were several workshops, and a large playground, with gymnastic apparatus. Around were fields and orchards, flocks of sheep and small herds of cattle. A mile away to the left, in a beautiful nook by the river, I saw another group of buildings, including a small chapel. In less time than I have taken to write these lines, my glass had swept over all this beautiful domain, cut out of the heart of a great American forest. I saw a crowd of boys at play in the college-grounds; a group of them was bathing on a secluded shore of one of the lakes, watched by a man in a long black robe. The black robes were also seen as they went in and out of the principal edifice. Groups of men were working in the fields. In the distance my glass showed me girls walking on the banks of the river, near the further cluster of buildings.

As an enterprising tourist I did not long hesitate about the means of gratifying my excited curiosity. I walked towards the centre of the domain, and passing through a vineyard, where the grapes gave promise of many a cask of good wine, I addressed myself to a withered old man, who seemed to have them under his fatherly care.

"The vines are growing well, father," said I.

"Yaas!" was the strong German answer, when the well-browned pipe had been deliberately taken from his lips. "Dey grows goot."

"And the wine—how is that?"

"Ah! ze vine izt pretty goot."

"Shall I be allowed to visit the place?" I asked.

"Oh, yaas, yaas! I shall take you to ze Fater Zuperior;" and he put his pipe to his lips again, and led the way to the principal edifice, where I was presented to a tall, sallow, black-eyed French priest, who might have been a general, if he had not been the superior of a religious community. Nothing could be more cordial than my reception, nothing more considerate than the manner in which he made me feel that I was welcome, and satisfied my curiosity. The land of his community had been given to one of the Indian missionaries; his flock had been scattered by the progress of civilization, and the domain was bestowed upon a French religious order. He and a few others, who had come from France, had been joined by Germans, Irish, and several American converts; and they had established a college, with the charter of a university for the future, while a female branch of the order had a flourishing academy a mile away. There was also an industrial school for boys, and another for girls. The lay-brothers and sisters carried on the operations of agriculture, the workshops, the laundry, baking and cooking for so large a community, with its three or four hundred pupils, while priests, lay professors, and nuns attended to the work of education. The Father Superior, with a little excusable vanity, showed me the handsome church, whose gorgeous high-altar, and fine organ, and noble chime of bells, with the clockwork and

machinery which filled the whole region with music at intervals, day and night, had been sent them as presents from far off, never forgotten, generous France.

Then we walked over a little causeway between the two pretty lakes, and visited the islands, as they were called, but really a double peninsula, composed of two hillocks, each of several acres. In these solitary retreats were the nurseries of the order. One was the novitiate of priests, the other of the lay-brothers, where they went through the studies and religious exercises which were to prepare them for the solemn vows which would for ever separate them from the world, and devote their energies and lives to the work of their order. I saw novices of both classes, some walking in the groves with their books, some kneeling in their curious little chapels, which were enriched with holy relics and pious gifts.

While we remained, the hour of recreation sounded on the bell. Then study and devotion, and work everywhere, were alike laid aside in these retreats, and the whole community of priests and nuns, lay-brothers and lay-sisters, far enough apart however, students and apprentices, enjoyed their hour of innocent, and sometimes boisterous mirth. As a rule, priests and nuns have the manners of children. Even the sisters of charity, whose life-work is in hospitals, and who nurse the sick and dying, are full of light-hearted mirth.

Our next visit was to the not far distant but still separate and secluded domain of the female community. We were received with a gracious dignity in the elegant parlour, by the young Mother Superior, an

American lady of singular beauty, who had found a sphere for her energies in the education of a hundred or more Western American girls, the care of an industrial school, the extension of her order, the establishment of new branches, and the opening of new avenues of feminine ambition or devotion.

When we had looked at the schoolrooms, the gardens, and the romantic prospect from the river bluff, an excellent luncheon awaited us, and we returned to the masculine department, the Mother Superior kneeling to the Father Superior, as on our arrival, to kiss his hand, and receive his blessing. During our walk home, this priest, who seemed to enter with entire zeal into his religious functions, conversed like a thorough man of the world on education, politics, and society. It was evident that he read the newspapers as well as his breviary, and that he had a sharp eye to business, as well as to the propagation of the faith. He even told me, with a curiously quiet consciousness of power in his tone and manner, how he had put down some bigotry in the neighbourhood, which had at one time threatened them, by exercising the political influence given him by the votes of his community. "It is not necessary for us to vote," said he; "we have not that trouble; but the fact that we can do so whenever we choose, and defeat either party, is quite enough to make both treat us with a respectful consideration."

I dined in the great *salle à manger* of the university. The Father Superior, by whom I sat, and the professors dined at a central table; the students of various classes at others. The fare was plain and substantial.

There was perfect order and silence. At a signal, the Father Superior said a short grace, and the eating began, while one of the boys commenced, in a loud monotonous voice, to read from Abbé Huc's interesting journey in China; but he had not proceeded far before a touch of the Superior's bell suddenly silenced his tongue, and at the same time let loose a hundred. What with knives and forks, and chatter and clatter, it was a perfect babel. The suspension of the rules was in honour of their guest, and a lesson in hospitality. As the fun was growing fast and furious, another touch on the bell reduced the room to a sudden silence; there was a brief thanksgiving, and the well-ordered boys, rough as many were in appearance, filed out of the room; and we soon heard their glad hurras in the playgrounds, while the Superior and several priestly and lay professors gathered under a shady piazza, to enjoy the leisure after-dinner hour. On going to the "bishop's room," which had been assigned me, I found two bottles of wine, of their own vintage, which the Father Superior wished me to taste. One was a red wine, resembling the clarets of Hungary; the other, a choice bottle of Catawba, made from an American grape of peculiar flavour, but resembling the Rhine wines. They were light, palatable, and pure without any question. At the twilight hour, after a glorious sunset, such as the traveller sees upon the borders of the great lakes of America oftener than in any region I have visited, the church bell rang, and the whole community assembled for that most picturesque of Catholic devotions, "the Benediction of the Blessed

Sacrament." The high altar was covered with lights and flowers. The beautiful hymns of this service were sung by a choir of boys belonging to the college. Protestants and Catholics sang in harmony; and the best voice, perhaps, was the fine tenor of a handsome young Israelite. As he was a volunteer, and did not sing for pay, how he reconciled it with his conscience, I cannot imagine. The music swelled, the incense rose and filled the edifice; twenty-four little boys in white surplices came into the sanctuary in procession, and knelt before the altar. The priests and novices in surplices were ranged on either side. Then came a soft jingling of silvery bells and the moment of benediction. The kneeling congregation bowed their heads in a silence most profound; the white-robed boys fell prostrate before the altar; the great bells in the church towers rang out a solemn peal; and the gorgeous and impressive ceremonial was ended.

I slept in the bishop's room and in the bishop's bed, after paying my respects, as I presume a bishop might have done, to one of the bottles still standing on my table. My last look from the window was at the dark forest wall which enclosed this curious community in the wilds of America; and the last sounds I heard as I sank to rest were the melodies of the chimes in the neighbouring church towers.

There is one Roman Catholic order which most Protestants, both in England and America, have come to tolerate and respect; I mean the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. For more than two

centuries, the hospitals, the battle-fields, and the abodes of the poor have been the scenes of their charitable and heroic deeds. In every quarter of the world they have performed the labours which England has honoured when performed by one of her own gentlewomen. In justice it should be remembered that for whole centuries before we had heard the honoured name of Florence Nightingale, long before we had heard of a Howard or a Mrs. Fry, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul were known to the prisons and hospitals of both hemispheres.

There are some peculiarities about this religious order of charity with which few of our writers appear to be acquainted. They are not considered nuns, as they are never cloistered, and are always in the world, engaged in active duties. They are not under perpetual vows, but take their obligations only from year to year, and can leave the order or be left out of it, at the close of each year. They are never allowed to ask for charity. They are often ladies of rank, and always gentlewomen—their rule excluding any person who has ever been employed in a menial occupation. For such persons there are other and appropriate orders. The order of Sisters of Charity, therefore, as constituted by St. Vincent de Paul, and whose deeds are known to the whole world, may be considered an aristocratic or chivalric female army of volunteers of charity, bound to short terms of service, but generally renewing their vows, and performing prodigies of usefulness. I met their antique and almost grotesque but cherished and unalterable flaring white bonnets in

the streets of Detroit. I saw them in the yellow-fever hospitals and orphan asylums of New Orleans and Mobile. The sisters who serve the New Orleans hospitals, and have served them for many years, through all the epidemics of cholera and yellow fever, since they came to replace the Ursulines, are regularly drafted for this service from their mother house in Maryland. Well are they known along the route, and no railway or steamboat takes money for their passage. Drafted, I said; yes, drafted and expended; for three years on an average is the period of service. They die regularly at the end of that period, and others step into their places to die in turn. The best constitutions cannot long bear the constant absorption and inhalations of disease in such a climate. And this, strange as it may seem, is the very service they most desire.

Why, it may be asked, are these sisters not relieved by others before they become hopelessly diseased, and sent to recuperate themselves in healthier conditions? I asked the same question, and here is the answer—It would be bad economy. A certain number die of yellow fever in the process of acclimatization. If those who have safely passed this ordeal were taken away, this number would be increased. Then, those who serve in the fever hospitals inhale or absorb the seeds of disease, so that they soon die even if removed. They prefer to die at their posts rather than live a few years uselessly and at the expense of others. I think they are right, but I also think that medical science ought to do more than it has done to protect them.

Efforts are making to organize similar sisterhoods, or orders of religion and charity, among Protestants. It seems very strange that for three centuries they have been scarcely thought of. There is no reason why they should not succeed as well as the Roman Catholic orders, unless there be some radical difference or some element in the Catholic system of order, subordination, devotion, and persistency, not to be found in Protestantism. Catholic orders are planted, grow and flourish in England and America, surrounded by Protestant institutions and populations. Converts from Protestantism become devoted and prominent members of these orders. There are several convents in America, whose superiors are English or American converts, or, as some of our religious papers prefer to say, "perverts to the Romish faith." The Catholics assert that religious orders cannot exist among Protestants—that Protestantism, in fact, or the exercise of the right of private judgment, as it destroys authority and obedience, the elements of order, makes their continuance impossible. Time alone—say a century or two—can solve the difficult problem.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

Equal rights.—Self-government.—Universal suffrage.—State constitutions.—My native state.—Fundamental principles.—State rights.—Who shall vote?—Neutralizing suffrages.—A rural community.—Town meeting.—Selling paupers.—Political parties.—President Monroe and the Monroe doctrine.—Suffrage in England and America.

NOTHING can be finer in theory than American politics. Begin with that "glittering generality" of Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence—the "self-evident truth" that "all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness," and all the rest follows easily enough. All men being created equal, and having the right of self-government, may, of course, choose the form of that government, and appoint the manner in which it shall be administered. Where all are alike free, they must be politically equal. There can be no right of one man to control another. Every kind of privilege is a violation of justice. The organization of society, and the establishment of government are matters of contract. A government

imposed by the strong upon the weak is a despotism. "All government," according to the "immortal document" from which I have just quoted, "derives its power from the consent of the governed." Men also have no right to bind their posterity.

In these principles Americans are nurtured. They believe in the supreme right of revolution, asserted, not only in the Declaration of Independence, but in all, or nearly all, the State Constitutions. Political power is not vested in one man, or in a class of men, but belongs to the whole people. Its expression is universal suffrage—with a few exceptions. Indians are not citizens, and have no civil rights. Negroes in most of the States are in the same condition. Both races are, as a rule, considered in a state of perpetual minority. Suffrage appertains to the free white male citizen, and the citizen must be twenty-one years old and *compos mentis*, or not declared to be otherwise.

These citizens organized the State by electing delegates to a Convention, and forming a written Constitution. A majority, or plurality of votes, in each town or district, elected the delegates, and a majority of the delegates adopted the Constitution, which, being submitted to a popular vote, was accepted by a majority, and became the supreme law in accordance with which all other laws must be made. An act of the State legislature is no law, if contrary to any provision of the Constitution. This is supposed to be a protection of the minority against the possible tyranny of the majority—but as the majority makes the Constitution, and can annul or change it, the

security is only an appeal to the judiciary against hasty acts of legislation.

Two or three hundred townships grouped into ten counties formed my native State. This State, at the close of the revolutionary war, became, by the recognition of his Majesty George III., sovereign and independent. Each of the thirteen colonies was separately recognised by name, for the Federal Union did not yet exist. The colonies having become independent States, each with its own Constitution, Government, and laws, afterwards formed the Federal Union.

But my little State of New Hampshire, in my early days, had no idea of resigning her sovereignty. She had delegated certain powers to a Federal government, but the exercise of these was jealously watched. We believed in the right of self-government, and that all government derives its power from the consent of the governed. Every fourth of July, we heard the sonorous sentences of the Declaration of Independence; and when it told us that "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of its proper ends, it is the right of the people to alter and abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations in such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness"—it received our hearty amen. Little did I think I should ever see New Hampshire regiments marching hundreds of miles from the old granite State to put down the practical carrying out of this very doctrine with the bayonet.

This doctrine was not only read from the Declaration

of Independence, it was incorporated in the Constitution of the State, which declares that "the people of this State have the sole right of governing themselves as a free, sovereign, and independent State," and that when the ends of government are perverted, "the people may, and of right ought to reform the old, or establish a new government." Similar declarations, in many more strongly worded, are incorporated into the Constitutions of nearly every State. In fact, the power of the sovereign people, incorporated into a State, and the supreme right of revolution, are the fundamental principles of American politics.

New Hampshire, thus free, sovereign, and independent, had no more direct connexion with Vermont or Massachusetts than with Canada. The people, gathered in town meetings, elected a governor and members of the State legislature. The legislature made the laws; the governor saw that they were executed. He, and he alone, could pardon the offender. Neither the President, nor the Congress of the United States, could interfere with the powers of the governor of a State. When John Brown was hanged in Virginia, there was one man who could legally have saved his life by commutation or pardon. That man was the Governor of Virginia. The President, Congress, the Supreme Court of the United States, were as powerless as the Emperor of China.

The Governor of New Hampshire, elected by the popular vote, with a salary of about one hundred and fifty pounds a year, the commander of the military force of the State, and holding power of life and

death, is taken from a lawyer's office, from the plough-tail, or the blacksmith's shop. But he is a man of age, prudence, and dignity. In an agricultural State, a respectable farmer is a popular candidate.

State, county, and town officers, are all elected in the town meetings, where every free white male citizen has a right to vote. And why not? In the rural townships I have described there is no apparent reason. A property qualification would shut out so few that it would not be worth insisting upon. So all vote. A crazy man, or one decided to be *non compos mentis* might be challenged, and his vote denied. So of one who had been convicted of a felony, unless his civil rights had been restored by a pardon from the governor, and it was a common thing for governors to grant such pardons a few days before the expiration of the sentence of imprisonment, for the very purpose of enabling a man to vote and exercise other rights of citizenship.

Of late years many have been in favour of extending the elective franchise to women, as being as well qualified for the duties of citizenship as men. Some ladies, widows and spinsters, have refused to pay taxes, or paid them under protest, upon the principle of "no taxation without representation." To this claim it has been answered that most women are married, or ought to be, and that for a married woman to vote would be the same as allowing her husband two votes, or depriving him of any. If she voted with him, he would have two; if against him, his vote would be neutralized and he would practically have none. The

answer to this objection would be that a man who could not govern his wife did not deserve to have any voice in the government of his country. Or, one might say that when a man and his wife could not agree and pull together they must take the natural consequences of pulling in different directions. In the days of which I am writing, however, these questions had not come up for discussion.

But this matter of neutralizing suffrages was obvious enough. The able lawyer, the learned judge, the pious minister would walk up the broad aisle of the meeting-house in which the town meeting was held and put in his vote. Any idle rogue, or pardoned thief, or profane scamp, by voting on the opposite side could kill his vote and make it as if it had not been given. In a town in which the virtuous and intelligent were equally divided on a question of public policy, or the choice of a ruler, one vote, and that of the most drunken vagabond in the town, might decide the question. In America, a single vote, given by a drunken loafer, brought staggering from a gutter, may elect the Governor of a State or the President of the Federation.

But the people of my native State were as well qualified, perhaps, as any in the world for the exercise of the right of self-government. The rudiments of education were universal. A man who could not read was spoken of with wonder. Nearly all were owners of real estate. With the exception of some cases of hard drinking here and there, it was a moral community. Breaches of the peace were of rare occurrence. We had

no police, and needed none. Our people boasted of being free and equal—and few communities have ever come nearer making that boast a reality.

When the public business, relating to taxes, roads, and schools had been discussed, and State, county, and town officers duly elected, from governor to pound-master and hogreeve, which latter office was unanimously bestowed upon all the men who had been married since the last election, the paupers were disposed of. They were too few to require a poor-house. They consisted of five or six old, crippled, or half-witted persons, unable to take care of themselves; and these, oddly enough, were put up, one by one, at auction, and sold for the year to the trustworthy person who would agree to maintain them at the least expense to the township, taking into account the labour they were able to do. This made the expense very light. Still, this public sale of unfortunate people never seemed pleasant to me. Negroes are sold in the same way. There is the same obligation of maintenance, only as the negro can earn more than the cost of his keeping, he is sold to the highest instead of the lowest bidder. The two operations, however, are of a very similar character, and it is difficult to see that the pauper had much advantage over the slave.

In the elections, I observed very early that not only did the votes of individuals neutralize each other, but those of majorities in towns, counties, and States; and for this I could never see a sufficient reason.

For example, the town in which I lived gave a

Democratic majority of from fifteen to twenty-five votes. But the next town, made up of a similar population with identical interests, gave a similar majority to the other party. So two counties in the same State, both agricultural, would give year after year one seven hundred majority to one party or candidate, while the other would give eight hundred to another. In the same way New Hampshire for thirty or forty years could always be relied upon to give a Democratic majority of eight or ten thousand, while Vermont, lying by her side, having a similar population, and the same interests, gave as large majorities to the other party.

Why? Who can tell? Some bias was given at an early day by real, if not recognised, leaders of opinion, and people went on voting as their fathers had voted, until some great agitation or revolution changed the current of popular opinion. There must have been in New Hampshire a few men in the days of Jefferson who gave the State its Democratic bias, which it retained until Abolition carried it over to the Republican party. Massachusetts, in the same way, was Federalist, and always in opposition to the Democratic party, because its opinions were dominated by such men as John Adams, Harrison Gray Otis, Josiah Quincy, and other leading Federalists of the period which succeeded the Revolution. Vermont, I believe, was run off the Democratic track by the great anti-masonic excitement, an excitement which also changed the political complexion of Western New York and

Northern Ohio, and one of whose consequences was to make Wm. H. Seward Secretary of State, and Abraham Lincoln President.

I have given a hasty sketch of early American politics as I remember them. There was but little party spirit in the days of my childhood. James Monroe, the fourth President which the State of Virginia had given to the Union, was elected to succeed Madison with very little opposition, and re-elected to his second term with scarcely any. He was not a great man, but a pure and good one, and a very useful chief magistrate. He was a thorough Democrat of the school of Jefferson, who said of him, "If his soul could be turned inside out, not a spot would be found upon it;" and so far as political honesty and purity are concerned, I think it was true. He was a State rights man, and opposed the ratification of the Federal Constitution in the Virginia Convention, because he feared it would at some time be made a means of oppressing and coercing the States. He little thought that time would come so quickly. President Monroe was the promulgator of the Monroe doctrine, or the declaration that no European power could be permitted to interfere in the affairs of the American continent. The Emperor of the French has very coolly set aside that doctrine in the matter of Mexico, by doing what the Americans ought to have done when General Scott had taken the capital. But this was not the American policy. They did not desire a strong and stable Government in Mexico, but a weak and vacillating

one, which would allow them to annex province after province to the Federal Union, as they annexed Texas, New Mexico, and California.

Mr. Monroe—Colonel Monroe as his fellow-soldiers of the Revolution delighted to call him—after he retired from his second term of service in the highest office in the gift of the American people, which is also, in their opinion, by far the highest position in the world, showed how simple and thorough a Democrat he was by filling the office of justice of the peace in Virginia and other similar offices. His house and purse were open, moreover, with a too profuse hospitality and generosity. He spent his whole fortune, and was obliged even to sell his library, and took refuge with his son-in-law in New York, where he died in 1831, and, for a marvel, on the 4th of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—as Adams and Jefferson, his predecessors, had died—making three Presidents who died on that anniversary. The administration of Mr. Monroe was called the "Era of Good Feeling." The Missouri compromise had settled the difficulty about the extension of slavery, the State rights party was triumphant; the Federal Constitution was dreaded no longer—all was prosperity and harmony.

In England a government of the people has never existed, nor even been admitted in theory. There is a certain extension of the governing power, but the great mass of the people have no more to do with it than the women and children of other countries. In Ireland, for example, out of a population of six

millions, there are about one hundred thousand men who can vote for members of parliament. In England the proportion is a little larger. In no sense can this be called a government of the people.

The power, even of those who are permitted to vote is of a very limited and unequal character. Towns with small populations and few voters, may have one or two members of Parliament, while large populations have no representative. Trinity College, Dublin, sends two members, and the city of Dublin, with a population of nearly half a million, sends the same number. As a matter of fact, one-tenth of the people of these islands can elect a House of Commons against the wishes of the other nine-tenths, and of those who have the right or privilege of voting, it is certain that a small minority elect a large majority of the members. There is not, therefore, even the pretence of a popular government, in the portion of it which is of an elective character. Thousands of ten-pound householders are neutralized or overborne by a few fellows of a university or the votes of a rural borough.

In speaking of those who elect members of the so-called popular branch of the legislative body, I have spoken of them as being permitted to vote, and as exercising the right or privilege. Let us pause for a moment, and make the inquiry, Who permits them to vote, who grants the privilege, or who defines the right? The people of England have nothing to say about it. They have no votes by which they can extend suffrage or contract it. They were never con-

sulted upon the subject in any way. Two of the powers in the State, the Sovereign and the House of Peers, they have nothing at all to do with, except to respect and obey them, and the House of Commons appears to have been created by sovereigns as a means of getting money to carry on the Government. Right of suffrage, therefore, is not admitted on the one hand, and scarcely claimed on the other. The privilege is graciously extended to those who may be expected to make a proper use of it, and who are least likely to abuse it. The permission to vote comes from those who have of right, or in fact, the power to grant it.

The extension of the suffrage in England, it will be seen, is a question of simple expediency. It is for those who now exercise it, and those who hold power by hereditary right, to say whether it is best to admit more persons into the governing copartnership. If the extension of suffrage would make the Government stronger and more satisfactory to those who can decide the question, it would be wiser to extend it. If the extension already granted were found to be dangerous, doubtless it would be withdrawn. It is not now considered politic or safe that Great Britain should have a popular Government. It can scarcely be pretended that the great mass of the people even desire to participate in legislative action. They are satisfied, prosperous, and happy with the political institutions that have come down to them from the past, and have been modified from time to time, as occasion required.

The British system—or constitution, as it is called

—however lame in theory, is eminently successful in practice. Doubtless it is illogical—but it fulfils its requirements. It may be absurd to have so few electors, or so many, or any at all, but it works tolerably well notwithstanding. No doubt it would be easy to prove that such a system is so unequal, unjust, and tyrannical that it could not last; but the fact remains that it has lasted, does last, and is likely to last.

If we grant that any people has the right of self-government; that the great mass of the people have a right to make their own laws, and elect their own rulers, we must logically admit universal suffrage, or the nearest practical approach to it. Men may vote for women while they are dependents and parasites. Adults must vote for children while they are under their control. Criminals lose their rights, and the insane or idiotic cannot properly exercise theirs. Can we go further than this? Poverty may not be a fault, and wealth is not a qualification for the exercise of political power. If men have the right to govern themselves, how can we justly deprive any sane free man of that right. Admit the premises, and there is no escaping the conclusion. England has never admitted the premises—she has never acknowledged the right of man to govern himself, but always asserted the right of a few men to govern the remainder. Monarchy and aristocracy mean that some have the right and duty to govern, and ought to be obeyed.

America, in the formation of her State sovereignties, asserted popular political rights—the right of self-government, the very right a portion of her people

are now fighting to destroy. The State constitutions assert the right of every people, not only to form their governments and to govern themselves, but to change them whenever they shall consider it proper to do so —whenever it shall be, in their opinion, for their interest and happiness to do so. The general declaration of the right of the thirteen colonies to become independent States, bases that right upon the same doctrine of popular sovereignty. It declares that it is the right of every people to choose its own form of Government. This right can only be exercised by a majority, and a majority can only be determined by universal suffrage.

According to the American system no law could be justly made, and no officer elected, but by a majority of the suffrages of the whole population recognised as citizens of the State. According to the same system, each State was sovereign and independent, and its people had the right at any time to change its Government and political relations. Consequently, the fathers of the Republic, the framers of the constitution, and those who formed the Union, declared at the same time that it could never be maintained by force, or against the wishes of those who freely entered into it, and who were equally free to leave it at their sovereign will and pleasure.

It has been said that republican institutions are on their trial in America. This is too broad an assertion. They have been often tried. America is not the first of republics. The trial of the present war has come from the denial of popular rights by a central Government. The right to separate from the

Union is a popular right. Any people might claim it, and any Government might deny it. If the people of Ireland were to attempt to separate from England by a popular vote, the English Government would deny the right of such a separation—deny the right of the people to vote at all. They exercise no such right. They never joined themselves to England by their votes. They cannot take what they never gave, and never had to give.

But in America this is a conceded and constitutional right, and the South is fighting for Republican principles, and the North against them. The Americans separated from England on this principle, and no other; and the Southern States separated from the Northern, simply because a majority of their people wished and determined to do so. All that can be said then of the trial of the principles of a popular government in America is that a large portion of the people, and the Congress and Government at Washington, have abandoned and are fighting against the very principles on which their Government was founded. The working of a machine is not on trial when some one smashes it in pieces, but we may admit the partial failure of a democracy which has become a despotism.

Here, it may be, we find the greatest peril of a popular Government, in this liability of sudden transformation. The despotism of a monarch may be overthrown, but who can resist the despotism of an overwhelming majority? What Brutus shall assassinate a mob? What power can give protection to a minority? For a democracy to be safe it must be intelligent, it

must be just. If we cannot trust men individually, how can we do so collectively? Men, acting in masses, intensify their characteristics. A popular Government may not be, but it is always liable to be, a great mob.

In the rural districts of America, and the small country towns, filled with an intelligent and moral population, but little fault can be found with the working of this system. Whether the voting is done by many or few probably makes little difference. But it is in the large towns and cities of the Union—in New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago, and the hundred similar centres of trade and manufactures, where Republican, or more properly, Democratic institutions are on their trial. This trial has been going on for years, and the existing civil war is, perhaps, but one of its incidents.

In a careful survey of the working of the American political system, chiefly in the Northern and Western States, there are many things calculated to "give us pause," and to make Englishmen carefully consider their own reform movements. And these democratic experiences, in any case, are worthy of serious attention, whether as warnings or examples.

CHAPTER IX.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION IN AMERICA.

Causes of political corruption.—Improvements in the Confederate constitution.—Effects of universal suffrage.—Despotism of majorities.—Election by bribery.—Payment of Legislators.—Wholesale corruption.—Testimony of American newspapers.—Southern politics and politicians.

No American can deny that great corruptions have come into American politics. It is a matter of world-wide notoriety that during the past ten years whole legislatures have been bribed; that the State and national treasuries have been despoiled of millions; that members of Congress have sold their votes in open market to the highest bidder. Nor will it be disputed that nominations to offices, legislative, executive, and judicial, are bought with money, and elections to the most responsible positions carried by the same influence.

The principle of rotation in office, and the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils of the vanquished," have filled America with greedy and unscrupulous partisans. The governors of States have hundreds of offices to bestow; the President has many thousands. Every office-holder is a partisan, that he

may keep his place. Every office-seeker is a partisan that he may get one. The country is thus divided into two great hostile camps, the ins and the outs, with the annual and quadrennial struggles between them. What could we expect from the constant recurrence of such contests, where selfishness takes the place of patriotism, and no means are spared by needy and unscrupulous adventurers to secure their ends, but that all decent, honest, and respectable men should retire in disgust from the field, leaving it to bullies and blacklegs, rowdies and thieves?

With a laudable desire to diminish the patronage of the State Governments, and so remove the sources of corruption, many States have made their judges, sheriffs, and nearly every officer elective. But it has unfortunately happened, that in the large cities, this has proved a cause of still deeper corruption. The judges of the criminal courts, for example, are nominated in political caucusses and conventions. These are controlled by the most violent and reckless of the population—in a large degree, by the very men whom the judges, when elected, will be called upon to try, and perhaps to condemn. He can secure a nomination who will pay the highest price before, and grant the most important favours after, the election.

Hired gangs of rowdies, fighting men by profession, have long been the most active and influential politicians in the large American cities. They live upon plunder. No man can be nominated or elected to the lowest office without paying them. When a man who depends upon his office for bread pays more for a

nomination than the entire salary of his office, it is easy to see that he must reimburse himself by some kind of corruption or robbery of the public.

The people of the Confederate States, in adopting the Federal constitution as the basis of their own government, made some important modifications in that instrument. One of these was to lengthen the term of the office of President, and declare him ineligible for a second term. The other was to make nearly every appointment to office during good behaviour, and to prohibit removals for political reasons. By these wise alterations they have cut off two potent sources of political corruption. The President has no temptation to use his patronage and power to secure a re-election, while the vast amount of official patronage which exists under the Federal system, has no place in the Confederacy. Office is permanent; the government will be carried on by experienced officials; and the executive departments are shorn of a power liable to great abuse, and saved from the worst annoyances of office in a democratic country.

It may be that the people of the Northern States, encouraged by this example of a wise reform, will amend their State and national constitutions, and find the means to stem or turn aside the tide of corruption that threatens to overwhelm them in ruin. They must either do this, or submit to military despotisms, after a season of anarchy and blood.

The lesson to England should not be lost. It is open for her reading. Its solemn warning is written in characters of light. Universal suffrage can only be

safe for an intelligent and virtuous people—too wise to be deceived, too honest to be bribed, too patriotic to seek any other than their country's good.

Can this be said truly of the great mass of any people? Can any one pretend that the millions of the labouring classes of Great Britain and Ireland do, at this day, so understand the interests and policy, the constitution and laws, and all the institutions and relations of the British empire, as to become the proper electors of her legislators, and the safe depositaries of political power?

These are questions which wise men need not be in a hurry to answer.

To understand American politics and society, we must not lose sight of their fundamental principles.

All men are created equal.

All government derives its power from the consent of the governed.

The people are sovereign.

Power resides with the majority.

Legislative and executive officers are the agents of the popular will.

Right of private judgment in matters of faith.

What could there be but universal suffrage, and the government of the majority in politics, and absolute freedom in matters of religion, consistent with these principles? The right of private judgment includes not only the right of interpreting creeds and revelations, but of rejecting them. A religious education, or education in religious doctrines and practices, is a violation of this right of private judgment, in that it

seeks to prejudice the susceptible mind of a child; and therefore, with logical consistency, such education has come to be widely neglected. It is hard to say why a parent, teacher, or minister, should usurp powers denied to a church, a council, or a pope. The doctrine of the right of private judgment tends to dissolve all churches, abolish all creeds, makes preaching an impertinence, and reduces man to a simple individualism, in which every one is his own teacher, his own priest, his own revelation!

If, in politics, the people—that is, the majority—govern, there is the necessity of universal suffrage. Those who are deprived of votes do not govern themselves. No more do those who have the misfortune to be in a minority. But here is a practical difficulty not to be easily got over.

It may be that a majority of rogues would elect an honest man as their leader; but the extreme democratic doctrine makes the legislator, the governor, the judge, only an agent to carry out the will of the people. The laws must be made, administered, and executed, as they shall dictate. It may be assumed that the masses of men commonly want peace, order, security, and justice. But it is no less certain that there are times when all these are forgotten. A popular excitement in a State may change its laws at any time. Even the constitutions, or fundamental laws, can be altered whenever the people choose.

For example, the legislatures of several States, elected by popular majorities, have passed laws making it a misdemeanor to sell intoxicating liquors.

One cannot well conceive of a greater violation of personal liberty, and right of private judgment, or despotism over a minority than such a law. It was evaded, even by large numbers of the majority by whose procurement it was passed; a majority constituted of persons, who, for the moment, acceded to the demands of a fanatical party. Such a law soon becomes a dead letter, and the contempt with which it is set aside tends to destroy respect for laws in general.

Then there are thirty-five States, each having its own local, and, for all local purposes, supreme legislature. A lawful act in one State is a crime in another —across an imaginary boundary. A man may have a house built upon the line of boundary between two States, so that an act would be a felony in one room, and no crime in another. Adultery is a felony in Massachusetts, in other States it is not legally even a misdemeanor.

The rule of the majority in a State may be a grievous despotism to a large minority. The people of the eastern end of a State may have one interest, and those of its western portion one quite different and opposite, but they have no power to control legislation. They have simply to submit to a power as arbitrary and relentless as was ever exercised by a despot. So, in the Federal Union, three or four populous States engaged in manufactures have been able to lay heavy protective and even prohibitory duties on foreign imports, in spite of the votes of a dozen less populous agricultural States, whose interests are in favour of

free trade. The ukase of a czar could not be more oppressive than such a rule of the majority.

It was believed that where the people made their own laws, or elected their own legislators, they would choose wisely, and that such a Government would be free from corruption. What has been the fact? That never, since the empire of the world was sold to the highest bidder, have there been such scenes of profligacy and corruption as in the municipal, State, and Federal Governments of the United States. The man who wants a law passed by which he can benefit—a charter, monopoly, patent extension, or subsidy—by a city council, a State legislature, or Congress, must bribe right and left. There are lobby agents, brokers in corruption, at Albany, at Harrisburg, and at Washington, who fatten on a percentage of the bribes they give to members of the State and Federal legislatures. Poor men get elected, and after a few years have large fortunes. Members of Congress have received as handsome a bribe as a house and lot in Washington, for a single vote. A few of the most notorious of these corrupt members who have made a scandal, have been expelled—not one in a hundred of those who deserved to be.

The payment of members of Congress and of the State legislatures was at an early period a necessity. Many of the best men in the community were dependent upon professional or other labours for the support of their families. And why should the legislator serve his country without pay, any more than the soldier, the judge, or the diplomatist? It is said

that the pay has induced a low class of men to aspire to office, who have yielded to corrupt practices, where men of fortune and position would have preserved their integrity. The truth is, that with corrupt politicians the pay has been the smallest consideration, while the lack of pay would have been a ready excuse for jobbings and peculations. Englishmen may spend twenty or fifty thousand pounds to secure a seat in Parliament for the mere honour of serving their country. I do not think there are many Americans ready to make such sacrifices. When Mr. Cameron offered twenty thousand dollars for a single vote to elect him to the senate, he considered it a good investment.

It is but a few years since the governor, lieutenant-governor, and nearly the whole legislature of the State of Wisconsin were proved to have taken bribes of a railway company. The case of Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War under Mr. Lincoln, and afterward minister to Russia, who was judicially accused of attempting to bribe a member of the Pennsylvania legislature to vote for him as senator in the Federal Congress, surprised no one acquainted with American politics or the career of Mr. Cameron.

I am not speaking of idle rumours or party slanders. Every person who has been intimately acquainted with American politics for the last ten years, knows how public, notorious, and unquestionable these matters have become. Money is paid for nominations even to important judicial offices. The very thieves of New York are bribed to nominate the judges who are to try and sentence them. Money is paid for

votes, and in certain States the man or the party that can pay the most money can make sure of carrying an election. Money is paid to secure the passage of legislative enactments for charities, appropriations, contracts, and monopolies.

I do not choose to let a matter of this kind go upon my statement only. I have chanced to keep by me a few extracts from American papers, which will throw a further light upon the condition of American politics.

Thus the *New York Herald*, which should be a good authority in such matters, says:—

"What is the cause of this rowdyism assuming so bold and defiant an attitude, domineering over law and order, and keeping respectable and virtuous citizens in continual fear? We answer that politics—party politics, and the corrupt practices connected with them, are the fruitful source of the anarchy which is a foul disgrace to our free institutions, and a cause of prejudice against democracy throughout the civilized world. The political wire-pullers and managers of elections have for many years subsidized a class of men who have cheated the State prison and the gallows of their due, to do their dirty work and to commit every sort of violence. The result of this system will be that the rowdies will virtually rule the country. And to such an alarming extent has this anomaly already grown that the peaceable and orderly portion of the citizens are beginning to consider whether the community would not fare better—whether there would not be more security for property and life and limb—under a

government like that of France or Russia, than under the best and freest government ever devised by the wisdom of man."

May there not be found here a reason why the people of the Northern States have so meekly submitted to the unconstitutional and despotic acts of the Lincoln administration? France and Russia, it is also to be observed, are the favourite models.

The *Baltimore Sun* has the following:—

"The history of the past few years has been truly appalling. It is a record of violence, bloodshed, and terrorism such as no man could ever have deemed possible to occur under the institutions we profess. Organizations of the vilest, lowest, and most profligate outcasts of society have been maintained and used for the sole purpose of overawing, disfranchising, insulting and degrading respectable citizenship. And offices have been obtained and occupied, through such dishonourable means alone, by men who have doubtless ventured upon the absurd belief that they could at the same time maintain their social and political status unimpaired."

The *New York World* says:—"The fact is indisputable that defalcations, embezzlements, breaches of trust in all forms, jobbing and bribery in public affairs, swindling and over-reaching in private affairs, were never so rife in this country as they have been during the last few years. Fraud and corruption have acquired a power they never before possessed."

The *New York Mercury*, in the following editorial, mentions a notorious fact to which I have already alluded. It says:—

"Have not all our troubles fallen upon us as the climax of an era of corruption? What can we expect, when members of the national Congress and State legislatures go into the open market of politics and buy nominations with cash and promises of patronage or pay; buy votes to elect themselves; buy off rival candidates who may put their election in peril, and then go to the capital of the State or nation, as ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder as they were to buy the votes of their constituents?

"Thousands of dollars have been paid to the members of our legislatures for votes which have helped to plunder the people whose interests they are sworn to protect. Millions have been paid to members of Congress, stolen from the national treasury by their connivance. We have known of a member of Congress receiving an elegant house in Washington city, as the price of a single vote. And this is so far from being a solitary instance, that there are men in Washington who could tell how many millions of dollars have been distributed in this way for the past ten years, and could give a list of the members to whom they have been paid. A country so governed is in perpetual danger. It is always sold by traitors—always plundered by thieves. Are there not honest people enough to unite together and elect honest representatives?"

The *New York Tribune*, as honest a paper, no doubt, as an American political paper can be, living in and by the system it denounces, says:—"The vulgar knavery of theft has become the peculiar vice of our public men. To influence an election by the purchase

of votes; to buy a representative by the award of a contract; to secure the success of some particular policy by falsehood and treachery; and to cover up all under some dainty form of hypocritical speech;—in political corruptions of this sort, we rival all, and perhaps surpass, the venal men and measures of other times and other countries. But we excel especially in larceny. Contracts with Government are taken that the public may be made a prey; contracts are given that the opportunity of robbery may be afforded; villany stalks abroad with brazen front. In the Federal Government, in State legislatures, in municipal affairs, hardly any man is supposed to enter with honest intentions. The best character that can be given to any candidate is, that he is so rich that he does not need to steal; the worst qualification is, that he is so poor that he cannot afford to run. The President authorizes the use of money, paid out professedly for public service, to be used in elections; members of Congress are bribed directly with money thus obtained to carry or defeat a party measure; legislatures and State Governments are bought at wholesale or by retail—at wholesale prices, as in Wisconsin, or retail, as in New York."

These accusations, made by one of the leading newspapers, and probably the most powerful political organ in America, are not directed against any particular party. In which party, it may be asked, was this utter demoralization and corruption most conspicuous? I will allow the New York *Journal of Commerce*, an independent journal of the highest character, to answer

that question. Commenting upon an article in the *Independent,* a religio-political weekly paper, edited by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, it says:—

"Nearly or quite all the 'rascalities' alluded to by the *Independent,* have occurred in that portion of the country where the Higher-Law doctrines have been persistently preached and promulgated through the press; whereas, in that section where there is no higher law than the Bible, defalcations, &c. are almost unknown. Look at Maine, where a higher-law clergyman, who had been appointed State treasurer, defaulted to the amount of over 100,000 dollars, if we recollect right. Look at Massachusetts, where the State grog-seller defrauded the State out of 20,000 or 30,000 dollars. It is the same State where, among many other outcroppings of higher-lawism, a faithful public officer, Mr. Batchelder, was shot down and murdered, while aiding in the execution of the laws of the land. Look at Ohio, the State of Giddings, Chase, Wade and Co., and the scene of the Oberlin rescue riots. How many hundred thousand dollars did the financial officers of that State steal of the public money of the State? Look at Wisconsin, where a few years ago, nearly all the State officers and members of the legislature were found to have taken bribes of stock in companies they had chartered. Look at Albany, and see the monstrous frauds perpetrated there by the higher-law legislature at its last session."

By higher-law party, the writer of the above means the Republican party of Seward, Chase, Lincoln, and Greeley. In all the States named above, this

party had large majorities. The members of Congress expelled for corruption were of the same party, and representatives of districts having heavy republican majorities. It is perfectly true that these scandals of bribery and corruption of the most shameful character, have been almost entirely confined to the Northern States; and though the democratic party of the North has been by no means free from dishonest and corrupt officials and legislators, it is certainly true that the republicans have had the larger number.

In view of the facts stated above, and of volumes of such that might be given, is it strange that the States of the South determined at any cost to separate themselves from such political associations? Is it strange that they should be willing to see battle-fields covered with their dead, and their cities given to rapine and conflagration, rather than submit to the rule, or even the companionship, of such politicians?

Since the Northern and Southern States of the American Union were constituted upon the same principles, and have almost identical constitutions and laws, what should hinder Southern politics and politicians becoming as corrupt and demoralized as the Northern?

This is a pregnant question. Let us see if the facts of the case will answer it.

The Southern States, like the Northern, have republican constitutions with equality of political rights and universal suffrage. But there is this difference. Four millions of the labouring population of the South are negroes and slaves. They are not recognised as

citizens, have no votes, and are not eligible to office. Is it not possible, that if the black population of the South had votes, and could be elected to office, like the labouring population of the North, they might offer temptations to demagogueism and corruption which do not now exist?

The rich planters of the South form a higher class; a recognised, though untitled aristocracy, and have a powerful, and naturally a conservative influence. They are united by a common interest. They are looked up to as the leaders of the people. From them are selected senators and legislators.

In the South are very few large cities, few centres of manufacturing industry, few immigrants from abroad. The population is mostly rural, agricultural, and homogeneous. There are no great bodies of operatives, foreign-born, and therefore inexperienced citizens, or needy and corrupt constituencies.

The social, reformatory, and political movements, agitations, and excitements of the North have scarcely reached the South. They have never had lectures on Communism or Fourierism—have never founded phalansteries, or free-love associations, and know very little about woman's rights or the doctrines of individual sovereignty. They are, in fact, wofully benighted respecting many of the movements of progress and civilization.

There is another point of difference which may not be without its influence. Political caucusses and nominating conventions are almost unknown in the Southern States. A candidate for office either comes

forward himself, or is put up by his friends. In either case he is expected to take the stump, canvass his district, address the people, with others, similarly nominated candidates of his own or the opposite party, and give those who are to vote an opportunity of knowing something of his principles and qualifications. There is very little of the secret manœuvring and wire-pulling which govern the Northern nominations and elections. If a Southern man wishes to go to Congress he frankly says so, and publishes the fact in the newspapers, asks people to vote for him, and tries to give them a reason for doing so. If he gets elected and satisfies his constituents, he is sure to be re-elected.

This frank and open way of political management suits the temper of the Southern people. They detest cunning and underhand measures as unworthy of white men and freemen. It is thought by many that they are more choice of the dignity of freedom, because surrounded with slaves.

It is also to be borne in mind, that when the Southern States formed a constitution, they abolished the corrupting practice of giving offices as a reward for partisan services, by making appointments to all but a few of the higher offices during good behaviour, and providing that office holders should not be removed for merely political reasons.

Whatever the causes, the fact is patent to the world that the official characters of the South have been superior, as a whole, to those of the North. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Calhoun, Clay,

were Southern men and slaveholders. The Adamses, Van Buren, and Webster were Northern men. Compare to-day Jefferson Davis with Abraham Lincoln, or Generals Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, and Jackson with those of the North. The fidelity of the Southern officers of the United States army and navy, to the section and States to which they belonged, was admirable. Citizens of States united in a voluntary confederacy, when their States withdrew from it, they resigned their commissions—resigned position, emoluments, and they knew not what of the future, and cast their lot with their own country and people. Had ten or twelve of the Northern States, from a conscientious horror of slavery, or any cause they deemed sufficient, seceded from the Federal Union, I wonder how many of their officers would have resigned their commissions in the Federal army and navy. Without judging of the right or the wisdom of secession, I say the conduct of these officers, from General Lee at Washington, to the youngest lieutenant or midshipman, was noble and heroic. And when the mists of prejudice shall have passed away, and the history of this war can be truly written and truly read, the conduct of the Southern senators, representatives, State officers, and soldiers and people, will be considered as grand as that of any people of whose deeds we have historic record.

I am a Northern man by birth, education, and long residence—nevertheless, I record here my deliberate conviction in this matter.

CHAPTER X.

A GROUP OF AMERICAN POLITICIANS.

A New York fireman who became a senator.—A diplomatist, statesman, and major-general.—A police magistrate.—A subterranean congressman.—Sketch of Captain Rynders.—Moral.

In the earlier years of my residence in New York I had occasion to go one day into a porter-house, or grog shop, in one of the then up town, but not aristocratic wards of the city. Behind the bar was a strong, thick-lipped, muscular, determined-looking fellow, dealing out liquors to a set of very rough customers, in coarse trousers and red flannel shirts. They were not sparing in oaths, blackguardism, or tobacco juice. They were members of one of the volunteer fire companies, and the man behind the bar, who kept the house, an American of Irish parentage, was the foreman of the company.

His position as foreman of a company of perhaps a hundred rough and ready young men was not without its influence. They all had votes; they were able perhaps to vote more than once; and, what was still more important, they could shout, fight, vote and

keep others from voting at the primary meetings, or caucusses, at which party nominations were made.

The party, for example, to which this man and his company belonged had a majority of votes in the ward, and the legislative and congressional district. Any man who could get nominated as the candidate of the party was sure of being elected. As legislators in every department are paid, and have a hundred ways of making money besides, in giving contracts in which they share, passing bills in which they are interested, &c., they can afford to pay for a nomination; and a thousand dollars given to the foreman of an engine company, or the chief of a political club, might ensure such a nomination. I can remember when the charge of bribery and corruption would damn any office seeker in America. I have lived to see even judicial offices sold to the highest bidder.

The grog-shop keeper and foreman of the engine company was not long satisfied with procuring the nomination and election of other men to office. He was ambitious to have office himself. He went to the State legislature without difficulty. Anybody who had a moderate amount of influence or money could do that. He wished to go to Congress—but there were others quite as ambitious and with greater means. Defeated at New York by a combination he could not hope to overcome, he emigrated to California, where he used his experience of political intrigue with so much success as to secure a majority in the State legislature, and get elected by that body to the senate of the United States, the highest office in

the Republic, next to that of President, and by many preferred to that position. He came to Washington a senator. During his term he visited New York, where he held a public reception in the Governor's Room of the City Hall, and shook hands with his old friends of the fire department, and the rowdies and strikers of the political party of which he was an ornament.

At the end of his term in the senate he became a candidate for re-election. His opponent was a judge of one of the courts of the Golden State. In the course of the canvass, the senator made charges of gross corruption against the judge. The judge challenged him—they fought with rifles, and the senator fell mortally wounded.

It was, I think, in 1843 that I became acquainted with a smart, pushing young lawyer in New York, who was then just of age. He made speeches at political meetings, and joined a friend in publishing and editing a political paper. When the subscriptions to this sheet had come in to the amount of a thousand or twelve hundred dollars, he put the money in his pocket and went off to a fashionable watering-place, where he spent it, robbing his partner at the same time of the paper, and whatever political and pecuniary capital might have accrued from it.

The next I knew of his career he had quartered himself upon a noted courtesan, in whose behalf he robbed dealers in silks and jewellery, and whose money, on the other hand, he spent in securing a nomination to the State legislature, which he scan-

dalized to an unusual degree, not only by the boldness of his corrupt operations, but by introducing his mistress at the table of the hotel at which he boarded, and upon the floor of the assembly.

After some years, and adventures in which I need not follow him, but which, with a less accomplished *chevalier d'industrie* might have ended in penal servitude, he married a beautiful and accomplished girl, and managed to secure a nomination to Congress, went to Washington to make money, and lived while there at an expense three times greater than his salary as member. There can be little doubt that he paid well for his nomination, and as it was a close district—one where parties were nearly balanced—for his election. This money need not have come out of his own pocket. There are plenty of men in New York who want an adroit and unscrupulous tool at Washington. It is not improbable that a few such men advanced the money necessary to secure his election.

When the session commenced he took his pretty young wife to Washington. It was not her first visit. There had been scandal about the use made of her influence. It was whispered that she had procured for him the post of Secretary of Legation on a foreign embassy. The scandal increased. It became so public at last, that this gallant man shot a gentleman holding an official position, with whom her intimacy had become too notorious—deliberately killed him in open day in one of the streets of Washington—shot him dead—a faulty man, but one infinitely better than his murderer. He was tried for the murder and

acquitted, and then condoned the offence of his wife and took her back to his bosom. After this honourable and eventful career he was appointed a Brigadier-General in the army by President Lincoln. There were signs of mutiny, officers and regiments refused to serve under him, one German colonel saying in the roughest fashion of a rough soldier, "I'll be d—d if I will be brigaded by a man who kept a —— in Washington, and killed his best customer."

When my work was on newspapers in the vicinity of Nassau and Ann streets—where they cluster as certain trades do in every city—a smart, or as Englishmen would say, a clever young man, kept a cheap eating and coffee-house in the neighbourhood, to which trade he had been brought up by his father, who had done a larger business in the same line, but, for some reason, had failed and died poor. The son had had, like most American boys, a tolerable education at the common schools. But he was not above his business; put on his apron, and served out coffee at three-halfpence a cup, and plates of meat, vegetables, bread-and-butter at threepence a plate. At these eating-houses, not only working men, but students, clerks, lawyers, and editors breakfast very well for fourpence halfpenny, and dine sumptuously for six or sevenpence.

Keeping a cheap eating-house did not hinder my young friend from engaging in ward politics, and he was scarcely of age before he was making speeches at political meetings, and serving as a delegate at ward conventions. The ambitious club together and serve each other by a process called log-rolling. You help

me roll my logs, and I will help you roll yours. Go for my nomination to such an office, and I will vote for you for some other. Then all join influence and purses, and with the help of party discipline, "principles not men," and a few other little matters, all get elected. It was not long before my coffee-shop friend was up for office, and he got elected. To what post does the reader imagine? To that of Police Justice, an office which he still holds with great dignity, and some profit, I doubt not, to this hour, as I saw his name among those of the magistrates who were committing prisoners to take their trials for murders, robberies, and arsons, in the anti-conscription and anti-negro riots of July, 1863.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, Mike Walsh was the leader of an association of very ultra Democrats called the Spartan Club. They were also called Subterraneans, either because they held their meetings in a cellar, or because most of them lived in cellars or garrets. The newspaper organ of the club, edited by Mike, was also called *The Subterranean*. The members were of the class of rowdy young New Yorkers who run with Forty and kill for Keyzer; Forty being a large and powerful fire-engine company, famous for its fights with other companies—street battles fought with paving stones and brickbats, to the terror of all quiet citizens, and Keyzer being a noted butcher who gave employment to a large number of muscular Christians in his extensive slaughter-houses.

With butchery for a regular employment, and bloody fights with rival companies at every alarm of

fire by way of amusement, these noble Spartans and precious Subterraneans were worthy of their leader, who aspired to be their Danton or their Mirabeau. If fires were too infrequent, and they were "spoiling for a fight," they did not hesitate to get up a false alarm, or even to throw a lighted match into some convenient joiner's shop.

Mike, their philosopher, orator, and chief, the son of an Irish immigrant, was a lithographic printer by trade. Bad associations made him a politician. He had an audacious eloquence, a coarse mother wit and energy, that made him a leader among his rough and rowdy associates.

These men, rude, ignorant, and brutal as they may have been, had votes, and as much power individually, as the richest, the worthiest, or the most refined. Five hundred of them, banded together under an enterprising leader, and willing to vote as he directed and as often as he required, and who were ready to fight as well as vote, to control or overawe nominating conventions, and drive quiet citizens from the polls if they presumed to vote against their candidates, had more power than ten times their number of decent and respectable people.

When Mike had exerted his influence for a time, to nominate and elect other men to office, he thought he might as well use his power to help himself. Accordingly he got elected a member of the State legislature, and afterwards to the Federal Congress, where his rude manners, eccentricities, and audacities of speech made him a sort of lion. But the Subterranean or

Spartan leader was not entirely free from human infirmities. Among other things he acquired an appetite for strong drink, and was found dead one day from having staggered into an area. Poor Mike! Many an American politician has had a similar, though less striking career, and many also have met a similar fate. Many supposed him to be as honest as he was rude and lawless. Few will pretend that he was a proper representative for the first city in America.

I ought not to end this brief sketch of political notabilities without adverting to the career of Captain Rynders. This remarkable political leader received his title of Captain not in the usual way of having had a commission in the Militia, but because he had once, in his youthful days, commanded a sloop on the Hudson river, carrying produce and merchandize between New York and one of the many flourishing villages on that noble stream.

The Captain, when I first saw him, was a lithe, dark, handsome man of medium size and sinewy form, with a prominent nose, and piercing black eyes—a knowing smile, and a sharp look altogether. He was cool and enterprising in his manners, and fluent and audacious in his speech. He had the reputation of being a member of the sporting fraternity, and one need not have been surprised to see him dealing at a faro table, or presiding at one of those suppers of oysters, canvas-back ducks, and champagne with which the gamblers of New York nightly regale their friends and customers. I cannot say that he ever did this, and if he did, he was no worse than his neighbours.

Captain Rynders, in the election campaign of 1844, was the leader of a political association of fast men and fighting men, called the Empire Club. It was a powerful Democratic organization, and held its own against similar clubs of the opposite party, which was trying to elect Mr. Clay.

Of course the club and its leader were maligned by the Whig-Republican press. I chanced to hear the captain reply one day to some of these vile aspersions. "I don't deny that we have a good many sporting men and fighting men in our club," said he, "but that is the worst you can say of us. If you want thieves and downright ruffians you must go to the Union Club." This was the name of the leading club of Mr. Clay's party. The captain said he could point out dozens of thieves well known to the police in its ranks, in the Whig processions. It is very likely. One could find more than that number among those elected to the Legislature or Congress.

The night before the election, Captain Rynders, mounted on a white charger, headed the Empire Club, one thousand strong, and this club headed a torchlight procession of twenty thousand New York Democrats, with twenty bands of music, and thousands of torches, Roman candles, rockets, and transparencies, with never ending hurrahs for Polk and Dallas, Texas, Oregon, Fifty-four-forty-or-fight! A torchlight procession of twenty thousand men, pouring like a vast river of flame through the streets of a great city—broad streets which stretch away for miles in straight lines, with abundant music and the

shouts of an excited multitude—enthusiastic, yet orderly in its enthusiam, is a grand spectacle. The next day New York and the nation gave a majority for Polk, Dallas, Democracy, Texas, Oregon, war with Mexico, and war with England if necessary, which happily it was not. We conquered Mexico—not much to boast of; and then purchased New Mexico and California—all we wanted then, or could conveniently take care of, and waited for more fruit to ripen and fall in due season, little thinking that another might gather it.

When the election was over, Captain Rynders accepted a modest office, in the Custom House I think it was, and a large number of the members of the club were also appointed to serve their country in the Revenue Department. The Captain was now an established leader in the party—a rough and ready, active, out-door leader, it is true, but a very important one notwithstanding. He was temperate, prudent, and sagacious. The Whigs elected General Taylor; but the Captain bided his time. He aided to elect Pierce, and after him Buchanan, when his important party services were rewarded by the post of United States Marshal for the southern district of New York; one of the most important executive offices under the Government.

The Captain was and is an ardent, uncompromising Democrat. He lost his office when Lincoln came into power. He would have scorned to keep it. He was a States Rights, Anti-war Democrat. He has been far more consistent than many leaders of higher pre-

tensions, who have sacrificed every principle of democracy, and made war speeches, to urge on the horrible fratricidal war commenced by Lincoln, Seward, and their mad and misguided followers.

I remember one official act of Marshal Rynders, very characteristic of the man and the Democrat. A pirate, who had committed murder on the high seas, near New York, had been convicted in the United States Court, and was sentenced to death. Had the murder been committed on shore, or within a marine league thereof, the man, Hicks, would have been tried by the State authorities, and hanged, if hanged, by the sheriff, or under his direction, in the close yard of the city prison. But the crime being out of the jurisdiction of any State, came within that of the general government.

Being convicted and sentenced the man was hanged, not in New York, but on an island ceded to the Federal Government for a fortress, in New York harbour. The Federal Government, observe, has not the right even to hang a man within the territory of a sovereign state without express permission. So, when the day arrived, Marshal Rynders took his prisoner down to Bedloe's Island, where a great crowd had collected by the shore, on steamers and vessels of every size. There was even, as I remember, the little schooner on which the murder had been committed, for which the murderer was now to suffer.

It was expected that the culprit, before being hanged, might wish to make a speech. Americans are always ready to hear, and almost always to make

speeches; but poor Hicks, who had been attended in prison by some Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, and who was now more intent upon joining in the prayers of the priest than talking to the crowd, told the Marshal he had nothing to say. He had confessed his crime, and was ready to suffer its penalty.

Marshal Rynders then stepped forward with his usual impressive dignity, and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my duty to inform you that our friend Mr. Hicks declines to address his fellow-citizens on this occasion." Of course there was nothing to do with a man who declined to make a speech but to hang him; and, when he had finished his prayers, he was reverently and politely hanged by Marshal Rynders accordingly.

Captain Rynders, I am happy to add, has been true to his Democratic principles. He has opposed the war from the beginning, defied the Government, and been one of the bravest leaders in the movement for peace, and is therefore infinitely more to be respected for honesty, consistency, and wisdom, than Seward, Greeley, Everett, and hundreds more who have sacrificed their principles to the clamour of the hour.

I wish it to be observed that I have no feeling but respect for a man who rises from an humble position to power and distinction, by his talent, energy of character, and honourable means. The worst man of those I have sketched above, was the one that had the most advantages in education and social position. A coffee shop may or may not be a good school for

a magistrate, but the one I have mentioned is, I believe, an intelligent and respectable functionary. The lesson is that, under a system of universal suffrage, an energetic and unscrupulous bad man is often more likely to rise to the high places of power than the wise and honest. After a time, these withdraw mournfully from the struggle, and corruption and iniquity rule and ruin.

CHAPTER XI.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON.—Birth and education.—"Old Hickory."—Battle of New Orleans.—Elected president.—Hero and sage.—MARTIN VAN BUREN.—A stormy administration.—GEN. HARRISON.—Log cabins and hard cider.—"Tippecanoe and Tyler too."—Office hunting.—JOHN TYLER and his cabinet.—A tragedy.—JAMES K. POLK.—Oregon, Texas, and Mexico.—The Mexican war.—GEN. TAYLOR, hero of Buena Vista.—MILLARD FILLMORE.—FRANK PIERCE.—COL. FREMONT.—JAMES BUCHANAN.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—The contest of 1860, and its consequences.

THE first American President whom I remember much about was General Andrew Jackson. He was the son of a Scotch-Irish emigrant, and born in South Carolina. His father died, and his pious Presbyterian mother wanted to make Andrew a minister. But he was in the revolutionary army when a mere boy, and acquired some tastes incompatible with that profession—for cards, horse-racing, and cock-fighting, for example; for whisky and hard words, which uncharitable people call profane swearing.

As long as there was any fighting to be done, Jackson preferred being a soldier to anything else;

but in peaceful times, he thought the next best thing would be to become a lawyer. In three years he was appointed State Solicitor for the Western District, which afterward became the State of Tennessee. But there were frequent fights with the Indians in those then frontier settlements, and the fighting impulse was so strong that the young lawyer volunteered and served as a private, and by his prowess acquired from the poetical Indians the complimentary designations of "Sharp Knife" and "Pointed Arrow."

It is a great advantage for an able, energetic, and ambitious man to assist in the organization of a new State. Jackson was a prominent member of the convention which formed the constitution of Tennessee. He was by his position at the head of the bar, and had the renown of a brave soldier, and within a few years he became Representative, Senator, Judge of the Supreme Court, and Major-General of the State Militia. At the outbreak of the war of 1812 he raised a force of volunteers and defeated the Creek Indians. When his little army was short of supplies, they found their commander sitting under a hickory tree making his dinner upon the nuts. After this his popular name was "Old Hickory," and the hickory tree became in after years the symbol of his party.

Jackson's success against the Indians caused him to be appointed a Major-General in the regular army of the United States. He took Pensacola, and was sent in 1814 to defend New Orleans, threatened by the British General Packenham with an army of

12,000 men, and a formidable naval force. New Orleans was defenceless. Jackson found it in a panic. He called for volunteers, and four or five thousand riflemen from Tennessee and Kentucky flocked to his standard. He secured the aid of about a hundred Barataria pirates, who were his only artillerists. He placed New Orleans under martial law, imprisoned a judge who attempted to resist him, and when the affair was over went into court and paid a fine of a thousand dollars for his act of contempt.

Ranging his five thousand riflemen behind a ditch and embankment, on the bank of the Mississippi, a few miles below the city, with a few small pieces of artillery, manned by the pirates, with his marksmen resting their rifles across cotton bales, he awaited the approach of the British, who, as at Bunker Hill, marched up to the assault, only to receive a fire, which, like a sharp scythe, moved down their ranks, while sharpshooters picked off their gallant, but certainly not skilful officers. The British rallied again and again, to meet the same fate—the same sheet of fire in which not a bullet was wasted. It was not a fight, but a *battue*—a massacre. After the third attempt, the British forces retired from the field; retired to their shipping, and went and took Mobile. The war was over—peace had been made in Europe months before the bloody fight at New Orleans. The British troops, sacrificed there with such a strange foolhardiness, had fought under Wellington in the Peninsula, and those who survived conquered under him again on the field of Waterloo. Jackson garnered

a full crop of glory, and "Old Hickory" became, on the 8th of January, 1815, the Hero of New Orleans:

> "But Jackson he was wide awake,
> And was not scared at trifles;
> For well he knew what aim we take
> With our Kentucky rifles."

It was said, that when the British marched against New Orleans the countersign was "Booty and Beauty," and this story, told in every account of the defence of the city, has added to American hatred to England. I do not know whether the story has any real foundation.

Every year the battle of New Orleans is celebrated in that city by a military procession, a service at the cathedral, orations, public dinners, balls, &c. On my last visit to New Orleans, General Scott and General Twiggs took part in the procession. Both had been officers in the war of 1812. General Scott, when the South seceded, though a Virginian, remained with the North. General Twiggs went with the South. Both were past service. Scott was Lieutenant-General, and under the President, Commander-in-Chief of the army. He protested against the war, broke down at Bull Run, and retired. In the procession was the remnant of a corps of free negroes who fought under Jackson—one of them a drummer, beating the same drum he had beaten behind the cotton bales. The negroes of the South, slave or free, were loyal to the society in which they lived, as a rule, in the revolution, in the war of 1812, and in the war of Secession. And why not? They are vain and affectionate.

Doubtless there is a savageism underneath which may be aroused, as at St. Domingo, and excited to unutterable horrors. But the black race in America has shown as much fidelity as the white.

Three years after the victory of New Orleans, General Jackson was sent against the Seminoles, in Florida. Here he took the responsibility, captured the Spanish forts, and very summarily hanged two Englishmen, supposed to have been engaged in exciting and aiding the Indians. The victorious General, on the acquisition of Florida from Spain, was made governor of the territory—then Senator from Tennessee—and, in 1824, was Democratic candidate for President. There were four candidates, and neither had a majority. So the election went to the House of Representatives at Washington. Mr. Clay, one of the candidates, threw his vote for John Quincy Adams, to the great disgust of the Democratic party, in which he had been a popular and distinguished leader. He became Secretary of State under Mr. Adams, whose election he had secured, and the charge of treachery bribery and corruption, followed him to his death. Corruption had not then become so common as to be tolerated in a prominent politician.

When the four years of Mr. Adams were over, General Jackson was elected President. I remember well the excitement of the contest. The Adams, Federalist, or National Republican party, as it was called, charged General Jackson with every crime, including half-a-dozen murders. They issued handbills, ornamented with coffins, called "coffin hand-

bills," which related the stories of the hanging of the two Englishmen in Florida, and several other persons. The Jackson, or Democratic party, took the bull by the horns, and multiplied the handbills, to show how their candidate was abused. It was found that hanging a couple of Englishmen was not an element of unpopularity. He had killed some hundreds at New Orleans. As the canvass went on, his popularity increased. Hickory trees were raised in every village—the land rang with the Hunters of Kentucky. The Federalist, or what would here be the High-Tory antecedents of Adams, the son of John Adams, second President, and father of Mr. Lincoln's ambassador to England, were against him—so was the "bribery and corruption" story. Jackson was elected by a triumphant majority. The party of Jefferson and Madison was restored to power; a clean sweep was made in nearly all offices under Government, from cabinet ministers to village postmasters and tide-waiters.

At the end of four years an attempt was made to elect Mr. Clay, but Jackson was too popular. He was re-elected in 1832 by an increased majority.

Jackson was a type of the Southern American. Brave to rashness, generous to prodigality, a firm and trusting friend, a relentless foe, he had the qualities which make a popular leader. He had the magnetism of command, a powerful will, and indomitable firmness. No American leader ever had more devoted partisans. Seldom has the chief of a party won to so great a degree the respect and admiration

of his opponents. Living on a plantation—The Hermitage—near Nashville, Tennessee, he was beloved by his neighbours and almost adored by his slaves, who looked up to him as to a superior being. He married a lady who had been separated from her husband, and loved her to her death with a chivalric devotion. He did not hesitate to challenge and kill the man who spoke slightingly of his wife. After she died, her picture was beside his pillow. There was a fierce tenderness in his love. Like Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, three preceding Presidents, he left no son to bear his name. Jefferson had a daughter, and a numerous posterity. Jackson had no children.

The Presbyterian training of his youth had its influence upon him in his old age, when he became deeply, and I doubt not sincerely religious. He had been passionate, revengeful perhaps, a free liver, a partaker of the customary sports of the society of his time. He swore "by the Eternal," he fought several duels. Certainly, he had his faults; but he was a brave, courteous, generous, honest, true-hearted, kind-hearted gentleman.

To Andrew Jackson succeeded Mr. Van Buren. He was a New-Yorker of Dutch descent—Dutch and Yankee—an adroit lawyer, a diplomatist, a politician. He was called by his opponents the fox of Kinderhook. As men like their opposites, he became a favourite of Jackson, as he had become, partly by his talents and partly by skilful management, the favourite son of New York. He was sent minister to

England, and later raised to a seat in the Cabinet. He had been Governor of New York and Senator. The influence of Jackson, more than any popularity of his own, made him a candidate for the Presidency, and secured his election in 1836. He had a stormy administration, and, though firm in carrying out the policy of his party, he had not the strength of the old chieftain. The Bank of the United States, killed by Jackson, had been revived as a State institution, and deranged the finances of the country in an unsuccessful struggle to perpetuate its power. The great financial crisis of 1837 was attributed to the independent treasury scheme and specie paying policy of Mr. Van Buren. The party in favour of a high tariff and protection to American industry, led by Mr. Clay, gathered strength by combining the cotton interests of New England with the coal and iron interests of Pennsylvania. The Democrats who, in the war of 1812, had raised the cry of "free trade and sailor's rights," meant by it chiefly the freedom of the seas, and had little objection to revenue duties which put money in their pockets. The free-traders of the South and West compromised, and consented to be taxed in duties rather than endure political defeat, or submit to direct taxation.

There was a strong combination against Mr. Van Buren; but the opposition was not strong enough to venture to nominate Mr. Clay, its actual leader. Jackson had been elected as "Old Hickory" and the Hero of New Orleans. The Whigs, as the Anti-

Democratic party called itself, determined to try the same game. They found, in Ohio, an estimable old gentleman of moderate abilities and little experience in public life, who had defeated some Indians in the battle of Tippecanoe, in the war of 1812. They named him "Old Tippecanoe," or, familiarly, "Old Tip." He had lived, at one period, like most people on the frontier, in a log cabin. He had shot 'coons. He was said to be fond—perhaps too fond—of hard cider. This available candidate, with so many elements of popularity, was General Harrison.

Henry Clay, the great and eloquent leader of the Anti-Democratic party, which now claimed to be more democratic than the democrats—which placed the name of Jefferson on its handbills—Clay was laid aside, broken-hearted at the ingratitude of republics, and all the elements of opposition—the bank-men, the paper-money men, the tariff-men or protectionists, the office-seekers, and all who wanted a change, united on "Old Tip" the "Log Cabin and Hard Cider Candidate" to defeat Mr. Van Buren.

The way they did it! They built log cabins in every village in the old settled parts of the country where they had not been seen for generations. In every cabin there was a barrel of cider on tap, free to all comers, and this was often reinforced by a keg of whisky. Outside the cabin was a 'coon fastened by a chain. Immense meetings were held — bands of minstrels were formed to sing songs in honour of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"—John Tyler, a hitherto

obscure Virginian politician, vain and ambitious enough to accept a nomination for Vice-President. And they sang:—

"What has caused this great commotion—motion—motion
The country through?
It is the ball a rolling on,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we will beat little Van—Van—Van—
Van is a used-up man—
And with them we will beat little Van,"

meaning Mr. Van Buren.

The party of Mr. Van Buren found the glorifications of Old Hickory and the Hero of New Orleans turned upon them, and they had no remedy. Mr. Van Buren was a gentleman. He had never fought even an Indian. He had never, perhaps, entered a log cabin. He had never killed or captured a 'coon. He was more likely to drink port-wine or Madeira, hock or Burgundy, than hard cider or harder whisky. The very polish of his manners, his refinement, taste, and elegance, were against him.

There was an effort to do something for the failing cause by nominating Colonel Johnson as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. He had fought the Indians, and, it was said, had actually killed their great war-chief, Tecumseh, with his own hand, while Harrison had never killed anything but a 'coon. But Colonel Johnson had done some other things which did not help him with the pious and moral northern people. He lived with a black or mulatto woman as his wife, and had given his two mulatto daughters the education of ladies. This, perhaps, a few years later,

when Abolitionists were more plentiful, might have helped him. At that time, I am afraid it went far to neutralize the glory of having killed Tecumseh.

The democrats fought a gallant fight;—I know, for I was in the thick of it. We met songs by solid arguments. We appealed to principles and reason—but log cabins and hard cider were more potent, and they carried the day. Old Tippecanoe, an honest, worthy man, capable of making a respectable vestryman, was elected President. Mr. Van Buren retired to his home at Kinderhook. I saw fifty thousand of the citizens of New York go down to the Battery to welcome him in defeat, as if it had been a triumph. They were defeated, but not humiliated, which was more than could be said of the triumphant party—the party of William H. Seward, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, and Abraham Lincoln.

There was, it must be confessed, something more than a vague military glory, log cabins, hard cider, songs, and 'coon-skins which defeated Mr. Van Buren. It was more than the great army of the outs combined to defeat the ins and drive them from the tens of thousands of rills flowing from the treasury. Wild-cat financiers, who wished no check on paper issues, bankers who wanted the profit on the national deposits, manufacturers plotting for a Morrill tariff, were aided by another influence, more potent than has been generally imagined.

The Canadian Rebellion of 1837-8 excited the sympathies, and received the aid of a large portion of the people of the Northern States. The State arsenals

furnished the artillery and ammunition, and State militia four-fifths of the forces gathered along the St. Lawrence and the lakes, ostensibly to aid the Canadian patriots—really to invade and conquer Canada, with a view to future annexation. Mr. Van Buren's government energetically put a stop to those lawless operations. The secret societies, or Hunters' lodges, probably one thousand in number, composed of sworn conspirators against the British power in Canada, were arrayed against Mr. Van Buren for the part he had taken in defeating their schemes of conquest. This influence alone might have been enough to defeat him.

It is sometimes said in England that the South has manifested a greater animosity to England than the North. But during the Canadian rebellion of 1837-8, the American sympathies with that rebellion were in those States which have given the largest majorities to Mr. Lincoln, while Mr. Van Buren's administration, supported by the South, took strong measures to support the neutrality of the country. Had Canada been on the Southern, instead of the Northern border, the case might have been different. Many of those who favoured the acquisition of Canada opposed the annexation of Texas.

"To the victors belong the spoils of the vanquished." This maxim in American politics, with its practical operation in the system of rotation in office and partisan appointments, has been the source of three-fourths of the corruption in American politics. With the accession of General Harrison to

the Presidency came such a rush of office-seekers to Washington as had never been seen under any former President. John Quincy Adams made but few removals: Jackson therefore found few to remove for political causes, though he made many changes, and appointed his friends. The friends of Jackson were those of Van Buren, who could not have made many changes. But now the opposition had got hold of the Government for the first time, really and effectively, since the days of the elder Adams. There were a vast number of offices to fill—embassies, consulates, marshals, deputy-marshals, and officers of the Customs and Post-Office. And every man who had helped to build a log cabin, who had swilled hard cider to the glory of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, who had made a speech or sang a song, claimed an office, and the greater part of these posted to Washington. Poor old General Harrison soon sunk under the infliction. After a few weeks of such worry as few mortals have ever endured, he died, and John Tyler, of Virginia, elected Vice-President, became President of the Republic.

A terrible panic seized upon the Log Cabin party. John Tyler, a Virginia Democrat, had been put upon the ticket to strengthen it in the South. It was feared that he would go back to his old party predilections. The fear was well grounded. He was vain and ambitious; but he was not the less wilful and opiniated. The Whig National Republicans—the Log Cabin party, wished to overturn the policy of Jackson and Van Buren. They attempted to establish a National Bank and adopt a protective system. Mr. Tyler

vetoed the bills, and they could not command the majority of two-thirds necessary to pass them over his vetoes. Then there was a crisis, a revulsion, almost a revolution. Several members of the Cabinet resigned—all, I believe, but Mr. Webster, who loved money and power too much to resign either under any circumstances.

Mr. Tyler found a new Cabinet without much difficulty. Mr. Upsher, of Virginia, and Mr. Legare, of South Carolina, men better known as scholars than as politicians, came to his aid, and gave his administration a strong Southern and Democratic bias. And Democratic, let it be noted, had come, by this time, to mean in America Conservative and Constitutional. The Democratic party was always the party of State rights, and of a strict construction of the powers granted by the Federal Constitution to the General Government. The powers of the States, this party held, were limited only by the functions they had delegated to the Federal Government. The powers of the Federal Government were defined and limited by its Constitution. All powers not expressly delegated to the central government were retained by the States.

Up to a certain point, the Democratic party had been the party of progress; beyond that it became the party of conservation.

Conspicuous among the Northern members of Mr. Tyler's Cabinet was John C. Spencer, of New York —a man of whom I can never think without a feeling of sadness, for his life was borne down by a great

sorrow. His son, a midshipman in the navy, had been hanged at sea by the captain and officers of the U.S. brig *Somers*, on suspicion of a conspiracy to seize the brig, and convert her into a pirate. He was hanged without necessity, and, as I thought and still think, without proof even of the intention of guilt.

When President Tyler—His Accidency, as he was called—visited Boston, with his Cabinet, to celebrate the completion of the Bunker Hill monument, I was invited to accompany the party on a visit to the beautiful rural cemetery of Mount Auburn. Mr. Spencer, who was one of the party, and in intellect and character he was probably its chief, stood a moment before the monument of a young officer, just the age of his son, who, a few months before, had been hanged on the *Somers*. The officer had been lost at sea. Mr. Spencer read the inscription and fell fainting upon the ground, and was borne to his carriage and driven away. The iron politician had the heart of a father, and this tragical sorrow soon sent him to his grave.

The captain who hung young Spencer was killed a few years afterward by a fall from his horse, and the brig *Somers* went down in a white squall in the Gulf of Mexico, carrying with her fifty gallant officers and brave seamen. It was difficult to man her while she was afloat, and few were sorry to see the last of her.

The question of the annexation of Texas came up during Mr. Tyler's administration, and was favoured

of course by the Southern interest, and opposed by the Northern; by the party, at least, which had elected Harrison and Tyler. The treaty of annexation was at first rejected, but it passed at the next session, and a territory as large as France, the greater portion of which is very fertile, was added to the Union.

Mr. Tyler had the vanity to believe that his administration was so popular that he could be re-elected. The mongrel party which had gathered about him and filled the offices of trust and profit, wished to perpetuate their lease of power. But the Whig and Democratic parties made their nominations without much regard to Mr. Tyler or his small party of office-holders. The Whigs nominated their leader, Henry Clay, whom they had shelved four years before for a military and hard cider availability. Mr. Clay might have been elected then. It was his only chance. He never forgave the meanness which robbed him of the object of a life-long ambition. He was nominated in 1844, while the Democratic party selected James K. Polk, of Tennessee.

Mr. Polk had been Governor of Tennessee, and Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington. He was, like most American politicians, a lawyer, but one of no eminence. He was a man of moderate abilities, but of singular firmness of character; a sound, straightforward party man, who could be trusted. He had a miniature resemblance to General Jackson, with whom he had been a favourite, and was nicknamed "Young Hickory." The candidate for the Vice-Presidency was George M. Dallas.

a Philadelphia lawyer, who has been minister to England.

Mr. Polk was scarcely known out of his own State when nominated for President. He was more obscure, if possible, than Abraham Lincoln. It is said that at a town on the Ohio, when a steamboat came in, bringing news from the nominating convention, an ardent Democratic politician on shore called out to a friend on the boat—

"Hullo! Smith, who is nominated for President?"

"James K. Polk, of Tennessee!"

"Bunkum! First rate! What did you say his name was?"

"James K. Polk, of Tennessee."

"All right! Three cheers, boys, for James K. Polk, of Tennessee, the next President of these United States!"

"Hooray!"

In a week, the name so little known was displayed in large capitals at the head of the editorial columns of two thousand newspapers. Hickory poles began to rise; the banners of "Young Hickory" were displayed, and the Democrats, not to be outdone by their opponents, began to sing songs, of which I can remember but one chorus:

"O! poor Cooney Clay,
Alas! poor Cooney Clay,
He never can be President,
While Polk is in the way."

The popular elements were on the side of Mr. Polk. The Whigs had opposed the annexation of Texas.

The Democrats adopted and defended it at every cost, and were ready for the impending war with Mexico. Webster, according to the popular belief, had, through cowardice or corruption, given up a portion of the State of Maine, in the settlement of the north-eastern boundary with Lord Ashburnham. He was known to be poor, extravagant, and unscrupulous about money; always ready to beg, borrow, or take all he could get, and never expecting to repay it. It was believed that if the British Government wished to buy any territory which might be necessary or convenient to them, this great expounder of the Constitution was the man to sell it, and put the price in his pocket.

Now another boundary question was up. England put in a claim to the Oregon territory on the Pacific coast. The party which elected Mr. Polk claimed the whole country up to 54° 40′ north latitude, which included Vancouver's island, and the best part of British Columbia. "Fifty-four, forty, or fight" was the party cry. The defence of territory, the acquisition of territory, and a fight with England, were all popular elements. The United States Bank, and a high protective tariff, Mr. Clay's favourite measures, appealed to special interests, but were not popular. Polk and Dallas were triumphantly elected. The Mexican war followed. General Taylor defeated Santa Anna at Buena Vista. General Scott marched in triumph into the city of Mexico, and dictated terms of peace, adding New Mexico and California to the territories of the United States.

The Northern States sent twenty-one thousand

volunteers to the war with Mexico. The Southern States, with half their population, sent twenty-two thousand. They were nearer, and more interested in the cause of the war.

I have always thought that when General Scott had conquered Mexico, and was established at the capital, he should have stayed there. I do not know why he did not. Probably the secret archives of English or French diplomacy might afford a reason. The Americans said—we will take a good slice now, and the rest as we require it. Having no doubt of coming into possession of the whole Continent, as fast as they could settle and organize it into States, they were the more contented with the terms of peace.

The Mexican war gave the country two Presidents, General Taylor, who beat Santa Anna at Buena Vista, and General Frank Pierce. At Buena Vista was also distinguished the commander of the Mississippi Rifles, Jefferson Davis, a son-in-law of General Taylor, Secretary of War under President Pierce, and first President of the Confederate States.

By the nomination of General Taylor, in an outburst of popular enthusiasm, which the Whig party adroitly turned to its own account, Mr. Clay was again defrauded of a nomination. The Taylor ticket was strengthened by putting upon it Millard Fillmore of New York, a Whig "Know-nothing," or member of the Native American, anti-foreigner, or, more properly, no-popery party, which had at this time an extensive and powerful secret organization. The hero of Buena Vista was elected over General Cass,

an able man, but with few elements of popularity. Another terrific rush of famishing partisans to Washington—another outrageous scramble for the spoils of the victory, and "Old Rough and Ready," as General Taylor was called, succumbed like General Harrison. The change from the rough life of a frontier campaigner, and the easy life of a Mississippi planter, to the murderous crowds of rapacious politicians at Washington, was more than the old soldier could bear. We had another Accidency of a mild and milk-and-water type, in the person of Mr. Fillmore, a Buffalo lawyer, prudent, sleek, crafty, and just the man to glide into a place he had no ability to fill.

The Democrats at the next election, after a great struggle for a choice, compromised upon Frank Pierce of New Hampshire, a handsome, good-natured lawyer, who had served as Brigadier-General in Mexico. The audacity of the thing was in running him against General Scott, who had been the Commander-in-Chief, and who had crowned the victories of the war by leading his army into the city of Mexico. But General Scott, as a politician, was never popular. As some Irishman must have said, he never opened his mouth on politics, but he put his foot in it. He had been compromised with the Nativists, the Old Whigs, and I know not what unpopular factions and opinions. He was a martinet in discipline, vain and ostentatious, and got the name among the volunteers of "Old Fuss and Feathers." Pierce, on the other hand, was but little known, and those who knew him liked him. He was a New Hampshire Democrat;

his father had been a soldier before him; he had served with courage, if with no special distinction, in Mexico, and it was time for the Democratic party to come into power again, whoever was the candidate. He was elected, and proved a weak, good-natured, inefficient President; but he had the sense to choose a strong Cabinet, and matters went on with a regular progress toward the events which have since occurred.

Four years after, the Whig Republican party, which had now grown more Abolitionised, or had entered into a closer alliance with the Anti-slavery party, and come more under the control of the Greeley or ultra section, nominated Fremont for the Presidency. He was too young and too wanting in political character to succeed. He had been an officer in the army, had run away with and married a daughter of Colonel Benton, the distinguished senator from Missouri, and had shown considerable enterprise in explorations on the Western side of the American continent. He was nominated for the Presidency as the Pathfinder, though he appears to have lost his path, before and since, oftener than he found it.

The Democrats nominated James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, an old politician and diplomatist, who had filled some of the highest offices in the Republic. The Abolition, Free Soil, and Kansas interest went strongly for Fremont under the banner of "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Press, and Free Men," but the whole South went against him and his pretentious platform. Pennsylvania gave her vote for Buchanan, and he was elected. Had the choice fallen upon

Fremont, there is little doubt that the secession of the Southern States would have followed.

In 1860, little was said of Fremont. He had been tried and found wanting in availability or success. Mr. Seward was the chosen candidate of the more moderate portion of the Republican party; but Mr. Greeley had private griefs, and the Abolition wing of the party would not trust him. Mr. Seward could say fine things about the "higher law," and an "irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery," but they would not trust him too far. He was friendly with Southerners, he was politic—he was never honest, earnest, or sincere. Mr. Greeley and his friends determined that he should not be President; so they went to the Chicago Convention and nominated Abraham Lincoln, who happened to have just the kind of local popularity in the West to make him a strong candidate.

Abraham Lincoln was a small lawyer, and rough political stump speaker, living in the village of Springfield, Illinois. He was six feet four inches in height, angular and ungainly in his appearance, with immense hands and feet. He was born in Kentucky, grew up without schooling, and helped his father to cultivate a rough farm in Indiana, where the family, which was a very poor one, removed in his boyhood, and later into Illinois. Here, as he grew up, he became a famous rail-splitter—noted for his strength and dexterity in splitting trees into rails for fences. He also made one or two trips to New Orleans on flat boats loaded with produce; gliding down the current

a thousand miles, as barges glide up and down the Thames with every tide. The boats that went to New Orleans, before the days of steam, never returned, but were sold with the cargo, and broken up, and the navigators got home by land across the country.

But Lincoln had an ambition above rail-splitting or flat-boat navigation. He picked up at odd times a little learning, and began to study law. But little study was required in those days, in a new country, to make a lawyer. A young lawyer who could talk, if only to tell droll stories, was pretty sure to be elected to the legislature. Lincoln also went to Congress, but did not distinguish himself at Washington. He was scarcely known, until he took the stump against Mr. Douglas, as a candidate for State senator. The senators are not elected by the people, but by the State legislatures—but the legislature was to be elected, and it was this election they wished to carry, and so both made speeches together in every district in the State. Mr. Douglas carried the legislature, but Mr. Lincoln had made strong partisans who were determined that he should have his turn. Douglas aspired to the Presidency, and received the nomination of one of the sections of the Democratic party. Mr. Lincoln became the Republican candidate.

The South would not accept of Mr. Douglas. They looked upon his doctrine of squatter sovereignty as dangerous to their rights in the Great Western territories of the United States. According to that doctrine, the Abolition societies of the North could hurry a host of free-soil emigrants into the

unorganized territories of the South-west and fix their status as Free States, long before they were entitled to form State constitutions. They believed the Democratic party of the North was becoming false to the principle of State rights. They nominated Mr. Breckenridge, with the very distinct understanding that the election of Mr. Lincoln, by a sectional vote, and upon a sectional issue, would be considered a sufficient ground for the secession of every Southern State from the Union.

The parties went to work with this understanding. It is true that Republican editors and speakers denied that there would be secession. It was only a political threat, they said, which would not be carried out. Many Democrats believed it, but not enough. The hunger for office joined with the fanaticism of the Kansas fights, and the John Brown raid into Virginia. The great army of unprincipled place-seekers, who try to be on the winning side, saw the Democracy divided, and threw their strength for Lincoln and the spoils. With these unscrupulous voters he was "Honest Old Abe," and they elected him. He had not a majority of votes. Every Southern State went against him. Majorities were given in several Northern States for Douglas and Brickenridge, but these majorities were divided. With a minority of votes, wanting a million to be equal to those against him, Lincoln was still elected President of the soon to be divided States of America.

Never, in my remembrance, had a political contest been so fiercely carried on. The Republicans all over

the North were organized into clubs, with a semi-military discipline. They carried, indeed, torches instead of rifles, and their uniforms consisted of a kind of oil cloth capes and caps; but they marched and manœuvred to military music, and the South looked upon these bands as of the most threatening character. Not a few of the leaders of these political organizations became officers in the Federal army.

As the time drew near when Mr. Lincoln, the President elect, must go to Washington to be inaugurated President, the country became more and more excited and alarmed at the prospect. Several of the Southern States had withdrawn from the Union. Mr. Buchanan held to the old Democratic doctrine, and found no constitutional power to compel them to remain in the Union, or to bring them back again. Mr. Lincoln made no declaration of his intentions, and seemed to have no idea of the situation, and no fitness to meet it. Alarmed at the rumour of the attempt to assassinate him at Baltimore, he went from Harrisburg to Washington in disguise, and, protected by a military force, took the usual oath to maintain the Constitution, which he proceeded to violate in its most important provisions.

The black Republicans and the Lincolnites of the West swarmed down upon Washington, seeking for office. Such a crowd had never been seen before, of rough backwoodsmen, crazed fanatics, and believers in "Honest Uncle Abe," who came for the reward of their efforts to elect him in offices of every grade, from a foreign mission, to the place of a village post-

master. The citizens of Washington were profoundly disgusted. The Presidents up to this time had been gentlemen, and former administrations had not been destitute of a certain degree of dignity and decency. Nothing could be more vulgar and repulsive than the new administration, and the crowd which greeted its incoming. Goths and Vandals thronged the capital.

CHAPTER XII.

HORACE GREELEY.

Birth and education.—Robinson Crusoe and Benjamin Franklin.—A printer's apprentice.—Comes to New York.—Starts the New Yorker.—Edits the Jeffersonian, and elects Seward governor.—Publishes the Log Cabin.—The New York Tribune,—Greeley's character and opinions.—Quarrel with Seward—Defeats his nomination at Chicago.—Greeley on Secession.—"On to Richmond."—A model philanthropist.—Letter to Wm. H. Seward.

If I were asked to select a model Yankee, and at the same time a man of mark and influence, it would be a little difficult to choose, but I think that, on the whole, I should take Horace Greeley, the principal and responsible editor of the *New York Tribune*. I select him, therefore, as one of my illustrations of the social and political life of America.

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, (my own native State), February 3, 1811. His father was a poor hard-working man, with little or no property; and all the school education Horace had was what he got at a common, or free primary school, before he was fourteen years old.

Two books in America have decided the careers of

thousands of boys. *Robinson Crusoe* has sent them to sea, and the *Life of Benjamin Franklin* has sent them into the printing-office. Franklin was a printer's apprentice. He became editor, author, statesman, and philosopher, and his portrait is on the American postage-stamps, with those of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. Why should not another printer's boy arrive at similar honours? Nine-tenths of the editors of American newspapers have been printer's apprentices, and I doubt if there is one of them, who freely chose his trade, who was not incited to do so by reading the life of Franklin. This, I presume, was the case with Horace Greeley.

At the age of fourteen then, in 1825, he entered a printing-office in Putney, Vermont, a State separated from New Hampshire by the Connecticut river. Here he remained, as nearly as I can learn, for five years, working hard as roller-boy, compositor, pressman, carrier, bill-poster, and in all the functions of a country newspaper and job printing-office.

In 1830, Greeley, senior, emigrated to Western New York, and Horace accompanied him, and, after helping to establish the family on a little, rough, backwoods farm, he found a situation in a printing-office at Erie, Pennsylvania, a small town on Lake Erie. He had not finished his apprenticeship, and his wages were only ten pounds a year, besides his board. Half of this sum sufficed to clothe him; the rest he gave to his father. No one can say that he was not at this time a good, self-sacrificing, conscientious boy.

He did not stay long in this situation. As soon as his time was up, which was in 1831, he went to New York. He was a tall, lanky, awkward, near-sighted boy, with a large head, white hair and eyebrows, a very white complexion, scarcely any beard, grotesquely dressed in a suit of blue cotton jeans, with two brown shirts, and one pound, his entire savings, in his pocket. But he knew his trade, and in a few days got a situation as a journeyman printer, where he worked for eighteen months, and in which he could earn two or three pounds a week.

The printing-office is not the worst of schools. Greeley had spent all his spare time in reading. I doubt if he ever played any boyish game. To this day in long journeys he reads perpetually, seldom taking a look at the finest scenery. He began to write very clear and forcible prose, and also much indifferent verse, which latter he has had the good sense to abandon. In 1834 he began, with a partner, to publish and edit a very respectable weekly literary and political paper, called *The New Yorker*. It was too heavy and ambitious to succeed. Nobody had time to read it. Everybody said it was a good paper, and that he meant to read it when he could get time, and then carefully put it aside, but never found the time to read it. It was not the thing for a fast country, and Mr. Greeley had to give it up. He had got married, he lived in lodgings, and was very poor.

About the year 1838 the Whig party, of which Mr. Greeley was a devoted member, wished to make a strong effort to carry the State of New York, which

had generally given a large Democratic majority. For this purpose a campaign weekly newspaper, published at a very low price, and having a large partisan circulation, was established at Albany, and Mr. Greeley was engaged to edit it. This paper, the better to catch Democratic votes, was called *The Jeffersonian*, about as appropriate a name as *The Wellingtonian* would be for a Liberal, or *The Palmerstonian* for a Tory paper in England. But the paper succeeded—the political campaign, at all events, was successful, and resulted in the election of Wm. H. Seward as Governor of New York, an event which was celebrated by his party with great rejoicings. Seward was at this time an obscure attorney at Auburn in New York, and chiefly known as agent of the Holland Land Company. But the strength of the Whigs lay with what was called the Anti-Masonic party, in the Western part of the State, and a small clique in that section gave him the nomination.

In 1840 came on the great Log Cabin and Hard Cider Tippecanoe and Tyler too presidential election, which resulted in the choice of General Harrison. Greeley published and edited in New York a cheap campaign weekly paper called *The Log Cabin*. It was a low-toned but very earnest appeal to the largest and most ignorant class of voters. It had an immense circulation. It contained short and telling editorials; vigorous speeches, plenty of songs, and coarse political caricatures. No doubt, the *Log Cabin* and Greeley's personal exertions did much to carry the election. His queer white head, and old white overcoat, boots

run down at the heel, and red for want of blacking, with one leg of his trousers tucked in and the other left out; jacket buttoned awry, and cravat tied under his ear—this extraordinary figure was seen trudging in processions, and making quaint, earnest, and telling speeches at mass meetings. It is certain that no man did more to elect first Seward and then Harrison, and he had a right to expect, and did expect, some acknowledgment for his services. But Republics, and especially Jeffersonian Whig Republicans, are ungrateful. Greeley wished to be Postmaster of New York, or Collector of the Port. He would have taken a foreign mission—he got nothing.

He got no office; but he did better, he got a good business-partner, one M'Elrath, and commenced the publication of the *New York Tribune*, April 10, 1841. His notoriety as editor of *The Jeffersonian* and *The Log Cabin* gave this paper a good start—especially its weekly edition, which went up steadily to more than a hundred thousand, while the daily has reached twenty or thirty thousand.

In the conduct of *The Tribune* Mr. Greeley has shown great ability, and as much honesty as one can reasonably expect of a political partisan. He has been an earnest and untiring advocate of a protective policy. No tariff of duties on importations was too high for him. He denounced the English free trade system as one of commercial selfishness. He was for home markets and home manufactures.

Of a simple, friendly, credulous, and eminently humane character, Mr. Greeley was an earnest advocate

of temperance and the Maine Law. He believed that a majority had a right to compel a minority to be sober and virtuous. He laboured to prohibit the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating drinks, not on Sunday only, but all days. He would have shut up or banished every prostitute, and made every breach of the seventh commandment a State prison offence.

Singularly enough, he was one of the earliest American advocates of socialism on the plan of association—the system of Charles Fourier—and promoted the formation of several experimental phalansteries. They failed; and he probably came in time to see that Fourierism was utterly inconsistent with his ideas of morality. He was also an advocate of Woman's Rights, and the most zealous of Abolitionists. He opened his columns to the publication of the alleged facts respecting spiritualism. *The Tribune* was considered the organ of "all the isms."

It was ably edited for all that. Mr. George Ripley, an ex-Unitarian clergyman and Fourierist; Mr. Charles A. Dana, also a Fourierist of the Brookfarm Association; Mr. Bayard Taylor, the extensive traveller; Mr. Hildreth, author of a "History of the United States," and "The White Slave," a Benthamist, now Consul at Trieste, were among the editors. The paper itself became a sort of Fourierist Joint-Stock Association, in which editors, clerks, and printers were shareholders.

Mr. Seward, whom Mr. Greeley had done so much to make Governor, and who afterwards became Senator, not only did nothing to gratify the able editor's ambi-

tion, but opposed his nomination to the office of Governor. The fact was, Mr. Seward had an able editor of his own. Thurlow Weed, of *The Albany Evening Journal*, whom he trusted more than he did Greeley, for the reason, perhaps, that Mr. Weed preferred his own position as leading editor of the party, manager, and wire-puller, to any office in the gift of Government or people. Not so Mr. Greeley; he was restlessly ambitious. He never forgave Mr. Seward, who but for this might now have been President, instead of Abraham Lincoln. Seward's and Weed's excuse for not favouring Greeley's nomination for Governor was that he had made himself so unpopular by the advocacy of Fourierism, Abolitionism, Anti-rentism, Maine-Lawism, Spiritualism, &c. &c., that he could not have been elected. He was, however, elected to Congress in 1848 from one of the New York city districts, and managed to make himself very unpleasant there by trying to reform abuses, particularly some official plunder in the way of constructive mileage. Members of Congress, for example, who preferred to live in Washington, were paid for two journeys each session, of two or three thousand miles. It is easy to imagine that meddling with little customs of this kind, practised by both parties, would not be gratifying to either.

In 1851, Mr. Greeley came to Europe, where he was one of the jurors of the Exhibition. He went to Paris, where he had the adventure of being locked up in the *Cliché* prison, as a stockholder in some American bubble company with *un*-limited liabilities. On his return his letters were gathered into a volume of

"Glances of Europe;" he also published a volume of "Hints towards Reforms."

For the past ten years Mr. Greeley has written and spoken chiefly in aid of the Republican or Free-soil movement, and a high tariff, or protection to American industry. He was deep in the fight for Kansas. He did not conceal his sympathy with John Brown in his effort to excite a negro insurrection in Virginia. He published the wildest speeches and writings of Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips. He did more than any other man to abolitionize the North, and prepare the hearts of the people of his party for the war. He procured the nomination and vehemently urged the election of Fremont in 1856. Defeated then by the election of Mr. Buchanan, he began the agitation for the next election.

When the Republican Convention met in 1860, Mr. Seward was far the most prominent candidate—scarcely any other man was thought of. The New York and Eastern delegations went for him unitedly. Mr. Greeley, failing to get a place on the New York delegation, got himself appointed to represent the far off Pacific state of Oregon. He went to the convention, determined that Mr. Seward should never be President. His own real or pretended choice was Mr. Blair, an ultra Abolitionist, now a member of the Cabinet. But the convention was held in Illinois. The great crowd around the convention was composed of citizens of that state. This outside pressure could be used for their own local leader, "Uncle Abe," "Honest old Abe"—in a word, for Abraham Lincoln,

an obscure country lawyer, settled at Springfield, Illinois. Anybody but Seward. All who opposed him united on Lincoln, and he was nominated. The split in the Democratic party elected him.

And now, everybody said Greeley would be the great man—a Cabinet Minister at least. He had made the President. Why should not the President make him whatever he wished to be? But when Mr. Seward lost the nomination, it was feared that he might lose Mr. Lincoln the election. It was necessary to conciliate him—it was necessary to give him the first place in the Cabinet, and equally necessary to keep Greeley out. So he was, as Americans say, left in the cold, to his bitter mortification, I can well believe.

When secession came as the necessary consequence of the election of Lincoln, Mr. Greeley at first declared that the Southern States had a right to leave the Union if a majority of their people desired it. Whether he went mad at the taking of Fort Sumter with the rest, or whether some pressure of coercion was brought to bear upon his opinion and conscience, I cannot say, but he became one of the fiercest promoters of the war. He was for hanging all the Southern leaders as rebels and traitors. "Woe to him," he cried, "who ventures to speak of peace, or compromise, or mediation, or adjustment, until Treason shall have been effectually rebuked by the condign punishment of the Traitors." In a speech, made early in the war, he said, "As to compromise, he would say that every man in the Cabinet, the army, or the navy, who had

betrayed their trust, ought to be hung. (Loud cheers.) His compromise in this would be, to be content with hanging a reasonable number of the traitors."

Day after day this advocate of peace, this opponent of capital punishment, this philanthropist, through papers having an aggregate circulation of over two hundred thousand, and in articles copied everywhere, urged the North to a vindictive, bloody war of conquest and subjugation. He lashed on President and Cabinet—he clamoured at the delay of the army—he raised the cry "On to Richmond!" and kept it up until the Government compelled General Scott, against his judgment, to order McDowell forward, and the disaster of Bull Run was the consequence. The Northern army was hurled back on Washington. Greeley was struck down with a brain fever, and for weeks his life was despaired of. But, as soon as he was able, he renewed and has continued the cry—"On to Richmond!" On him, more than on any man in America, rests the terrible responsibility of this war, with all its bloodshed and horrors. He has done more than any or all others to prepare the way for it and to urge it on.

It is strange, perhaps unaccountable, except on the theory of insane perversion. Why should a peace man urge on the most barbarous of wars? Why should a man, who has always opposed the capital punishment, even of murderers, now urge a million of men to the slaughter of their brethren? How can a man, who has always professed to believe in the

rights of the peoples, and the right of revolution, who subscribed largely to aid Ireland in 1848, and was the friend of every European revolutionist—how can this man, who has sworn by the right of self-government, as defined in the declaration of independence, wage a war of subjugation or extermination against the South? Madness—political madness alone—can account for such anomalies in human conduct.

During the years in which the Republican party was in process of formation from the remnants of the Clay Whigs, the Nativists and Abolitionists, Greeley was unwearied in his efforts to gain over a portion of the foreign vote, which had always been instinctively, or for some better or worse reason, given to the Democratic party. He succeeded, to a considerable extent, with the Germans, especially the German Protestants, who were largely Red-republicans, Socialists, and Abolitionists; but very little with the Irish, though he bid high for their support. When the war came, however, they were into it—and dearly have they paid for their readiness to fight in a quarrel in which they had no business whatever to interfere, and into which they were seduced and betrayed.

They have paid the bitter penalty. Their leaders, too, who engaged in the war against their consciences, from ambition and vanity, have had their reward.

During the criminations and recriminations which followed the nomination of the Illinois rail-splitter, the following private letter from Horace Greeley to William H. Seward was made public in the news-

papers. I think it of sufficient interest in various ways, to give it as an appendix to what I have written:—

"New York, Saturday Evening, Nov. 11, 1854.

"GOVERNOR SEWARD.—The election is over, and its results sufficiently ascertained. It seems to me a fitting time to announce to you the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, by the withdrawal of the junior partner—said withdrawal to take effect on the morning after the first Tuesday in February next. And, as it may seem a great presumption in me to assume that any such firm exists, especially since the public was advised, rather more than a year ago, by an editorial rescript in the *Evening Journal*, formally reading me out of the Whig party, that I was esteemed no longer either useful or ornamental in the concern, you will, I am sure, indulge me in some reminiscences which seem to befit the occasion.

"I was a poor young printer and editor of a literary Journal—a very active and bitter Whig in a small way, but not seeking to be known out of my own ward committee; when, after the great Political Revulsion of 1837, I was one day called to the City Hotel, where two strangers introduced themselves as Thurlow Weed and Lewis Benedict, of Albany. They told me that a cheap campaign paper, of a peculiar stamp, at Albany, had been resolved on, and that I had been selected to edit it. The announcement might well be deemed flattering by one who had never

even sought the notice of the great, and who was not known as a partisan writer, and I eagerly embraced their proposals. They asked me to fix my salary for the year; I named 1000 dollars (200*l.*), which they agreed to; and I did the work required to the best of my ability. It was work that made no figure and created no sensation; but I loved it, and did it well. When it was done, you were Governor, dispensing offices worth 3000 to 20,000 dollars per year to your friends and compatriots, and I returned to my garret and my crust, and my desperate battle with pecuniary obligations heaped upon me by bad partners in business and the disastrous events of 1837. I believe it did not then occur to me that some one of these abundant places might have been offered to me without injustice; I now think it should have occurred to you. If it did occur to me, I was not the man to ask you for it; I think that should not have been necessary. I only remember that no friend at Albany inquired as to my pecuniary circumstances; that your friend (but not mine), Robert C. Wetmore, was one of the chief dispensers of your patronage here; and that such devoted compatriots as A. H. Wells and John Hooks were lifted by you out of pauperism into independence, as I am glad I was not; and yet an inquiry from you as to my needs and means at that time would have been timely and held ever in grateful remembrance.

"In the Harrison campaign of 1840, I was again designated to edit a campaign paper. I published it

as well, and ought to have made something by it, in spite of its extremely low price. My extreme poverty was the main reason why I did not. It compelled me to hire press-work, mailing, &c., done by the job, and high charges for extra work nearly ate me up. At the close, I was still without property and in debt, but this paper had rather improved my position.

"Now came the great scramble of the swell-mob of coon minstrels and cider-suckers at Washington—I not being counted in. Several regiments of them went on from this city; but no one of the whole crowd—though I say it who should not—had done so much toward General Harrison's nomination and election as yours respectfully. I asked nothing, expected nothing; but you, Governor Seward, ought to have asked that I be Postmaster of New York. Your asking would have been in vain; but it would have been an act of grace neither wasted nor undeserved.

"I soon after started the *Tribune*, because I was urged to do so by certain of your friends, and because such a paper was needed here. I was promised certain pecuniary aid in so doing: it might have been given me without cost or risk to any one. All I ever had was a loan by piecemeal of 1000 dollars from James Coggeshall, God bless his honoured memory! I did not ask for this, and I think it is the one sole case in which I ever received a pecuniary favour from a political associate. I am very thankful that he did not die till it was fully repaid.

"And let me here honour one grateful recollection.

When the Whig party under your rule had offices to give, my name was never thought of; but when, in '42-3, we were hopelessly out of power, I was honoured with the party nomination for State Printer. When we came again to have a State Printer to *elect* as well as nominate, the place went to Weed, as it ought. Yet it is worth something to know that there was once a time when it was not deemed too great a sacrifice to recognise me as belonging to your household. If a new office had not since been created on purpose to give its valuable patronage to H. J. Raymond, and enable St. John to show forth his *Times* as the organ of the Whig State Administration, I should have been still more grateful.

"In 1848 your star again rose, and my warmest hopes were realized in your election to the Senate. I was no longer needy, and had no more claim than desire to be recognised by General Taylor. I think I had some claim to forbearance from you. What I received thereupon was a most humiliating lecture in the shape of a decision in the libel case of Redfield and Pringle, and an obligation to publish it in my own and the other journal of our supposed firm. I thought and still think this lecture needlessly cruel and mortifying. The plaintiffs, after using my columns to the extent of their needs and desires, stopped writing and called on me for the name of their assailant. I proffered it to them—a thoroughly responsible name. They refused to accept it unless it should prove to be one of the four or five first men in Batavia!—when they had known from the first who

it was, and that it was neither of them. They would not accept that which they had demanded; they sued me instead for money, and money you were at liberty to give them to your heart's content. I do not think you *were* at liberty to humiliate me in the eyes of my own and your* public as you did. I think you exalted your own judicial sternness and fearlessness unduly at my expense. I think you had better occasion for the display of these qualities when Webb threw himself untimely upon you for a pardon which he had done all a man could do to demerit. (His paper is paying you for it now).

"I have publicly set forth my view of your and our duty with respect to Fusion, Nebraska, and party designations. I will not repeat any of that. I have referred also to Weed's reading me out of the Whig party—my crime being, in this as in some other things, that of doing to-day what more politic persons will not be ready to do till to-morrow.

"Let me speak of the late canvass. I was once sent to Congress for ninety days merely to enable Jim Brooks to secure a seat therein for four years. I think I never hinted to any human being that I would have liked to be put forward for any place. But James W. White (you hardly know how good and true a man he is) started my name for Congress, and Brooks' packed delegation thought I could help

* If I am not mistaken, this judgment is the only speech, letter, or document addressed to the public in which you ever recognised my existence. I hope I may not go down to posterity as embalmed therein.

him through; so I was put on behind him. But this last Spring, after the Nebraska question had created a new state of things at the North, one or two personal friends, of no political consideration, suggested my name as a candidate for Governor, and I did not discourage them. Soon, the persons who were afterward mainly instrumental in nominating Clark come about me and ask if I could secure the Know-nothing vote. I told them I neither could nor would touch it; on the contrary, I loathed and repelled it. Thereupon they turned upon Clark.

"I said nothing, did nothing. A hundred people asked me who should be run for Governor. I sometimes indicated Patterson; I never hinted at my own name. But by-and-bye Weed came down and called me to him, to tell me why he could not support me for Governor, (I had never asked or counted on his support).

"I am sure Weed did not mean to humiliate me; but he did it. The upshot of his discourse (very cautiously stated), was this:—If I were a candidate for Governor, I should beat not myself only but you. Perhaps that was true. But as I had in no manner solicited his or your support, I thought this might have been said to my friends rather than to me. I suspect it is true that I could not have been elected Governor as a Whig. But had he and you been favourable, there *would* have been a party in the State ere this which could and would have elected me to any post, without injuring itself or endangering your re-election.

"It was in vain that I urged that I had in no manner

asked a nomination. At length I was nettled by his language—well intended, but *very* cutting, as addressed by him to me—to say, in substance, 'Well, then, make Patterson Governor, and try my name for Lieutenant. To lose this place is a matter of no importance; and we can see whether I am really so odious."

"I should have hated to serve as Lieutenant-Governor, but I should have gloried in running for the post. I want to have my enemies all upon me at once; I am tired of fighting them piecemeal. And, though I should have been beaten in the canvass, I know that my running would have helped the ticket, and helped my paper.

"It was thought best to let the matter take another course. No other name could have been put on the ticket so bitterly humbling to me as that which was selected. The nomination was given to Raymond; the fight left to me. And, Governor Seward, *I have made it*, though it be conceited in me to say so. What little fight there has been, I have stirred up. Even Weed has not been (I speak of his paper) hearty in this contest, while the journal of the Whig Lieutenant-Governor has taken care of its own interests and let the canvass take care of itself, as it early declared it would do. That journal has (because of its milk-and-water course) some twenty thousand subscribers in this city and suburbs, and of these twenty thousand I venture to say more voted for Ullmann and Scroggs than for Clark and Raymond; the *Tribune* (also because of its character) has but eight thousand subscribers within the same radius, and I venture to say

that of its habitual readers nine-tenths voted for Clark and Raymond—very few for Ullmann and Scroggs. I had to bear the brunt of the contest, and take a terrible responsibility in order to prevent the Whigs uniting upon James W. Barker in order to defeat Fernando Wood. Had Barker been elected here, neither you nor I could walk these streets without being hooted, and Know-Nothingism would have swept like a prairie fire. I stopped Barker's election at the cost of incurring the deadliest enmity of the defeated gang; and I have been rebuked for it by the Lieutenant-Governor's paper.

"At the critical moment, he came out against John Wheeler in favour of Charles H. Marshall (who would have been your deadliest enemy in the House), and even your Colonel-General's paper, which was even with me in insisting that Wheeler should be returned, wheeled about at the last moment and went in for Marshall—the *Tribune* alone clinging to Wheeler to the last. I rejoice that they who turned so suddenly were not able to turn all their readers.

"Governor Seward, I know that some of your most cherished friends think me a great obstacle to your advancement—that John Schoolcraft, for one, insists that you and Weed shall not be identified with me. I trust, after a time, you will not be. I trust I shall never be found in opposition to you; I have no farther wish but to glide out of the newspaper world as quietly and as speedily as possible, join my family in Europe, and, if possible, stay there quite a time—long enough to cool my fevered brain and renovate

my overtasked energies. All I ask is that we shall be counted even on the morning after the first Tuesday in February, as aforesaid, and that I may thereafter take such course as seems best without reference to the past.

"You have done me acts of valued kindness in the line of your profession: let me close with the assurance that these will ever be gratefully remembered by

"Yours,

"HORACE GREELEY.

"Hon. WM. H. SEWARD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THURLOW WEED AND "MANHATTAN."

The boyhood of a leading political editor.—Life in the new settlements.—The anti-masonic excitement.—Who is "Manhattan?"—His early career.—Mercantile enterprise.—Tour in Europe.—Failure.—Private secretary to Mr. Calhoun.—An editor.—Lola Montes.—A comic paper.—Letters in the *London Herald.*

In the sketch I have written of the life of Horace Greeley, editor of *The New York Tribune,* and in the letter of Mr. Greeley to Mr. Seward appended, mention is made of Thurlow Weed, editor of *The Albany Evening Journal,* and for many years manager of the Whig-Republican party in the State of New York. The following letter, written by Mr. Weed, gives a graphic and interesting account of his boyhood, and illustrates what I have elsewhere written of the life and customs of the early settlers of various portions of America, where the same process of emigration and colonization has been going on for two centuries;—

Thurlow Weed's Boyhood.

(From Goodwin's Pioneer History of Cortland County.)

"My dear Sir,—Your letter of the 30th of April has remained quite too long unanswered, partly

on account of severe illness in my family, but mainly because your kind and not unusual request embarrasses me. Several applications, similar in character, from book makers, I have simply declined, because, first, there is nothing in my life entitled to historic attention; and second, if any of its events were worthy such attention, it is neither proper nor becoming in me to furnish the materials. So strong are my convictions of propriety in this regard, that many years ago, after declining to furnish information relating to myself, asked for by the late Jabez D. Hammond, I declined, also, to read in manuscript what he had prepared. The consequence of that refusal is, that I go down to posterity—if Hammond's Political History outlives the present generation—as a '*drummer in the war of* 1812.' Now I am entitled to no such distinction, for I never learned, nor never could learn, a note or stave of music. I remember to have gone, when a boy, once or twice to an evening singing school, but after unavailing attempts at quavers and semi-quavers, the teacher snatched the gamut from my hand and turned me out of the class. I will, however, in this instance, depart so far from my usual practice as will allow me to furnish you the dates you desire, though in doing so, I feel as I suppose one should feel in robbing a henroost. I will now give you some 'reminiscences' connected with my early residence in Cortland county.

"In the winter of 1808, my father—an honest, hard-working man—whose industry, subject to the

various drawbacks of sickness and ill luck, which the poor only can understand, enabled him to furnish but a scanty support for his family, in the hope of 'bettering his condition,' removed to Cincinnatus, in Cortland county, where Nathan Weed, his youngest brother, resided. We were settled in a log house, upon a small clearing, about a mile from the Onondaga river—or, for the purpose of fixing our locality, I had better say about that distance from 'Brink's tavern.' Cincinnatus then, whatever may be its present condition, was in its almost wilderness state. I have not been there in half a century, and am told that there are no forests, or landmarks, or monuments, by which I could recall or identify the localities of which my mind retains familiar and distinct impressions. Inhabitants were then 'few and far between.' Our nearest neighbour was Mr. Gridley, a farmer, rather 'well-to-do in the world,' who would work hard through 'planting,' or 'hoeing,' or 'harvesting,' and then seek indemnity in a week or ten days' 'spree' on new, raw whisky. The most forehanded family in the neighbourhood was that of Captain Carley (one member of which, Alanson, then a boy of my own age, was some years since a respected member of the legislature), among whose luxuries, as I remember, was a young apple orchard, and the only bearing orchard within a circuit of several miles.

"My first employment was in attendance upon an ashery. The process of extracting lye from ashes, and of boiling the lye into black salts, was commonplace enough; but when the melting down into potash

came it was bustle and excitement. This labour was succeeded, when the spring had advanced far enough, by the duties of the sap bush. This is a season to which the farmers' sons and daughters looked with agreeable anticipations. In that employment toil is more than *sweetened.* The associations are healthful and beneficial. When your troughs are dug out (of basswood, for there were no buckets in those days), your trees tapped, your sap gathered, your wood cut, and your fires fed—there is leisure either for reading or 'sparking.' And what youthful denizens of the sap bush will ever forget while 'sugaring off,' their share in the transparent and delicious streaks of candy congealed and cooled in snow!

"Many a farmer's son has found the best opportunities for mental improvement in his intervals of leisure while 'tending sap-bush.' Such at any rate was my own experience. At night you had only to feed the kettles and keep up your fires, the sap having been gathered and the wood cut 'before dark.' During the day we would also lay in a good stock of 'fat pine,' by the light of which blazing bright before the sugar-house, in the posture the serpent was condemned to assume as a penalty for tempting our great first grandmother, I have passed many and many a delightful night in reading. I remember in this way to have read a history of the French revolution, and to have obtained from it a better and more enduring knowledge of its events and horrors, and of the actors in that great national tragedy, than I have received from all subsequent readings. I remember also how

happy I was in being able to borrow the book of a Mr. Keyes, after a two mile tramp through the snow, shoeless, my feet swaddled in remnants of a rag carpet.

"Though but a boy, I was large, healthy, strong, but not lazy, and therefore ambitious 'to keep up my row' in planting, hilling, and hoeing potatoes and corn. The principal employment of the farmers of Cincinnatus, fifty years ago, was in clearing their land. Cattle during the winter, for the want of 'fodder,' were turned out to 'browse' in the 'slashings.' As the work of clearing the land was too heavy for men single-handed, chopping and logging 'bees' were modes resorted to for aggregating labour. These seasons of hard work were rendered exciting and festive by the indispensable gallon bottle of whisky. There were 'bees,' also, for log house raisings. After the loggings, and as the spring opened, came the burning of the log and brush heaps, and the gathering of ashes.

"But little wheat was grown there then, and that little was harvested with the sickle, the ground being too rough and stumpy for cradling.

"Our first acquisition, in the way of 'live stock,' was a rooster and four hens; and I remember with what a gush of gladness I was awakened at break of day the next morning by the loud, defiant voice of chanticleer; and when, several days after, I found a real hen's nest in a brush heap, with eggs in it, I cackled almost as boisterously as the feathered mother, whom I had surprised in the feat of parturition.

"The settlers employed in clearing and 'bettering'

their land, raised just enough to live on 'from hand to mouth.' Their principal, and indeed only, reliance for the purchase of necessaries from 'the store' was upon their 'black salts.' For these the merchant always paid 'the highest price in cash or goods.'

"I remember the stir which a 'new store,' established in Lisle (some seven or eight miles down the river), by the Rathbuns, from Oxford, created in our neighbourhood. It was 'all the talk' for several weeks, and until a party of housewives, by clubbing with their products, fitted out an expedition. Vehicles and horses were scarce; but it was finally arranged. A furnished a waggon, B a horse, C a mare, D a boy to drive. Six matrons, with a commodity of black salts, tow cloth, flax, and maple sugar, went their way rejoicing, and returned triumphantly at sunset with fragrant bohea for themselves, plug tobacco for their husbands, flashy calico for the children, gay ribbons for the girls, jack-knives for the boys, crockery for the cupboard, and snuff for 'Grannie.' This expedition was a theme for much gossip. The wonders of the 'new store' were described to staring eyes and open mouths. The merchant and his clerk were criticised in their deportment, manners, and dress. The former wore shiny boots with tassels—the latter, a ruffle shirt—and both smelt of pomatum! I do not believe that the word 'dandy' had then been invented, or it would have certainly come in play on that occasion. Thirty years afterward, I laughed over all this with my old friend, General Ransom Rathbun, the veritable proprietor of that 'new store.'

"The grinding for our neighbourhood was done at 'Hunt's mill,' which, on one occasion, was disabled by some defect in the flume or dam, and then we were compelled to go on with our grist either to Homer, or to 'Chenango Forks.'

"I recollect, on more than one occasion, to have seen boys riding with a bushel of corn (bare-back, with a tow halter) to the distillery: and returning with a gallon bottle of whisky, balanced by a stone in the other end of the bag.

"In the autumn following our removal to Cincinnatus, I had 'worked out,' and earned leather (sole and upper) enough for a pair of shoes, which were to be made by a son of Crispin (Deacon Badger, if I remember rightly), who lived on the river a mile and a half away. The deacon, I doubt not, has gone to his rest, and I forgive him the fibs he told, and the dozen journeys I made barefooted over the frozen and 'hubby' road, in December, before the shoes were done.

"I attended one regimental review, or 'general training,' as it was called. It was an eminently primitive one. Among the officers were two chapeaux, to which Captain Carley, one of the two, added a sword and sash; four feathers standing erect upon felt hats; fifteen or twenty muskets; half-a-dozen rifles; two hoarse drums, and as many 'spirit-stirring fifes.' Of rank and file there were about two hundred and fifty. In the way of refreshments there was gingerbread, blackberry pies, and whisky. But there was neither 'sweat-leather,' 'little jokers,' or other

institutions of that character upon the ground. Having, before leaving Catskill, seen with my own eyes a live governor (Morgan Lewis) review a whole brigade, I regarded *that* training as a decided failure.

"There were no events at all startling during my residence at Cincinnatus;—no murders, no suicides, no drownings, no robberies, no 'babes lost in the woods,' no elopements, occurred to astonish the natives. A recruiting sergeant came along (it was in embargo times) and three or four idle fellows (Herrings and Wilders by name) 'listed' and marched off.

"There were neither churches nor 'stated preaching' in town. A Methodist minister came occasionally and held meetings in private houses, or at the school-house. In the winter there was a school on the river; and the master, who 'boarded round,' must have 'had a good time of it' on Johnny-cake for breakfast, lean salt pork for dinner, and samp and milk for supper.

"There were but few amusements in those days, and but little of leisure or disposition to indulge in them. Those that I remember as most pleasant and exciting, were 'huskings' and 'coon-hunts.' There was fun, too, in smoking 'woodchucks' out of their holes.

"During my residence there, Mr. Wattles moved into the neighbourhood. He came, I think, from what was called 'The Triangle,' somewhere in Chenango county, and was a sub land agent. They were, for that region, a rather 'stylish' people, and became

obnoxious to a good deal of remark. One thing that excited special indignation was, that persons going to the house were asked to clean their shoes at the door—a scraper having been fixed there for that purpose. A maiden lady (Miss Theodosia Wattles) rendered herself especially obnoxious to the spinster neighbours, by 'dressing up' week-day afternoons. They all agreed in saying she was a 'proud, stuck-up thing.' In those days 'go-to-meeting clothes' were reserved for Sundays.

"'Leeks' were the bane of my life in Cincinnatus. They tainted everything, but especially the milk and butter. Such was my aversion to 'leeky' milk that to this day I cannot endure milk in any form.

"In the fall and winter, corn shelling furnished evening occupation. The ears were shelled either with a cob or the handle of a frying-pan. There have been improvements since in that as in the other departments of agriculture!

"Such are, in a crude form, some of my recollections of life in Cincinnatus half a century ago. That town, then very large, has since been subdivided into three or four towns. Upon the farm of my old friends, the Carleys, the large and flourishing village of Marathon has grown up. And then, too, a substantial bridge has taken the place of the 'dug out,' in which we used to cross the river. Of the sprinkling of inhabitants who had then just commenced subduing the forests, and insinuating scanty deposits of seed between the stumps and roots, but few, of course, survive. The settlers were industrious, honest, law-

abiding, and, with few exceptions, temperate citizens. The friendly neighbourhood, so necessary in a new country, existed there. All tried not only to take care of themselves, but to help their neighbours. Farming implements and household articles were pretty much enjoyed in common. Everybody 'lent' what they possessed, and 'borrowed' whatever they wanted.

"You must judge whether these hastily written recollections of Cincinnatus would at all interest the few old inhabitants remaining there; and having so judged, you are at liberty to put them into your book, or into the fire.

"Very truly yours,

"THURLOW WEED.

"H. C. GOODWIN, Esq."

Mr. Weed became a printer, then editor of the leading Whig paper in the State. He was engaged in the Anti-masonic Excitement, when one Morgan was said to have been spirited away, and, as many believe, murdered by the Freemasons, for having betrayed the secrets of the craft. A body was found in Lake Ontario, which some persons believed to be that of Morgan, who had been taken to Niagara Falls, had his throat cut from ear to ear, as provided in the Masonic obligations, and his body thrown into the roaring cataract. If I mistake not, several persons were arrested on suspicion of having been engaged in this horrible murder. It was said that Mr. Weed, on being asked by one of his political friends if it was really the body of Morgan that had been found, said

"it was a good enough Morgan until after the election."

I remember well the tremendous excitement that spread over several States against the Freemasons. As it happened that most of the leading Masons were Democrats, the excitement against the order soon assumed a political character, and it changed the politics of at least two States. The small State of Vermont from that time forth gave first an Anti-masonic and then a Whig majority. Western New York, the scene of the supposed murder of Morgan, also became Anti-masonic, then Whig, and finally Abolitionist, or black Republican, so as often to overcome the large Democratic majority in the city of New York and the eastern counties of the State.

At the commencement of the war of Secession, Mr. Weed was moderate in his views. Like Mr. Seward and Mr. Greeley, he was in favour of peace, and, to his honour be it said, he did not change his opinion. For a time, indeed, he gave a moderate support to his old friend Mr. Seward and to the Government; but as the war went on, and he saw its hopeless character, he resigned his position as editor of the *Journal*, and solemnly protested against the action of the Government. Such were some of the events in the life of one of the most influential men of his time and country.

The readers of English newspapers during the American war of Secession have been amused, and sometimes, perhaps, a little astonished at the letters of "Manhattan," published at first, under a sort of pro-

test, in one of the London daily newspapers. I recognised the writer in the first of these letters I saw, and knew him too well to be astonished at anything he has written. There could be no mistake about his identity, and his motives were sufficiently transpasent.

"Manhattan"—the assumed name is the Indian designation of the Island on which New York city is built—is a model American. He was born, like Mr. Barnum, in the land of wooden clocks, wooden nutmegs, and steady habits—the State of Connecticut. In his youth he entered the counting-house of a New York firm of shipping merchants, and when scarcely of age, set up for himself, in company with another equally enterprising youth, in the same business. I never heard that they had any capital but their respective wits—but these were enough to give them a good start in business, and the firm of Manhattan and Co. soon had ships sailing to India, China, and the realms of the Imaum of Muscat. I believe "Manhattan" was, in fact, the first American to open a trade with that distinguished potentate.

While the affairs of this enterprising house were going on swimmingly, "Manhattan" made a business tour to Europe. He travelled in England, France, Holland, and Germany, opening up avenues for mercantile and financial speculations. Somewhere in the course of this tour, but where I do not remember, if I ever knew, though I think at Munich—"Manhattan" made the acquaintance of the celebrated Lola Montes, Countess of Landsfeldt. She took a decided interest in the enterprising young American, whom,

in the singular mutations of her after life, she never forgot.

This brilliant commercial tour would have had very important results, had it not been for the fact that in consequence of some mismanagement in his absence, or one of those commercial crises to which America is subject, the firm became bankrupt, and "Manhattan" was thrown upon the world to make his fortune in other pursuits. With less pride, he might have taken a clerkship, and worked his way into business again. But he had been a principal, and on too large a scale, to be willing to take a subordinate situation. He embarked in politics, helped to start a daily paper, which soon failed, went to Washington, became acquainted with John C. Calhoun, the great South Carolina statesman, was employed as his private secretary, became his devoted disciple, and remained with him until his death.

After this event he returned to New York. I do not know whether it was grief or disappointment that at this period brought him very low. He fell into bad habits, like one of his pet heroes, General Hooker. The readers of Manhattan's letters will remember that he based his confidence in Hooker chiefly upon the fact that he had been a drunkard, and was supposed to have reformed. There is a kind of superstition that drunkards are the ablest men, or that it is the ablest men who become drunkards. There is a certain basis for this belief; but, in consequence, drunken blockheads have often got the credit of genius. "Manhattan," however, had enough in him to come

through, and reform. He married a relative of Mr. Calhoun, which appears to have given a permanence to his reformation. But this is a little in advance of my story.

Returning to New York, after a considerable absence, in 1852, and walking down Broadway, I encountered Manhattan, whom I had last seen in the office of the Secretary of State at Washington. He greeted me cordially, and invited me to call with him at a house in the lower part of Broadway. In a first floor drawing-room I found a monkey, three dogs, a parrot, a mocking-bird, a Polish Prince, a Hungarian Count, a bundle of cigarettes, a box of cigars, a decanter of brandy, and Lola Montes, Countess of Landsfeldt, to whom Manhattan politely presented me, and who, between the puffs of her cigarette, conversed with her visitors in three or four languages, caressed her dogs, scolded her monkey, and was as lively, sparkling, amiable, and rattle-headed as she knew how to be. She was fulfilling an engagement at the Broadway theatre, where, though but a novice as an actress, and an indifferent danseuse, she was brilliant and entertaining and fascinating. Manhattan seemed to have charge of her business affairs; and he took pains to disabuse my mind of any prejudices I might have acquired respecting the lady's character; assuring me that though liberal in her sentiments, and erratic in her manners, she was an admirable as well as a charming personage. My own impression of her, from half an hour's observation and conversation was, that she had a streak of insanity—that her influence

over others was intellectual rather than sensual; but that, clever as she was, her career must always be a failure. She was full of political intrigues, and surrounded by revolutionary refugees. The only observation she made that I remember, was a political prophecy. Pointing to a portrait of Mr. Pierce, she said, with her dark eyes flashing, "*There* is the man who is going to be elected President, and then we shall have Cuba, and I have selected my residence there." The first part of her prediction was accomplished.

Poor Lola! After a tour to California, and one or two more marriages, she returned to New York, lectured with some success, became a spiritualist, and very religious, was taken with palsy, and died under very painful though consoling circumstances.

To return to Manhattan. After settling down as a married man, he turned his attention to literature. He edited a sort of rough-and-ready, rowdy kind of comic paper called *The Pic*,—short for Picayune, the name of the smallest silver coin in New Orleans. When tired of this, he commenced in one of the weeklies a series of sketches of Old Merchants of New York. This is always a popular kind of literature, and Manhattan had peculiar facilities, from a large acquaintance and a good memory. These sketches have been published in a volume, and appear to have had a good sale.

Manhattan's letters on the war have been very curious. He is Northern by birth and in feeling, but Southern in his principles and associations. Friend and disciple of Calhoun, he could not be other than

a States' rights man and Secessionist. He knows, and cannot help despising, the Northern politicians, and Northern military leaders; but he lives in New York, in sight of Fort Lafayette; hence his occasional spasmodic Unionism, and extravagant reflection of the prevalent feeling around him. Whenever it has appeared to be safe, as on the election of Seymour as Governor of New York, his Southern and secession feelings burst out, and he wrote his real sentiments; but when the Northern democracy shrunk, cowed and cowardly, before a new outburst of Union fanaticism, and Manhattan saw that Seymour could not or would not protect him, his letters became more violently and extravagantly Union than ever; still there is scarcely one which does not contain open or covert sarcasms on the Northern leaders. Manhattan, with his jokes and extravagances, takes some of the liberties that used to be accorded to the Court Jester, and was not unaptly called a "foolometer" in a London weekly, and while he exaggerates facts and feelings, expands hundreds into thousands, and thousands into millions, he still manages to speak his mind, and to injure the cause he pretends to support.

There are indications that he is prospering. Doubtless he gets well paid for his letters, and when exchange is high he knows enough to make the most of it. He also holds a snug little office under the Common Council of New York, whose members, whatever they may think of secession, have little sympathy with Mr. Lincoln or the Republican party.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEGRO.

Negrophobia.—The free negro in New York.—A genuine counterfeit.—Treatment of negroes North and South.—Anti-negro riots—The why and wherefore.—Vital statistics of the mixed race.—Condition, intelligence, and morals of free negroes in the North.—Striking exceptions.

I HAVE written somewhat of certain foreign elements in American Society, Irish, German, French, Spanish, &c., but have said but little of the African negro and his descendants of pure or mixed blood, who constitute nearly one-sixth of the entire population—four millions—who at the commencement of the war of secession were held in slavery, and a few hundred thousands of free negroes and people of colour.

I have seen much of negroes, bond and free, and of people of colour of all shades, from the Ethiop, shining black, to the faintly-bronzed Octoroon, in whom a tinge of the white of the eye, or a finger nail, is the only perceptible mark of the warm blood of Africa. I know something of the condition of the negro in Ashantee and Dahomey, in Cuba and Brazil, in the British West Indies and in Hayti;

but it is my business to describe his condition as I have seen it, North and South, in freedom and slavery, in the American States.

No one has satisfactorily accounted for the horror of the negro which exists in the free States of America. It is not a question of colour, for the shade makes little difference. The prejudice exists almost equally against the lightest mulatto and the blackest negro. And it does not exist against other coloured races. Some of the Americans themselves are very dark and swarthy—darker than the mulattoes they despise. They have no feeling against a dark Spaniard, an East Indian, a Moor, or one of their own aborigines, as such. There are many Americans with an intermixture of Indian blood, who show it in their coarse and straight black hair, high cheek bones, and coppery tinge of the complexion; and they are rather proud of the savage alliance. It is no discredit to them with their fellow citizens. The first families of Virginia are proud of their descent from the Indian Princess, Pocahontas.

But let it be known that there is even one infinitesimal drop of the blood of Central Africa flowing in the veins of an American, and it were better for that man that he had never been born. Why? I will not construct a theory. It is better to give the facts. I will present a few, mostly from personal observation.

In some of the Northern States of the American Republic, a few negroes are allowed to vote. It is the only evidence of their citizenship; almost the

only one of a popular recognition of their humanity. Who ever saw a coloured man on a jury; or elected to the lowest office; or until the exigencies of civil war made it necessary, "training" in a military company? In New York, the negro, of late years, has been admitted to ride on some of the street railways. He never gets into an omnibus. It must be a low grog-shop into which he dares to enter, even with the money in his hand, to get a sherry-cobbler or a gin-cocktail. Dressed in all the splendour of apparel in which he loves to indulge, he would be unceremoniously kicked out of any respectable oyster-house he might choose to enter, even if it were kept by one of his coloured brethren. There are a hundred hotels in New York which can accommodate from fifty to a thousand guests, but there is not one of these at which a man of African blood could find a bed or a meal. His only place in any of these establishments is that of cook or waiter. He may cook every meal; he cannot eat one out of the kitchen. He may stand behind the chair; he must not sit at the table.

Ten years ago, all the theatres of New York had boxes, pit, third tier and gallery. The negro, though he might come to the theatre in his private carriage, and have money enough in bank to buy the theatre, could not get admission to boxes, or pit, nor even to the third tier, set apart for fallen women. His only place was the gallery, and in many cases he was railed off, even in this, from the lowest class of the white population. To-day, most of the American

theatres have but two places and prices, and there is no admission whatever for the negro. I have never seen one in any fashionable place of amusement in the Northern States, except as a menial, or with a marked separation from the respectable, and sometimes even the disreputable portion of the audience.

The popular feeling of caste is marked in curious ways. In New York, a favourite amusement of the men is a march out of town, behind a band of music, to fire at a target. These target excursions are not confined to military companies. Every company of firemen has its annual excursion, and the workmen of large manufacturing establishments, at least once a year, shoulder their muskets, borrowed for the occasion, and with a military band, often as numerous as themselves, march up or down Broadway, toward some convenient shooting-ground. After every company is carried the target they are expected to riddle with musket or rifle balls; and this target is invariably carried by the biggest, and blackest, and best-looking negro who can be hired for the occasion. So, in a military funeral procession, the horse of the defunct hero is always led through the streets by a negro groom.

Notwithstanding the progress of abolition sentiment in the Northern States, the great majority of Americans shrink, as if by instinct, from personal contact, or social intercourse, with any person of the African race, or tinged with African blood. It is only within a few years that negroes have been permitted to sit in the common pews of Northern churches, and

even now there are but few where they would dare take a conspicuous seat. It was, a few years ago, the universal custom in the New England churches, to confine the coloured people to pews set apart for them, called the "nigger pews," in a far corner of the gallery, where "Ethiopia" might "stretch forth her hands to God" without disgusting her sensitive Anglo-Saxon neighbours. The first church in which I ever saw black and white kneeling side by side as equals before God, was the old Roman Catholic Cathedral in New Orleans.

In New York, some years ago, I chanced to see a curious instance of negro, not colour, phobia. It was a little comedy in which the noted, not to say notorious, Mr. P. T. Barnum was manager and chief performer. It was in the early part of his remarkable career. He had made money by the exhibition of a white boy, who danced in the negro fashion, with his face well blackened, and a woolly wig. But when Master Diamond, the name he was known by to the public, found that he was making a heap of money for his manager, he concluded that he might as well make some for himself, and so he danced away into the infinite distance.

Barnum, with the enterprise that has distinguished his whole career, on exploring the dance-houses of the Five Points, found a boy who could dance a better break-down than Master Diamond. It was easy to hire him; but he was a genuine negro, and not a counterfeit one, and there was not an audience in America that would not have resented, in a very

energetic fashion, the insult of being asked to look at the dancing of a real negro.

To any man but the originator of Joyce Heth, the venerable negro nurse of Washington, and the manufacturer of the Fiji Mermaid, this would have been an insuperable obstacle. Barnum was equal to the occasion. Son of the State of White Oak Cheese and Wooden Nutmegs, he did not disgrace his lineage. He greased the little "nigger's" face and rubbed it over with a new blacking of burnt cork, painted his thick lips with vermilion, put on a woolly wig over his tight curled locks, and brought him out as the champion nigger-dancer of the world. Had it been suspected that the seeming counterfeit was the genuine article, the New York Vauxhall would have blazed with indignation.

Whatever may be the nature of this feeling — whatever its causes, it certainly exists; and was a few years ago almost universal in the Northern States. By great effort the more earnest and consistent Abolitionists have brought themselves to tolerate the negro in some positions of social equality; but I much doubt if there are a dozen Abolitionists in America who could contemplate the idea of having a son-in-law with negro blood in his veins, without an emotion of horror.

Coloured persons in Northern cities, suffering continually from this proscription of race, sometimes make efforts to evade it. I have often met in Wall Street, New York, a large speculator in stocks, who, by means of a well-made wig, passed himself off as a West Indian

creole of Spanish descent. He even married a white American wife—I presume, by the same false pretence. He was, however, a genuine mulatto, and the fact could not be concealed from careful observers. I have seen five or six persons who have resorted more or less successfully to similar expedients.

It is notorious that the shrinking antipathy of the white to the black race does not exist in the same degree in the slave as in the free States. If there is a natural instinct, as some believe, intended to keep the two races from intermingling, it has been broken down at the South by early and continual associations. When the white boy is born he is received into the arms of a black nurse, who, in many cases, becomes his foster-mother. Negro children are the playmates of his childhood. Negro servants attend to his hourly wants, and nurse him in sickness. He is born, and lives and dies among them, and often his most faithful and cherished friend is a negro. If a natural antipathy can be supposed to exist, it dies out under these circumstances. The result is that not only the slaves but the free negroes are better treated in the South than in the North. They occupy positions in the Southern States, which the North, largely abolitionized as it has been in some portions, has not yet learned to tolerate.

For example, there was a corps of free negroes in New Orleans, who joined in the public procession on the 8th of January, to celebrate the defence of the city by General Jackson, in which they took part, in 1815. At Mobile, Alabama, the free coloured young

men formed a favourite company of the Volunteer Fire Brigade, which celebrated its anniversary with great ceremony. Such a Fire Company, officers and men of negro blood, would not be tolerated in any Northern city. In the same beautiful town I was present at an exhibition of an excellent school of young misses of colour, of the lighter shades indeed, and mixed with the Creole, French, and Spanish blood—such a school as could not be found in the whole Northern States. They formed a part of a charming procession through several broad shaded streets, and seemed to enjoy the patronage of the best portion of the citizens.

These prejudices or antipathies of race which exist in the Northern States, wherever slavery does not exist, have broken out again and again into riot and bloodshed. The negroes, clustered in poverty and filth into such places as "Nigger Hill," in Boston, the "Five Points," in New York, and similarly odorous localities in other towns, have been mobbed, outraged, and sometimes assassinated. There were negro riots—that is, riots against negroes, in the early days of anti-slavery agitation. The war has intensified the hatred of race into a terrible ferocity, so that negroes have been mobbed in Cincinnati, massacred in Detroit; while in New York their dwellings were fired, their schools and asylums burnt, and they murdered by scores, hung to lamp-posts in the public streets, and their bodies burnt to ashes.

How shall we account for this strange antipathy—this savage ferocity toward an unfortunate race? It is useless to say that such a feeling is absurd, or that

it is wicked. The people who have it are as good and charitable in many respects as others. The Irish in America have as strong an antipathy to the negro as the Americans, perhaps even a stronger. And it is only free negroes, and free negroes in the North, who are so treated. And why should this feeling exist in Boston and New York, and not in Liverpool and London? In England negroes are soon married to decent seeming white women. Negroes may be met escorting fashionably dressed ladies. White women walk in the streets with their mulatto children. There is scarcely a town in America where such things could be done without exciting violent manifestations of public indignation. The mulattoes in America are the children of black mothers—not otherwise in one case in ten thousand. I never heard of an instance in the South, and of only one or two in the North. The last and vilest thing that can be charged upon the lowest and most abandoned white woman would be having such relations with negroes. There are Abolitionists who advocate amalgamation—who talk of the benefits of mingling the races. When they give their daughters to negroes I shall believe that they are in earnest. When I read that the daughter of Wendell Phillips or Theodore Tilton has a negro for her husband, I shall believe that they are sincere.

There is some reason, good or bad, for this negrophobia, this antipathy of races. It exists more in the North than in the South, probably for the reasons I have given. It is stronger in women than in men, as shown in the fact that all mulattoes, almost without

exception, have white fathers and black mothers; and the fact that ninety-nine hundredths of such offspring of whites and blacks are illegitimate, proves also that the antipathy is most readily overcome in the least moral and scrupulous portion of the white population.

It is a question for the physiologist and ethnologist whether this antipathy, so marked and energetic, has not some special use—whether it is not implanted by nature for some wise purpose. There are facts which would seem to point to some such conclusion.

For example, the pure blooded negro enjoys the greatest longevity of any race in America. There are more negroes over a hundred years old than of any other people.

The mulattoes are, on the contrary, the shortest lived race in America.

Up to the age of twenty-five there is little difference in mortality between the white, black, and coloured races. From the age of twenty-five to forty, the deaths of mulattoes are ten to one of whites or blacks; from forty to fifty-five, fifty to one; from fifty-five to seventy, one hundred to one.

What are we to infer from these astounding statistics, which I cite from Dr. Nott, of Alabama, one of the most distinguished of American ethnologists?

The mulattoes or coloured race in America would die out if not recruited from the black and white races. It is in the South, where the black race is almost purely negro, that it has increased since 1800

from a little more than half a million to four millions. On the other hand, all the fugitives who have gone to New England have scarcely kept up the numbers of the coloured population. In 1800 there were 17,317 in the New England States. In 1840 there were 22,633.

The mulatto women, as a rule are weak, and subject to disease. Their children are few and puny. In Boston, where there are more mulattoes, proportionally, than in any American city, their deaths are one in fifteen per annum. In Philadelphia, the deaths of coloured people are to those of the whites as 196 to 100. In the penitentiaries, the proportions are 316 coloured to 100 whites. The excess is among the coloured or mixed race.

It is for this reason that the planters of the South take so much pains to discourage amalgamation. This is why one sees whole fields of jet-black negroes, and a mulatto, out of the large towns, becomes a rare phenomenon. Accustomed to all the shades of amalgamated colour among the debased free coloured populations of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, nothing struck me with more surprise than the startling blackness, and almost uniform purity of negro blood, among the plantations of Alabama. I am aware that a different idea is prevalent in this country, and can be found in the writings of persons who draw upon their imaginations for their facts, but this is the simple truth, notwithstanding. If there were no higher motive, it is the interest of the planters to have a hardy, healthy, long-lived race of negroes, and not a puny,

weakly, short-lived race of a mongrel breed. Observation and experience have taught them to do all in their power to preserve the purity of the race. They try to engage reputable, and always prefer married, men for overseers.

I am positive that there are two mulattoes in New York to one in Alabama in the same negro population. In New Orleans, and other large Southern cities, where there are many free negroes, and a large floating population, there are many coloured persons of the mixed races.

It is to be observed also, that this mortality of the mixed race is greater in the North than in the South, and greater in freedom than in slavery. But this may be readily accounted for. The free person of colour has more opportunities for hurtful indulgence, and also suffers more from poverty and its unhealthy conditions. The slave is cared for and protected. He is saved alike from the pressure of want and the evils of vicious indulgence.

Some years ago the late General Cobb, of Georgia, I believe, wishing to ascertain the effects of negro emancipation upon the coloured population of the North, sent a circular to the governors and other leading men of several States, inquiring into the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of the free negroes in those States. I give the answers he received from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, States having the largest numbers of free coloured population.

New Jersey.—Their condition is debased; with

few exceptions very poor; generally indolent, generally ignorant; far below the whites in intelligence. Immoral; vicious animal propensities; drunkenness, theft, and promiscuous sexual intercourse quite common.

PENNSYLVANIA.—I deem the condition of the negro population of this State to be that of a degraded class, much deteriorated by freedom. They are not industrious, not educated. It is remarkable that almost all the decent and respectable negroes we have, have been household slaves in some Southern State. Immoral. I am satisfied, from forty years' attention to the subject, that the removal of the wholesome restraints of slavery, and the absence of the stimulus of coercion to labour in that condition, have materially affected their condition for the worse. They exhibit all the characteristics of an inferior race, to whose personal comfort, happiness, and morality, the supervision, restraint and coercion of a superior race seem absolutely necessary.

INDIANA.—They are not prosperous. We are sending them to Liberia, and intend to get rid of all we have, and not allow another to come into the State. Not educated; in many instances very immoral.

ILLINOIS.—As a class they are thriftless and idle. Their condition is far inferior to that of the whites. About the towns and cities idle and dissolute, with exceptions. In the rural districts many are industrious and prosperous. Ignorant, thriftless, idle; ignorant, vicious. In towns and cities dissolute, with exceptions.

There is no person who is acquainted with the free negro populations of the Northern States, who can deny that these statements are mainly candid and true. I admit that there are many exceptions. Frederick Douglas is an able and eloquent mulatto, above the average white man in ability, and equal, perhaps, in some respects, to intellects of the first order. But he is half white, and was bred in slavery.

The negro most respected in New York was a slave in St. Domingo. When the revolt and massacre occurred on that island, he saved his mistress from the terrible fate of thousands of women, conveyed her on board a vessel, and brought her to New York, where, working as a hair-dresser, he supported her in the comfort to which she had been accustomed to the day of her death.

I was walking in Broadway one day with the poet Halleck, when he stopped, turned back, took off his hat to, and shook hands with, this negro, then a white-headed old man. After a few words with him, he rejoined me and told me his story. He was a modest, devout, respectable—yes, and venerable old man, who had been faithful to his duties, and who deserved, as he had, the respect and reverence of the noblest and best people in New York. When he died, they attended his funeral, a requiem high mass in the Roman Catholic cathedral. Here was a pure and noble soul under a sable skin, an exception to the slaves in St. Domingo, and no less an exception among the free negroes of New York.

There are many such exceptions to the general character of the free negroes in the Northern States, but they are still exceptions; and the statements of the Governors of the four States, whose testimony I have cited above, is mainly and substantially true.

CHAPTER XV.

THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

British opinion.—Principle and interest.—Christian slavedealers.—West India Emancipation.—Recognition of property in slaves.—What is done with the liberated negroes.—Apprenticeship.—Illustration from natural history.—The question of forced labour.

I WAS educated in the horror of slavery which began, thirty or forty years ago, to prevail in New England. My opinions were modified by much observation of the condition of free negroes in the North, and of slaves in the South. I love liberty, but I see the necessity of authority and obedience. The slavery question in America is not, however, to be decided upon any abstract grounds, but with reference to the best interests of four millions of negroes and twice that number of the Caucasian race. Of all ways there is a best way, and that is the right way, if one could find it.

British opinion on the question of slavery is very decided, and one might say, somewhat intolerant; but I cannot forget that this opinion is of comparatively recent formation. I cannot forget that it was arrived

at after many years of agitation and effort. Fifty years ago it was not considered in England either immoral or unchristian to hold slaves, and to this day Englishmen have no scruple to buy and sell, eat and wear the products of slave labour, to become the partners in its profits, and, if it be guilty, the participators in its guilt. I cannot learn that Manchester ever bought one pound the less of cotton because it was cultivated by slaves, or that Englishmen were ever willing to pay a higher price for free labour cotton, rice, sugar, or tobacco, than for the same articles grown by slaves.

England was a Christian nation when her merchants were the largest slavedealers in the world, and her Government shared the profits of the slave trade by a direct partnership, or sale of monopolies, as it did from the days of Elizabeth to those of the third George. England was a Christian nation when a large portion of the capital of Liverpool and Bristol was invested in the slave trade; when negroes were bought and sold, assorted and branded on her own soil, and then shipped off to the Spanish, Portuguese, and her own American colonies. The English Government, capital, and commercial policy, planted slavery in America, and English manufactures and commerce have been almost the sole cause of its expansion and growth, because England has afforded the greatest market for the products of slavery.

After an agitation of twenty years England abandoned and prohibited, so far as she could, the slave-trade. She ceased to encourage and protect it; she condemned

what had enriched her own Government and merchants for two centuries, as piracy, and sent a fleet to the Coast of Africa to prevent a trade in which she had herself, only a few years before, been engaged. "As no roads are so rough as those which have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those who have just become saints." It was natural, perhaps, that thousands of Englishmen living on fortunes accumulated in the slave trade, or still making fortunes on the produce of slavery, should denounce slaveholders as thieves, robbers, and pirates—men out of the pale of Christian fellowship or human sympathy; but one cannot help thinking that a tardy and half-way repentance should be accompanied by some small measure of charity.

And when, at last, the English Parliament and nation resolved to abolish slavery in the West India colonies, and paid twenty millions of pounds sterling to the owners of the slaves, what did they really do? They solemnly acknowledged the right of property in man by paying compensation. They did just as they do in taking a man's land for a railway or other public improvement. If the planters of the West Indies were man-stealers, and had no right to hold property in man, why were they paid twenty millions —wrung from the hard labour of free and honest Englishmen? Is it usual to pay thieves for the surrender of stolen property?

Even this measure of questionable justice, and, as some think, of questionable utility, is not carried out in all the provinces of the British empire. There are

I believe, not less than a million of chattel slaves in British India, with whose condition no one proposes to interfere. There may soon be extensive British provinces in China, where men have been held in slavery from time immemorial.

I am positive that not one Englishman in a hundred knows what becomes of the negroes British philanthropy rescues from the slave-traders on the Coast of Africa. I have asked many "intelligent Englishmen" in after-dinner conversations and elsewhere, but have never found one who could answer me. It is possible that the following extract from a letter, dated Jamestown, St. Helena, Nov. 26, 1860, may help to inform them:—

"On the 8th instant, the barque *Lyra*, said to be American and of New York, arrived at this port in charge of Lieut. Dales, of the British Navy, and had on board on arrival 835 slaves. This vessel was captured by H.B.M. steam gunboat *Ranger*, on the 29th of October last, off the River Congo, and had on board when captured 890 Africans, several of whom, from the crowded state of the vessel, perished on the voyage. The negroes have all been landed at the depôt at Rupert's, described to you in a former letter, and appear to be in a tolerably healthy condition. There were about 200 Africans already in the depôt when the *Lyra* arrived, remains of other captures. About 250 adults will be shipped off to one of the British West India islands by the barque *Clarendon*, now lying at this port, and chartered by the Government for that purpose. The remainder will continue

at the depôt until opportunities occur for their being sent away."

This document bears every mark of authenticity. What is its story? Why, this? The British Government keeps a squadron on the Coast of Africa to capture slavers. But what is done with the slaves? Are they set at liberty? Not at all. Instead of being landed on the African coast near which they are captured, they are sent to St. Helena, once the prison and tomb of Napoleon, and now a depôt of negroes rescued from slavery by British philanthropy. Well, when they are taken to the depôt, what then? They are shipped to the British West Indies, and not sold as slaves, but bound out as apprentices to the planters for a term of years, and then, if alive or identified, or in a condition to claim their rights, set at liberty.

Are these negroes consulted about their destination? Do they consent to their apprenticeship? And in what does this apprenticeship differ from slavery while it lasts? And in what respect is the negro better off than the slave, if he dies before its termination? Is there not even a temptation for the master to get all he can out of his apprentices? Except in the matter of time, are the rights of the negro any more regarded than if he were taken to Cuba or Brazil and sold into slavery?

There is an eagle who hovers over the lakes, watching the fish-hawk, as he in turn watches the fish. The hawk pounces upon a fish, and flies off with it in his claws. The eagle pounces upon the hawk, and makes him drop the fish which the eagle seizes with

a downward swoop, and then sails off to his nest on the crag, and devours. Will the British reader ever pardon me for saying that his war steamers on the Coast of Africa seem to me to play the part of the predatory and piratical eagle, and that it makes very little difference to the poor fish who eats him?

The slavedealer buys his cargo of negroes from the King of Dahomey, who otherwise would cut their heads off in honour of his ancestors. The British take them from the slave-trader, and make prize of his ship and cargo. Then comes the really difficult question of what to do with the poor negroes. To set them ashore would be to ensure their falling again into slavery. The colonies of emancipated Africans on the coast cannot perhaps receive them. They are a horde of savages—lazy, ignorant paupers or thieves in any civilized community. Is there anything better to do than to keep them as they were, and were intended to be, slaves? You keep them so for twenty-one years. Is it sure that at the end of this period their freedom is the best thing for them, and for the community in which you have placed them? And is it sure that the people, or the Parliament, of England are those best qualified to answer that question? The question of slavery really involves the whole great question of the relations of poverty to wealth, labour to land, industry to capital. It is the question of the rich and the poor—Dives and Lazarus, St. Giles and St. James—the aristocracy and the democracy; a question apparently as old as the world, and not likely to be settled to-day or to-morrow.

In a recent session of the British Parliament, that august assemblage of the collective wisdom of the most advanced empire in this world, and possibly in any world, there came up an inquiry into forced labour in Egypt. Certain Fellahs had been made to work. I can well believe that Englishmen were horrified at the mention of such an atrocity, even in the north-west corner of Africa—Englishmen who are never forced to work—who always do as they please—who can be idle as often and as long as they like, and have never felt the compulsion to labour.

In England no one is obliged to work. Slavery is unknown. If a man is likely to starve there stands the poorhouse. He may be invited to break stones or pick oakum—but forced labour! Oh, no! The farm labourer works when it pleases him, and takes a day's holiday when he likes. The operative can always leave his looms to take care of themselves while he goes on a pleasure excursion. The soldier takes a month's furlough, and goes shooting grouse. When the sailor gets tired of the sea, he has nothing to do but walk ashore.

Mr. Trollope informs us that the negro in Jamaica has come into the same happy condition. He squats on the planter's land, eats his yams, breadfruit, and bananas, and works half a day when he takes a fancy to have a shilling. People who paid twenty millions of pounds sterling to place the West India negro in this blessed estate of tropical loaferdom have some right, one would say, to denounce forced labour all over the world.

Compulsion to labour, in any way, by any means, or under any system is a violation of human freedom, the birthright of every Briton, of course, and one which every Briton naturally and philanthropically extends to the rest of mankind. The man who is compelled to work is a slave, so far as slavery consists in the compulsion to labour.

Ought there to be anywhere, and in any manner, such compulsion? Yea or nay?

Mr. Carlyle says the difference between free labour and slave labour is, that one is hired by the day, month, or year, or, as in the case of the apprentice or soldier, for seven or twenty-one years, while the other is hired for life.

Mr. Carlyle declines to tell us how we are to get rid of forced labour.

Can the reader tell how much of the world's work is truly voluntary and unforced? A military conscription is forced labour. Manning ships by the press-gangs, which has been done all round the coasts of England within our memory, and is still legal, and would be resorted to to-morrow if necessary, is about the roughest kind of forced labour. What is taxation but taking the proceeds of labour by force? Even the income tax comes to that, for it falls upon labour at last. Is there any labour, from that of the First Lord of the Treasury to the pauper sitting by his heap of stone, that is not forced, more or less, from the brains or muscles of humanity? The poor Fellahs of Egypt are not alone in the world, by any means, and but for that terrible bugbear, the Suez Canal, would probably

never have been made the subjects of a parliamentary inquiry. It is certain that a military conscription would not have been noticed—but that is the difference between swords and spades, wheelbarrows and artillery.

The compulsion to labour, as a fact, is not objected to, except by Fourierists, who hope to make industry attractive. The only question is about the means. Free labour means work or starve. Slave labour means work or be flogged—hunger or the lash. Freedom certainly has a wider range of choice than slavery. The free man can work, steal, or starve —the poor negro has no such choice; he *must* work, he cannot steal, and he has not the liberty to starve.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMERICAN NEGRO SLAVERY.

The slave-trade.—Increase of slave population.—Slavery in the British West Indies.—Fugitive slave law.—Constitutional compromises.—State rights and responsibilities.—Difficulties of emancipation.—Mutual relations of master and slave.—A case of conscience.—Physical and moral condition of the slave population.

THE history of negro slavery in America has never been fairly written, and is not well understood. The export of negroes to the West Indies was begun by the Spanish Government in 1501. Fifteen years later the trade was carried on by a company of Genoese merchants. In 1562, Sir John Hawkins, an Englishman, having made a successful venture in carrying a cargo of negroes to the West Indies, was joined by Queen Elizabeth, who became a partner in the profits of his subsequent voyages. In 1618 James I. granted a charter to Sir Robert Rich and others, giving them a monopoly of the trade. Another charter was granted by Charles I., 1631, and in 1662 a third company was organized, the Duke of York at its head, which engaged to furnish to the colonies 3000 slaves per annum. In 1672 a fourth company was

organized, the king being one of the shareholders. From 1731 to 1746 this company received £10,000 per annum from Parliament, as a compensation for the losses occasioned by the extension of free trade to this branch of commerce. In 1713 Queen Anne entered into a treaty with the King of Spain to furnish all his colonies with negroes for thirty years, engaging, during that time, to send him at least 144,000. The speech from the throne boasted that her Majesty had secured to Englishmen a new market for slaves. Large numbers of negroes were at this time brought to England, and, in accordance with the precedents of Saxon times, they wore collars marked with the names of their owners. This was during the eighteenth century, when England considered herself an enlightened and eminently Christian nation.

The American colonies up to the period of the revolution had received 300,000 slaves; the States imported some 50,000 more before the final expiration of the slave trade in the United States in 1808; but several of the Southern States abolished it before that period. England passed her "Act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade" after a long agitation, in 1807.

At the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789, Massachusetts was the only one of the original States free from slavery; her negroes had been sold into the other States. On the other hand, Massachusetts fitted out the first slave ship ever sent from America, and it was at her demand that the slave trade continued until 1808. Most of the Middle and Eastern States had a few slaves as late as 1840.

The total numbers of negro slaves in the United States and territories were—

In 1790	679,697.
„ 1800	893,041.
„ 1810	1,191,364.
„ 1820	1,538,038.
„ 1830	2,009,043.
„ 1840	2,487,455.
„ 1840	2,487,455.
„ 1850	3,204,313.
„ 1860	3,953,587.

In round numbers there were, at the outbreak of the war of 1861, four millions of slaves.

The number of slaves in the British West Indies, made free in 1834 by Act of Parliament, on the payment of £20,000,000, was 660,000. There had been imported into these islands 1,700,000, and these were all that remained of them and their descendants. Is it not evident from the above table of the increase of the numbers of slaves in America, that slavery in that country is a very different thing from slavery in the British West Indies? It may also be observed that while the slaves in the Southern States of America have increased in this remarkable manner, the free negroes in the Northern States have very little increased, and in some places diminished in numbers.

Slavery in the American Colonies existed under British rule and British law. Slaves were property in England and all her colonies. When the thirteen colonies were acknowledged by George III., each by

its name, as sovereign and independent States, they retained their own domestic institutions, and generally the laws under which they had lived. Each State regulated its own internal affairs.

When the Federal Constitution was framed, every State but one of the original thirteen still held slaves, and the legality of slavery was not called in question. Washington, Jefferson, Madison — nearly all the founders of the Federal Union—were slaveholders. Many of them considered slavery an evil, but they did not see how it could be abolished. Washington was an eminently just and good man, but he could not see the benefit of turning his negroes out upon the road to beg or starve—to find work where they could, or become paupers when they could not get work or were sick or disabled. He was not, to this extent, a philanthropist. There is little doubt that both Washington and Jefferson, from their well-known sentiments upon the subject, would both have manumitted their slaves, if they had seen any way to do it, so as to improve their condition. Some less wise have tried the experiment, and always with disastrous consequences.

From a common interest, the clause of the Constitution which provides for the return of fugitives from one State to another, was adopted by common consent. It applies to apprentices and all persons held to service, as well as slaves. The fugitive slave law, so freely denounced in England, was considered by the framers of the constitution as only a measure of simple

justice and comity between neighbouring States, and existed in New England before the revolution.

In fixing upon population as the basis of congressional representation, the Northern States, in which there were but few slaves, wished to exclude them from the census. The Southerners insisted that, though not entitled to vote, slaves should still be reckoned as a part of the population, and be represented in Congress. Put Northern free white citizens on the same footing as negro slaves? Never! With such a disagreement, it was necessary to make a compromise, and it was agreed that five negroes should count as three citizens. By this arrangement the Southern States, which wished their slaves to be counted as men, lost a portion of their claim to equal representation, while the Northern, which wished to reckon them only as chattels, gained in political power. By the compromise, each negro was held to be three-fifths of a man, and was represented in Congress accordingly.

It should be borne in mind that the people of the state of South Carolina never had any power over the laws or institutions of the state of New Hampshire; nor had New Hampshire any right to settle the social condition of the people of South Carolina. Each State has its own Constitution, Governor, Legislature, and the entire control of its own internal affairs, even to the power of trial and execution for high treason against its own Government—in a word, all the attributes of sovereignty. When the Federal Government was established, certain of these functions, as intercourse

with foreign powers, common defence, coinage of money, the carrying of mails, and regulation of commerce, were delegated to the Federal Congress. But Congress never had the power to interfere with the institution of slavery in any State of the Union. It cannot suspend or over-ride the law of any State. The President has no power, under the constitution, to interfere with the operation of any constitutional State law. He cannot pardon a criminal condemned by the laws of a State. His duties are clearly defined, and if, under any pretext, he passes beyond them, he becomes a usurper.

If slavery existed in but one out of the thirty-four States, and that the smallest of the number, it would not be the right, nor constitutionally in the power, of all the other States, nor of the Federal Congress, to interfere with it in that State. The other States are in no way responsible for it, any more than they would be for the passage of a law of divorce, or one authorizing polygamy, or the licensing of lotteries, or any State law whatever. Each State passes its own laws, and what is a crime in one may be, legally, no crime whatever in another. Illinois and Indiana may banish free negroes from their territories, Texas may reduce them to slavery. No other state can interfere, any more than England can interfere with the internal regulations of Austria or Turkey. And Congress cannot exercise any powers but those which the States possessed, and could delegate to the Federal Government.

If England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were four

sovereign and independent kingdoms, each with its own monarch, parliament, and laws, but united, like the States of the German Federation, with a Federal Congress to provide for the common defence, England could not interfere with the religion or social institutions of one of the other powers.

Whatever the character of the institution of slavery, then, it is certain that its entire responsibility rests upon the individual States that maintain it. The Federal Government, the Union, and the non-slave-holding States, have no more responsibility about it than England has for the institutions of countries with which she holds alliance, or to which she is bound by treaty stipulations.

The State of Massachusetts could introduce slavery into that State to-morrow, if a majority of the people willed it, in spite of all the other states, and of the Federal Government.

So much in justice to the Federal Government, and the people of the Northern States, who have been condemned for upholding slavery. This institution being established, and having come down as an inheritance for two centuries from our British ancestors, there are, it must be admitted, some difficulties in the way of its removal. If the British method of compensation, which admits the right or the fact of property in the slave as much as the laws of Alabama admit it, were adopted the cost would be overwhelming. Four millions of slaves, at the average price of £100 each, would come to £400,000,000. Who is to pay this vast sum? With what justice could it be

levied upon the people of States who never had any connexion with slavery? And how could the measure be forced upon the people of States who had no wish for it? It would be a violation of every principle of the Federal and State constitutions. The Republican party never pretended to the advocacy of such a measure. Even Mr. Lincoln has never pretended that it could be forced upon the States. And suppose it could be done, and were done; what then? The day it took effect there would be four millions of paupers to provide for. Mr. Lincoln wishes to ship them off to Africa, to the dominions of the King of Dahomey, or to Central America, where he can find no power willing to receive them. Ten thousand large ships would carry them, at a cost of twenty millions of pounds sterling; but wherever they were carried they must be supported. The scheme is huge and impracticable.

But keep them where they are, it is said. Let them work for wages. What if they will not work? Then make them work. That is merely a return to slavery. If made to work they must have overseers, and these must have the power to compel obedience, which is just what they have at present.

And what would the philanthropist do with the aged, the sick, the incorrigibly lazy, and the vicious? Workhouses and prisons. The people of the South manage to get along with very few of either. I cannot see that the system which emancipation would introduce would be, on the whole, much better for either

the negro or the white, than the one which has grown out of the necessities of both.

The negro is made to work, but not more, as a rule, than is good for him. English labourers work more hours and much harder. The regular increase of the slave population proves that they have not been very hardly treated. Most of their work is light and pleasant. The hardest and most dangerous work in the south-west is performed by Irish and German labourers, who are hired to save the negroes. The dykes are built, and the ditches dug by Irishmen, while the negroes are picking cotton.

A planter wished a negro to saw off the limb of a high tree, which seemed in danger of falling. "'Pose, massa, you hire Irishman to do dat 'ere job." "Why so, Pete? Why should I hire an Irishman when you can do it?" "Why, massa, if dis nigger falls and breaks his neck, you lose fifteen hundred dollars; but you give Irishman a dollar, and if he break his neck 'taint nothin' to nobody."

That is the negro logic. The slave has cost a certain sum of money to bring up from infancy. The master has either been at this expense, or he has paid some one who has—paying a certain cost and assuming certain obligations. For his labour the negro receives this care in infancy, care in sickness, food, clothing, the comforts he requires, the enjoyments of which he is capable, and the assurance of a provision for his old age—not in a poor-house—but among his friends and companions.

The master—the owner of the negro—is probably a better guardian and overseer to him, and takes better care of him, than any indifferent person might be expected to, whom the Government should appoint. The master has been born and brought up among his slaves. Slaves nursed him in his infancy, slaves were the playmates of his childhood. He knows them thoroughly, and they know him. He has none of that colour-phobia, that horror of a black man because he is black, which prevails in the Northern States. He has eaten and drunk with his negroes, and lives with them in well-defined relations, which, as a rule, are satisfactory to both. The negro has a pride and dignity in belonging to a wealthy and honoured master. It is much the same pride that used to belong to the retainers of a noble house. Does any one doubt that the slaves of Washington, or their descendants, who now belong to General Lee, were and are proud of their position?

The relations of master and slave are far more intimate and mutual than are usually those of employer and employed. They do not end when the work is done and the wages are paid. The slave belongs to his master; but the master also belongs to the slave. The master is really owned by his negroes, who have not only a customary, but a legal claim upon him and his property to the last dollar. He cannot rid himself of these obligations. He cannot throw them off. An employer, when work is slack, can discharge his hands, to find work elsewhere, or go to the

poor-house or starve. Not so the Southern master. He must provide food and shelter for his negroes, if he has to mortgage his last acre to do it. But he can sell them? Yes, if he must bear so great a calamity; as an Englishman, hopelessly involved, must sell his estate. But what is that sale, in either case, but the transfer of his obligations to some other person, who steps into his place, and enters into similar relations?

I have no wish to maintain that the four millions of negroes in the Southern States of America are in the best possible condition. I will not assert that human ingenuity might not provide a better one than Providence for the present seems to have appointed. But I seriously doubt whether any change yet proposed for them might not be for the worse. I am "free to confess" that if I had even a hundred negroes thrown suddenly upon my hands, on a Southern plantation, I should hesitate to make any rash change in their condition.

What could I do? Their claims upon me are clear and definite. I am responsible for their industry, their morals, and their support, not for a year, but as long as they live. They have cost, and represent, twenty thousand pounds capital. If I sell them, I only shirk and transfer my responsibilities. If I set them free—if I say, "go and shift for yourselves," I do much the same as to turn a shop-full of canaries loose in Regent's Park. I very certainly manufacture a certain number of paupers, vagrants, and thieves. Say, I send them North. I have seen too much of

the condition of free negroes there, and the manner in which they are treated, to believe I should be doing them a kindness. I have little faith in Liberia, or any negro colony.

Wise and good men in the Southern States have thought of all these things—as conscientious and Christian men; and many of them have tried experiments. The result of all has been, that the negro is a pupil of civilization, not very far advanced. He is vastly superior to the condition of brutal and disgusting savagism in Africa from which he has been rescued. He has been to a certain extent civilized and Christianized. This process is going on, on an immense scale, over a large surface, and under favourable conditions—perhaps not the most favourable that could be, but certainly the most favourable that have been or are.

Taking the native of Africa, in Dahomey or Ashantee, or the regions described by M. Du Chaillu, let us see to what condition he has come in the Southern American States. It is just possible that we may discover providential uses in what Englishmen a few years ago found a very profitable trade, and in the products of which they continue to profit without any agonizing scruples.

What is the actual condition of the four millions of negro slaves in America? It is claimed by those who know it best, that it is superior in physical comfort, and freedom from anxiety and suffering, to that of any four millions of labouring population in

the world. That they have sufficient food, clothing, and shelter,—enough and even an abundance of the necessaries of life, can hardly be questioned. They are, on an average, better off in these respects than the agricultural labourers of Great Britain. Their cottages, or quarters, are neat and comfortable; their ordinary clothing sufficient, their holiday apparel often gay and even extravagant; their daily rations of bread and meat abundant, which are supplemented by vegetables from their master's garden, or their own, and by eggs, poultry, and game. House servants live as well as their masters and mistresses, and field hands have gardens which they can cultivate. They have money to save or spend. The negro seldom works too hard through the day to enjoy a dance at night, unless he prefers to attend a prayer-meeting.

The Southern people are eminently religious, and their negroes follow their example. I doubt if there are half as many church members, or communicants, of all religious denominations, among the labouring people of England, as among the same number of negro slaves in America. The Protestant missions of the past century over the whole world cannot count a quarter as many converts as the slave church members of the Southern States of America. They are chiefly Baptists and Methodists, though there are also considerable numbers of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics.

I cannot give the religious statistics of the Southern

States, but the last return of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to which I have access, gives the following figures :—

	White members.	Coloured members.
Mississippi	15,591	12,684
Louisiana	7,761	5,834
South Carolina	34,351	42,469
Georgia	46,652	22,339
Alabama	36,985	21,856
Florida	8,745	6,589

Here are six States, and not the largest, which give an aggregate of over 111,000 negro church members of one religious denomination. Allowing proportional numbers in other States, and to other denominations, and the aggregate will be very large, reaching to at least half a million, and will show that there must be a powerful and pervading religious influence over the whole negro population.

The Northern Abolitionist churches have withdrawn Christian fellowship from the churches of the South, and entered zealously into a crusade for the extermination of the Southern people. English Abolitionists, whose incomes are derived from the Slave Trade or from slavery, are inclined to deny that American slaveholders can be Christians; but the character of the late General "Stonewall" Jackson was by no means a rare one in the Southern army or among the Southern people. Nearly all the Southern leaders, as Davis, Lee, Beauregard, General Bishop Polk, and many others, are men of a deeply religious character. A day of fasting and prayer in the South

is not the gay holiday that it is in New York. The Southerners are a conscientious, religious, praying people. They have more activity of feeling and sentiment than of intellect, more faith than philosophy. They are generous, brave, impulsive, affectionate, earnest, zealous, and have the virtues as well as the faults of such a character.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW SOUTHERNERS DEFEND SLAVERY.

Change in Southern opinion.—Slavery and the Bible.—Evils and wrongs. — Liberty. — Education. — Compulsory labour. — Abuses of power.—Separation of families.—Breeding negroes for profit.—Selling one's own offspring into slavery.—Lynch law.—Treating human beings like cattle.

THIRTY or forty years ago it was common for Southerners to speak of slavery as an evil and a wrong to the negro race. Southerners formed Emancipation and Colonization Societies. They have almost universally changed their opinions in this respect, and have come to view slavery as a providential institution, not free from evils, needing reforms, but producing essentially the best practicable condition for both races. They believe that the negroes were brought from Africa that they might be civilized and Christianized, and that they might also cultivate the inter-tropical regions. They do not concern themselves about the ultimate destiny of the negro race in America; but they are satisfied that a condition of servitude, compulsory industry, and moral restraint, is necessary to make the best of his actual condition. They see no

way in which he could receive the necessary care and oversight so economically, and so effectually, as by the present system of individual ownership, which is, in fact, the same system as that adopted by the British Government in its own colonies, though nominally only for a limited period.

The British public was shocked, a few months ago, by learning that the bishops of the Episcopal Church in the Confederate States defended slavery on Scriptural grounds. Englishmen, who are old enough, can remember that it was defended in the same manner from the bench of bishops in the House of Lords.

I have not read the defence of the Southern bishops, but the argument of Southerners, who believe the Bible in a literal and old-fashioned way, is simple enough. They may not be very adroit theologians, but I have no doubt that they are honest ones.

When the Southern slaveholder reads some Northern or English sermon, tract, or newspaper article, calling him a man-stealer, a thief, and condemning him for the sin of slavery, he naturally goes to the only authority he recognises besides the laws of his country—the Holy Scriptures. He has never read the writings of Thomas Paine, or of Bishop Colenso, and takes the Bible, Old Testament and New, to be the Word of God. Opening at Genesis, which he supposes to have been written by Moses, he reads:—

"Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."

"And Abram had sheep, and oxen, and he-asses,

and man-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels."

"And when Abram heard that his brother was taken captive, he armed his trained servants, born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen, and pursued them unto Dan."

The Southerner never calls his negroes slaves, but servants, or people. He reads that Abram's servants, reckoned in between the he-asses and she-asses, were born in his house, or bought with his money, like his own. As to the return of fugitive slaves, he finds the first case on record to be that in which the angel of the Lord sent back Hagar, the slave of Sarai, Abram's wife, to her mistress, saying:—

"Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hand."

"And Abraham took Ishmael his son, and all that were born in his house, and all that were bought with his money . . . bought with money of the stranger."

"And Abimelech took sheep and oxen, and men-servants and maid-servants, and gave them unto Abraham."

"And the LORD hath blessed my master [Abraham] greatly, and hath given him flocks and herds and silver and gold, and men-servants and maid-servants, and camels and asses."

"For he [Isaac] had possession of flocks, and possession of herds, and great store of servants; and the Philistines envied him."

In his mind, the Southerner makes a slight erratum, and for *Philistines* reads *Yankees*.

So, reading devoutly through the Book of Genesis, he finds that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, patriarchs of the chosen people were by the blessing of God slave-holders like himself, and envied by the Philistines.

Then he comes to Exodus, which he reads without a multiplication table, and knowing how men-servants and maid-servants increase and multiply. He reads:

"But every man's servant that is bought for money, when thou hast circumcised him then shall he eat thereof [the Passover]. A foreigner and a hired servant shall not eat thereof."

And he fancies that his converted and baptized slave may be better off than the hired labourers and foreigners, Irish and Germans, of the Yankee States.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's."

Here he thinks he finds the highest sanction given to the undisturbed possession of his property, and wonders if Abolitionists ever read the Bible, or have any regard to the Ten Commandments, and rather thinks they have not. So he goes on to the next chapter, and reads:

"And if the servant [refusing to be emancipated] shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free. Then his master shall take him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him for ever."

"And if a man smite his servant or his maid with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall surely be punished. Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two he shall not be punished, for he is his money."

The loss of which, in such a case, was considered a sufficient punishment—a scriptural sanction to the theory that the interest of the master is generally a protection to the slave. So he reads on to Leviticus, chapter xxv. where he finds more express regulations of this very ancient institution:

"And the Lord spake unto Moses in Mount Sinai, saying . . . . Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about ye; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land; and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; THEY SHALL BE YOUR BONDMEN FOR EVER."

This seems very clear and distinct to him, coming out from the thunders of Sinai. Who are the heathen round about but these poor benighted Africans—so wretched in Dahomey, liable to have their heads chopped off any day at the caprice of a despotic and superstitious king, but now, by God's Providence, shouting and singing and praying at Methodist camp-meetings, raising cotton for Manchester, well cared for, and in a fair way to get to heaven at last? Do

those stupid Abolitionists ever read their Bibles? He has heard that they are all infidels, and he begins to think it must be true.

So he reads his Bible devoutly, the Old Testament and the New, in which latter he reads:

"Servants obey your masters."

"Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward."

"Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed."

This he understands to be good scripture and sound doctrine; he wonders that anybody who professes to be a Christian can see it otherwise, and he is glad that St. Paul sent Onesimus back to his master.

The actual evils and the wrongs of slavery are as apparent to the slaveholder as they are to the Abolitionist. He hopes to remedy them. He comforts himself with the idea that all human institutions are imperfect, and that there are evils in every state of society. He admits that two wrongs do not make a right; but he says, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Poverty is an evil. Pauperism is an evil. It is hard that the land of a country should be held by a few proprietors, while millions of people are dependent upon the chance of work and wages, or poor-law relief. It was hard that thousands of people in Ireland should die of starvation, and millions be driven into exile. It is hard for 18,000,000 of the people of the British

Islands to live on an average of three shillings per head per week, while a million are in the receipt of public charity, and while these lower millions pay taxes to the amount of twenty millions of pounds sterling; and when their labour, in fact, pays all incomes and all taxes.

"But liberty, my dear sir, the glorious boon of freedom?" says the free-born Briton, willing to argue the matter.

"Very good for those who know how to use without abusing it," replies the planter. "Liberty to the great mass of the negroes, in their present state of mental and moral development, would be liberty to be lazy, to get drunk, to become thieves and prostitutes. They are better off without it. We do not want to fill our country with prisons and poor-houses. Good masters and overseers, plenty of work and good treatment are better."

"But you should educate them for freedom in the future."

"Perhaps we do. We train them to habits of industry, temperance, and religion. Every house and every plantation is a school. Our servants pick up lots of information around their master's tables from conversation, and in attending political meetings. Then they have a heap of preaching. I'd like to make a small bet that my boys know as much of politics and Scripture as an average lot of English agricultural labourers."

"But still they are slaves. They work from com-

pulsion. They cannot choose their place or employment, and are liable to severe punishments."

"True. But are not the poor compelled to labour everywhere? Have they a much better choice, or is such a choice necessarily best for them? What freedom is there for a soldier or a sailor? Are not both liable to be flogged? and are they not sometimes flogged with great cruelty? I am told that in England and the North men sometimes beat their wives, children, and apprentices. How much freedom have these?"

"But you will acknowledge that arbitrary and irresponsible power is always likely to be abused."

"Yes. The power of the husband over the wife, the parent over the child, the master over the apprentice, the officer over the soldier, the shipmaster over the sailor; yes, all may abuse their power, and so may the master abuse his power over his negro. And there are the same remedies, the law, public opinion, interest, and conscience. True, there may be cases where none of these are effectual. A man who abuses his negroes, or stints them in their food, may be punished by law. He is despised by all his neighbours. It is against his interest, for they will get sulky and run away perhaps; and if he is a decent man he wont do it. And as a matter of fact, if I can believe what I read in the newspapers, there are more wives beaten and killed by their husbands in New York or London, more children cruelly ill treated by their parents, more sailors knocked about, abused, and flogged at sea, and soldiers more cruelly beaten, than

negroes treated with cruelty in the whole Southern States."

"But how can you justify the separation of husbands from wives and parents from children, and selling human creatures like cattle?"

"Such separations are very rare, and in most of the States are forbidden by law. A Southerner never sells a negro if he can help it. Every one wants to own as many as he can. Wives and husbands are separated more or less everywhere. The divorce courts are full of business, and I see frequent cases of elopement and desertion. In England, I am told, husbands and wives are not allowed to live together, if they are too poor to get their living, and their children are put out as apprentices, which is a limited servitude. When negroes, from the death of their masters, or some misfortune, are obliged to be sold, they are always sold in families, unless separated at their own request. The fact is that we have done a good deal to civilize and Christianize our servants, but they have not acquired the same respect for the marriage institution that exists among the whites. But it is for our interest that they should be married, and live together like Christians. They are more easily governed, and have more children. It is our interest that they should be healthy, temperate, moral, and religious, and that they should increase and multiply—interest and duty go hand in hand."

"But do you think it right to breed negroes to sell and make a profit on them?"

"No; and I never heard of a man mean enough to do it, unless it were some Yankee. The Southern States have laws, prohibiting negroes from being brought into them for purposes of sale. They can only be brought by their masters, who come to settle. The negroes increase regularly and naturally, and a man who sells a slave is blamed if he could help it, and pitied if he couldn't. If a house servant misbehaves himself, he is sometimes sold to work on a plantation. A person who takes a slave into Louisiana with intent to sell, or hire him out, is liable to a fine of one thousand dollars and forfeiture of the slave; and there are similar laws in the other States."

"But it is charged that men have sold their own offspring into slavery."

"I will not swear that such a thing never happened —even to a beautiful white girl in England; but every Southerner knows that we like the pure African breed best; and that a white man, known to have children by his negroes, would not stand very well with his neighbours. Such things, if they occur at all, are like the crimes and scandals of every society I ever heard of. I knew a man in Mississippi that lived with one of his negro women and had a family of children by her; but he did not treat them as servants, nor sell them. After a while he wanted to get married to a white woman, and he bought his mulatto family a farm in Ohio, and sent them there, well provided, and with free papers, to live upon it. It was a hard case,

but I suppose he did the best he could under the circumstances."

"Negroes have been burnt alive. You cannot justify such a horror."

"No. There is no law for such a proceeding, except Lynch law, and in the few cases in which it has been done, it was to punish a negro for an outrage upon a white woman—the same punishment that was formerly inflicted in England upon heretics and witches. I do not justify it in any case. It has always been the work of a lawless mob, excited by some terrible outrage. It is a cruel punishment; but one that hundreds of poor white women have brought upon themselves by no worse offence than wearing crinoline!"

"But how can you, in any case, justify buying and selling human beings like cattle?"

"Well, I might say that the Almighty had commanded, or if you please, permitted it to His chosen people, and that he could not have authorized a practice essentially sinful or immoral. I might ask you to point out to me where it had ever been forbidden. I might say that you English, Government and people, had bought and sold negroes and held them as slaves for two centuries, when you were, perhaps, just as good Christians as you are to-day. The fact is, however, that slavery does not involve any property in the body or the soul of a man, but only a certain claim to his service or labour; and it is not the human being that is sold, but this claim which is transferred, with all the responsibilities of a mutual

relation, which is of great antiquity and of high authority. These relations, a few years ago, were universal. They still exist, more or less modified, in all societies. The sale of an English estate carries with it in fact, if not in law, the transfer of tenants and labourers. The capitalist who buys a cotton-mill, enters by that purchase into certain relations to the families of the operatives clustered around it."

What can be done for men who reason in this way—men who quote Scripture in justification of slavery, and bring up the evils and wrongs of freedom, as an excuse for an institution which Northern and British philanthropists have got rid of, and therefore have a right to condemn?

CHAPTER XVIII.

SLAVERY AS I HAVE SEEN IT.

The bright and dark sides.—A negro bookseller.—Confidential clerk.—A trusty servant.—Negro children.—Exceptions.—Household servants.—Plantation negroes.—Northern converts to slavery.—Slaves of small proprietors.—Slavery in towns.—Police regulations.—Interests of masters.—Stories of abuses and cruelties.

It is time, perhaps, that I should give some further personal testimony in respect to slavery. Hitherto I have dealt mostly in generalities. The Northerner, or European traveller, who visits the South, may be expected to see only the bright side. Those who have never been to the South at all, on the other hand, give us plenty of imaginary pictures of the dark side. I will try to do justice to both. I have seen slavery in cities and on plantations, and have had, I think, more than passing glimpses.

In New Orleans I made the acquaintance of a bookseller, whose principal assistant was his slave. He knew all the current literature, and was one of the most active and polite of "assistants." A bit of a dandy too. There was a diamond ring on his black

finger, and gold studs in his faultless shirt-front. It was delightful to see him wait upon the ladies; so pleasant, so attentive, and so respectful. He never, for an instant, seemed to forget his position. I never knew him to deserve or receive a harsh word from any one, or saw any sign of discontent with his condition. On Sunday morning he took his promenade on the shady side of Canal-street, with a young coloured lady, in a gorgeous changeable silk dress, blue bonnet, and pink parasol. In the evening he had his stall at the Opera, in the portion of the house devoted to ladies and gentlemen of colour, and into which no common white trash was allowed to intrude.

One morning, as I was sitting in the editorial office of the New Orleans *Picayune*, conversing with Mr. Kendall, the editor, a tall, fine-looking young negro of about five-and-twenty came in, very neatly dressed, and very smart in his appearance. He spoke a few moments to the editor, and went away.

"That man," said Mr. Kendall, "is a slave, and the head clerk and confidential business man of one of the largest cotton houses in New Orleans."

"He must be very valuable to them," I said.

"They would not take ten thousand dollars for him—for that matter, no money would buy him. Of course such a fellow as that could get his liberty any time he chose to take it; but he knows when he is well off. He could not have the same position in New York, nor be half so much respected as here. There, he might be a barber, or a whitewasher, or keep an oyster cellar. Here, he is in a first-rate

mercantile position, lives in a pretty cottage, has a wife and family, and everything he can desire."

Perhaps not everything—but few of us have.

In Memphis I knew a negro slave who was entrusted to open and close, and have the chief care of his master's jewellery store, with a stock of some 15,000*l.* value. He worked in the garden and about the house during the day, and slept in the "store" at night—a solid, good, religious negro, who needed no overseer and was trusted with untold gold. He could have escaped at any time, with enough diamonds in his pocket to have made him comfortable for life; but he knew also when he was well off.

Visiting at a country villa near the same pretty town one day, two little children, who were learning the duties of house servants, were called in at night-fall by their mistress to say their prayers. They knelt down on the carpet before her, with their droll black faces and white eyeballs—and a fair little girl with blue eyes and golden hair came and knelt down between them, and said the Creed, the Our Father, and their other evening devotions.

But these, the reader will say, were exceptional cases. Undoubtedly; and most of the really well off and happy people I have seen in this world were also exceptional cases. The great mass of the four millions of slaves in America are like the great mass of the working population in all countries. The Southerners boast that they are, on the whole, the best fed, best cared for, and the happiest. What they may come to in the future, is very hard to predict. We can only

compare their actual condition with that of the negro race in Africa, and with that of the free negroes in the Northern States, Canada, and the West Indies. They are, so far as I can learn, worse off in Canada than in the Northern United States, on account of the severity of the climate. According to the testimony of Mr. Anthony Trollope, their condition in the West Indies does not promise much for progress and civilization.

The actual condition of the slave population of the Southern States in America can best be understood by a brief analysis. They may be divided into four classes. Household servants, plantation hands, servants of small proprietors, and artisans, &c., in towns.

The condition of household servants, working as cooks, chambermaids, waiters, laundresses, coachmen, gardeners, &c., differs but little from that of persons hired in the same capacities; only that they cannot give notice to quit, nor be discharged. Their condition partakes of that of children, dependants, and servants. They live as well as their masters and mistresses, and generally dress better. They are proud of belonging to old, wealthy, and distinguished families. They have more of a property in the families they serve than hired servants can have. "Do you belong to the Wades?" some one asked of a negro cook. "Yes, sar," was the answer; "I belongs to them and they belongs to me." The ownership is mutual.

As a rule, house servants are much oftener injured by indulgence than hurt by cruelty. Their work is light; they have many holidays; their comforts, present and future, are assured. What is to hinder

their gaiety and enjoyment. In thousands of cases they have their own way, and really govern the establishment. An old confidential negro servant gives his advice to his master more freely than a hired man would ever think of doing. If his master is old, they played as boys together. If young, the negro carried his master as a baby in his arms. It is certain that the tenderest relations may and do exist between a white family and the negro servants, "born in the house." If there is a birth or a wedding, all rejoice together; in a funeral, all mourn.

The house servants pick up an education. Many of them can read and write. Their imitative faculties are strong, and their manners are a slight exaggeration of those of their masters and mistresses.

The negroes on a large plantation, engaged in cultivating cotton, rice, sugar, or tobacco, work harder, of course, than domestic servants. There are seasons when the work is heavy, and they must work long hours. There is of necessity something of the order and discipline of military service. But there is also the stimulus of combined movement. "Many hands make light work." In the cotton field there will be a dozen mule-teams ploughing. One woman holds the plough, and another drives. The men do the heavier work of the hoe, in gangs of twelve or twenty. The work is not very hard, songs lighten the labour, and they are not too tired for a dance at night. When the cotton comes up, it is weeded with plough and hoe. By midsummer the picking begins. Women and men walk between the rows with bags hanging

to their necks, picking right and left. The overseer, mounted on his horse or mule, rides from field to field, directing the labour. He has a whip, but I never saw him do more than crack it. Fifty or a hundred negroes have also whips or hoes. I leave the reader to judge what would be the consequence if an overseer rode over a plantation, flogging the negroes right and left without rhyme or reason.

A large plantation has its hospital for the sick; there is light work for the old; a physician on the place, or in the neighbourhood, has the direction of sanitary conditions, and two or three planters often unite to hire a chaplain for their estates, whose ministrations are attended by both whites and negroes. The last time I went down the Mississippi, one of my fellow-passengers was an episcopal clergyman from the North, who was going to fill such a post in Mississippi, while his daughter was to take the place of governess on one of the plantations. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Northern clergymen and Northern ladies filling such situations in the Southern States. The ladies generally marry at the South, and, so far as I have known, find no difficulty in becoming thoroughly reconciled to its institutions. Indeed, the Englishman or the Northerner, who has heard or read the abuse of the South for years, unless he is irrevocably committed to a theory, or has some special interest in its advocacy, is so strongly impressed with the falsity and injustice of his former notions, that he is liable to go to the other extreme; and as the new convert who has

just "gone over to Rome" is liable to become "more catholic than the Pope," so the Northern or English convert to Southern principles is very likely to go farther in defence of Southern institutions than the Southerners themselves, who are very frank in admitting the existence of evils, and very willing, when not pressed too insultingly from without, to look for remedies.

The slaves of small proprietors, planters making a beginning, having but one, two, or three negroes, probably fare the hardest, and do the most work; but, on the other hand, they have certain advantages. They live with the family upon more equal terms. Master and man work together. They fare alike. They deaden timber, cut wood, plant corn and cotton, fish, and hunt in company. When they have raised cotton enough to buy another hand, he is company for the rest. Then they work on raising more cotton to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton, to buy more negroes, and so on, until there is a large plantation.

In the towns, negroes are employed in various handicrafts. In Richmond they work, or did work before the war, by hundreds in the tobacco factories, assorting, curing, and packing tobacco. In one of these, visited by Mr. Bryant, of the *New York Evening Post*, they were nearly all church members, who made the building resound with singing religious hymns. Slaves are employed in mines and factories. In New Orleans they work in cotton presses, and in lading and unlading ships and steamers. Often, walking

along the levee, have I heard the roaring negro chorus as they lowered hogsheads of sugar or bales of cotton into the vessels. These town negroes are the most independent of all. Many of them hire their time—that is, pay their masters so much a month, and live on the overplus of their wages. Their masters, however, are responsible for their good conduct, and for their support.

In a sparse population, with no military, no police, few magistrates, prisons, or poorhouses, it is necessary that each planter should be the military and civil chief and magistrate of his estate. His position is much like that of a Scottish chieftain, an Arab sheik, the captain of a ship, or the commander of a military expedition. It is his business to keep order and administer justice on his estate. In England, a man who steals is sent to prison, or penal servitude; the negro gets a few lashes.

It is the direct interest of every master that his negroes should be strong and healthy, and this interest, aside from all motives of humanity and religion, would lead him to provide them with the best sanitary conditions. It is his interest, also, that his negroes should be temperate, honest, moral, and religious. Say that he had no higher motive than the love of money, simple self-interest, and was regardless of the opinions of the society around him, he would still, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, attend to the physical and moral well-being of his negroes. That these low motives of self-interest generally prevail, is shown by the great increase of the slave

population. But I know that higher motives are not wanting, and that thousands of masters conscientiously do the best they can for those whom Providence, as they believe, has entrusted to their care.

I am by no means unmindful of what has been written on the wrongs and sufferings of slavery. I have read the greater part of it. I have no disposition to deny a word of it that is true. Still, I have given a truthful account of my own observations, and I believe that I can match every outrage truly attributed to slavery from the police reports and parliamentary commissions of the most humane and civilized of nations in the same period.

As an example of the sort of stories about American slavery the people of this country are expected to believe, I copy the following one from Notes to Hildreth's "White Slave," prepared by Frederick Rowland Young, Esq., and published in London by C. H. Clarke.

"The Rev. William Dickey, a man of undoubted veracity, who was well acquainted with the circumstances which he describes, thus writes:—'In the county of Livingston, Kentucky, near the mouth of the Cumberland, lived Lilburn Lewis, a sister's son of the venerable Jefferson. One of his negroes ran away, and afterwards broke a pitcher. The master collected all his slaves into the most roomy negro-house, and had a rousing fire made. The door was fastened. He called up George, the runaway, bound him with cords, and, with the assistance of his younger brother, laid him on a board, bench, or meat block. He

now proceeded to chop off George by the ankles! It was with the broad axe! In vain did the unhappy victim scream and roar! He was completely in his master's power. Not a hand amongst so many durst interfere. Casting the feet into the fire, he lectured them at some length. He chopped him off below the knees! George, roaring out, prayed his master to BEGIN AT THE OTHER END. He admonished them again, throwing the legs into the fire! Then above the knees, tossing the joints into the fire! He again lectured them at leisure. The next stroke severed the thighs from the body, and so cut off the arms, head and trunk, until all was in the fire! still protracting the intervals with lectures, and threatenings of like punishment in case of disobedience or running away, or disclosure of this tragedy. It took till two hours after midnight to consume the body, when a sudden and surprising shock of earthquake overthrew the back wall, which completely covered the fire and the remains of George.'" "This," says the Rev. Mr. Dickey, "put an end to the amusements of the evening."

It is by the circulation of such stories as this, with pictures to match, that British Christians bear false witness against their neighbour. There is falsehood and absurdity in every line. Where are negro houses large enough for such an exhibition? Where the convenient meat blocks? Where the negro without arteries, who would refrain from bleeding to death with both his legs cut off with a broad axe, while his master lectured his fellow-slaves? Englishmen believe in the cruel master, the cowardly negroes, the arteries

that will not bleed, and the convenient earthquake which does not hurt the master, but only covers up the ashes of poor George.

The Reverend Professor Kingsley tells us of a certain country where "flap-doodle" grows wild, and the people sit under the trees with open mouths, ready to swallow what falls into them.

CHAPTER XIX.

SECESSION AND THE WAR.

The Democratic party.—The election of Mr. Lincoln a declaration of war.—Caleb Cushing at Charleston.—A striking prediction.—The right of secession.—Character of the Northern people.—Union and States' rights.—Character of the Southerners.—The Negroes.—Effects of the blockade.

I HAVE been, as the reader may have observed, an ardent and zealous politician of the Democratic party of American politics—the constitutional-state's rights, and, though not so called, the really Conservative party. That party has elected nine Presidents out of thirteen, four of whom were re-elected. In fact, after the days of John Adams, the anti-Democratic party, though it elected two Presidents, Gen. Harrison and Gen. Taylor, both of whom dying soon after their respective inaugurations, can scarcely be said to have been in power, until the great division of the Democratic party in 1860 enabled Mr. Lincoln, with a minority of votes—lacking more than a million of a majority—to be constitutionally elected.

This long and almost uninterrupted lease of power had drawn into the ranks of the Democratic party

great numbers who cared more for the honours and gains of office than for its principles. Office-seeking and office-holding had become the business of thousands—hundreds of thousands. Disgust at these corruptions drove the best men out of the field of politics. It was scarcely reputable to become a candidate for any official position.

When the Democratic party, which was the only hope of the Union, divided, and one convention nominated Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, for the Presidency, and the other Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, there was hope no longer. Mr. Lincoln was nominated at Chicago by a sectional—a Northern party—on a Northern platform. This nomination was a declaration of war against the South. It was certain that Mr. Lincoln would not have the vote of a single Southern State. The only chance was that two or three Northern States would be able to give a majority to one or the other Democratic candidates, and so defeat him and save the Union for four years longer. I had but little hope that this could be accomplished.

James Buchanan was President—an old Democratic politician, experienced in the Senate, in the Cabinet, and in diplomacy. He was not a great man, but an able, prudent, and safe one. Though a Northern man, had no sympathy with any Northern sectional party. He wished to preserve the Union, but he did not believe the Federal Government had a right to make war upon any State for that purpose.

Mr. Lincoln was elected in November, 1860. The Southern States declared that they would secede from

the Union in such an event; not that they cared personally for Mr. Lincoln, but because he would be elected upon a "platform" or system of policy which, if carried out, as they had a right to believe it would be, would destroy their rights and security in the Union. The war which had been waged against the South in pulpit and press, in State legislatures and in Congress, in underground railways and John Brown raids, in a thousand forms of insult, injury, and outrage, culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln and the triumph of the Black Republican party in the Northern States. The South could remain in the Union with all its disabilities as long as the Democratic party in the North was strong enough and united enough to stand by the rights of the State Sovereignties. When that party became demoralized and divided, and it had no hope of justice in the Union, no honourable course was left but to retire from the Federation.

Caleb Cushing, a Massachusetts Yankee, was the President of the Charleston Democratic Convention of 1860. Speaking of the Republican party, he said:—

"Opposed to us are those who labour to overthrow the Constitution, under the false and insidious pretence of supporting it; those who are aiming to produce in this country a permanent sectional conspiracy —a traitorous sectional conspiracy of one-half the States of the Union against the other half; those who, impelled by the stupid and half-insane spirit of faction and fanaticism, would hurry our land on to

revolution and civil war; those, the banded enemies of the Constitution, it is the part, the high and noble part of the Democratic party of the Union, to withstand, to strike down, and conquer."

But they failed to do it; and when they failed, the Union was lost. Half a million of lives might have been saved, sacrificed during the last two years, if the North could have seen it. There were many who did see it. *The New York Herald* of July 24, 1860, more than three months before the election of Mr. Lincoln, contained the following remarkable leader:—

"So far as we can see, the Breckenridge movement at the North will avail nothing. Lincoln will be the Northern President, and Breckenridge the Southern. The confusion into which our monetary affairs will be thrown cannot be described. Trade will receive a blow, compared to which the storm of 1837 was a mere flurry; stocks will go down to within a fraction of nothing; all kinds of property will depreciate in value, and the fortunes accumulated by years of toil will be swept away in a moment.

"We advise our readers to prepare for the coming crisis. Between this time and November something may be saved from the wreck. Merchants who have dealings with the Southern traders will do well to close up such affairs as soon as possible. Holders of Southern State railway or city stocks, or securities of the general government should realize upon them at once. Bankers at home and abroad should prepare themselves for the inevitable panic in financial affairs. The crisis is imminent. The dissolution of the Union is a

fact already determined upon. Let us be prepared to meet the doom which the trading politicians and crazy fanatics of the day have precipitated upon the Republic."

This emphatic warning, which goes far, I think, to justify my opinion of the sagacity of Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, was heeded by but few. The Republican leaders insultingly declared that the South could not be kicked out of the Union, so necessary was it to their safety.

The election took place in November, 1860. On the 20th of December, the State of South Carolina solemnly withdrew from the Union, recalled her senators and representatives from Washington, and sent commissioners to arrange a settlement of all matters connected with the late co-partnership. Ten other Southern States followed her example. As these States, by the action of their Legislatures, or the still more deliberate action of State Conventions, formally withdrew from the Federal Union, and resumed the powers they had delegated to the general government, their senators rose in the Senate, their representatives in the House of Representatives, and took a solemn and affecting leave of their personal friends and political companions. There were not in America purer public men, or men more patriotically devoted to the Union than they had been; but there was something worth more—the sovereignty of States and the liberty of the people.

Every act of the Lincoln Government and the Republican party has justified them in the course they

took. Disunion was inevitable—a civil war—a great struggle for independence was inevitable. They promptly, bravely, nobly met the destiny that awaited them.

As to the right of Secession, no American ought to question it. It is written in the Declaration of Independence. It is written in the constitutions of the separate States. It is an axiom of American politics that "all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." I never knew an American politician of any party who did not believe in the right of every people to choose their own form of government. No one has declared this supreme right of revolution more strongly than Mr. Lincoln himself on the floor of Congress.

The American States separated from Great Britain, and solemnly declared their right to do so. Texas, now one of the Confederate States, separated from Mexico, and was received into the Union. The Americans openly sympathized with Greece, Poland, Hungary, the Spanish-American States, Italy—with every country that has either accomplished or attempted a political revolution. When, a few years ago, there was a revolutionary movement in Ireland, public meetings were held in New York and other Northern cities, and large sums of money contributed in aid of Smith O'Brien and his fellow-patriots, including Brigadier-General Meagher, who has led a few thousands of his poor, misguided countrymen to death on Southern battle-fields, in an abortive effort to crush out Southern independence. When there was

an effort at Secession in Canada in 1837, the whole Northern frontier was filled with sympathy for the rebels, and arms, munitions, provisions, money and men were contributed in its aid. Four-fifths of the Northern people in America rejoiced at the Sepoy revolt in India, and wished it success. If there is one political doctrine about which Americans have been agreed, it has been this supreme right of revolution.

But in this case no revolution was needed. As sovereign and independent States, the members of the Federal Union had united for their mutual defence and welfare, as they had a right to do; and they had an equal right to bring that union to a termination. They adopted the Constitution as States, acting in State conventions. They were represented as States in the union. They withdrew from it in the same manner.

To understand the causes of the civil war which ensued, it is necessary to have a very thorough knowledge of the character of the American people, North and South. This knowledge no traveller in America, no mere visitor, ever seems to get. They do not appear to comprehend the broad and strongly-marked differences that exist between the Northern and Southern people.

If you could give the landed aristocracy of England the traditions and feelings of the Cavaliers, and the manufacturers, merchants, and shopkeepers those of the Puritans and Roundheads, you could form some idea of the feelings of the Southerners for the Yankees.

But it would be necessary that they should live in separate sections of the country. The Northern people are enterprising, confident, ingenious, intellectually active, industrious, pushing, speculating, fond of novelty, excitable, money-loving, unscrupulous, and pushing the exercise of the right of private judgment in all directions, and to all extremities. They believe that America is the greatest country in the world, and they the greatest people. On the map of the world the United States is the one bright spot, the area of enlightenment, and all the rest shades off into outer darkness. On the South, in their estimation, rests the shadow of ignorance and slavery. Europe is monarchical; and they cannot conceive that an intelligent and free people can live under a monarchy. They think of the millions of Europe as the ignorant, poverty-stricken, oppressed, and down-trodden millions. The greater part of them are also under the darkness and superstitions of Popery, and are consequently priest-ridden as well as ground under the heels of aristocratic and monarchical despotism. America is the one bright spot in the world's darkness; the only really-civilized, enlightened, great, free, and happy country in the world; the last hope of liberty for the nations, with the best government that God ever gave to man. The fanatics of the North look upon the cause of the Union as a sacred and holy cause, because the greatness of America is the chief hope of freedom for the world.

I do not in the least exaggerate this feeling, and those who have listened to or read the speeches of

Mr. Bright, will see that Americans are not alone in their estimate of the importance of the American Union.

The people of the South have not been blind to the advantages, the strength, and the glories of the Union; but they have preserved far more than the Northerners their traditions of State rights. Virginia and South Carolina are more to the people of those States than the Union. The State is first; the Union or the Confederacy is secondary, and valuable only as it promotes the interests of the State. Allegiance to his State is more to a Southerner than any duty he can owe to a Federal or Confederate Government. When the Federal iron-clad fleet steamed into Charleston Harbour to attack its fortresses, the flag of the State of South Carolina waved beside that of the Confederacy. This feeling is traditional, especially in the older States. It is stronger in them than in the Northern, because they have more of their original stock of population, and have been less broken up and overwhelmed by immigration and the influx of foreigners. No song could come home to the people of any Northern State with the thrilling effect of the Southern song, "My Maryland."

The religious character of the Southern people has had a powerful influence upon their unity, devotion, and strength. The character of "Stonewall" Jackson was not peculiar in this respect. He found an answering element in the whole Southern Army. President Davis, General Lee, and the Southern leaders generally manifest the same spirit of religious

faith. At the outbreak of the war, the whole Southern clergy, of all denominations, united with the people and became their leaders. The Roman Catholic Bishops, the Bishops of the Episcopal Church, and the clergy of every denomination, expressed but one sentiment. When the Federal troops occupied Southern towns, as at Nashville and New Orleans, they silenced the pulpits. One Southern Bishop, Bishop Polk, of the Episcopal Church of Louisiana, having had a military education before he entered the Church, was appointed Major-General. Many clergymen commanded regiments, and fought and prayed with equal fervour. The women joined with the clergy, and with what zeal, devotion, and sacrifices the women of the Southern States have sustained their cause, all readers are familiar. They have not only given their husbands, brothers, and sons, and sacrificed every worldly comfort—they have by their influence compelled every man in the South, able to fight, to take up arms for his country. Death on the field has been less terrible, even to cowards, than the scorn of the women of the South, who, when men fail, will themselves enter the ranks of the army.

The unity of feeling in the South was a grievous disappointment to the North. The slaveholders were known to be but few in number—not amounting in all the seceded States to 300,000 persons, out of a white population of 6,000,000. It was supposed that the large class of non-slaveholders, and the poor whites unable to own slaves, would have different feelings and interests from those of the planters and

slaveholders. Never was there a greater mistake. Never, in the world, perhaps, was a great population more thoroughly united. And, what may seem strange, it was found that Yankees and Northerners, who had resided in the South but a short time, Englishmen, Irishmen, and other foreigners, were all animated by the same feeling. There is no question that there may be found a hundred Northerners in the Southern army, and some in high command, for one Southerner in the armies of the North, if we leave out of the account the divided populations of certain border districts.

Even the great mass of the Southern negroes are with their masters. At the beginning of the war, the late Mrs. Browning, full of the poetry of Abolition, exclaimed, "Why do not the negroes rise?" Since that time every effort has been used by the Government of the North to excite insurrection, but without the least effect. The proclamation of freedom to all the slaves in the Rebel States on the 1st of January, 1863, fell dead. The negroes have attended their masters in the field, have dug in the trenches, have brought intelligence to their friends and deceived the invaders. They have worked on the plantations, with only women and old men to oversee them, and raised food for the Southern armies. Where they have fallen into the hands of the Northern troops they have been treated with such cruelty or such neglect, that the people of England have been called upon to contribute money to rescue them from starvation. Several of the Northern States exclude them by law; all consider them a nuisance; and the best President

Lincoln can propose is to make some food for powder, and export the rest to Central America or Africa. Why not send them, like the negroes rescued from slavers on the coast of Africa, to the British Colonies, and bind them out, for a consideration, as apprentices for twenty-one years? This would be better than turning them loose to waste away in pauperism, drunkenness, and disease.

It is not probable that any country was ever shut up by a blockade, whose inhabitants were so dependent upon commerce and foreign supply as the Confederate States of America. They produced an abundance of wheat, Indian corn, rice, sugar, beef, pork, and tobacco, great quantities of cotton, and some wool. But what a vast number of articles were brought from the North or from foreign countries! Clothing, from hats and bonnets to shoes, both inclusive, came from the North. Household furniture of every description was made in the North. Hardware, from an anchor to a cambric needle, was made in the Northern States or imported from England. Saddles, harness, carriages of all kinds, railway cars and locomotives, came from the North; tea and coffee of course; spices and condiments; books and stationery; drugs and medicines. And these last, at the beginning of the war, were declared contraband by the Northern Government. So were surgical instruments. The war, from its inception, was inhuman and devilish; a war upon the wounded and the sick—upon women and children, and feeble old age—a war of hatred and revenge against people who asked only for independence and peace.

It is wonderful to what an extent the Southern people habitually depended on commerce to supply their wants. It was not necessary in many cases, but it was convenient. It was easier to raise cotton, and buy everything they required. Raising immense quantities of cattle, they made no leather, and got their shoes from Massachusetts and Connecticut. I was amused to see at Mobile in Alabama great piles of flagstones imported from Liverpool, while their own rich quarries are unworked. It is easy to imagine the condition of such a country blockaded for two years. Even pins and needles rose to fabulous prices. Tea and coffee were long since exhausted. Indigenous herbs are used for tea, and rye or corn is the common substitute for coffee. French wines, which were largely used in the Southern cities, can only leak in in small quantities through the blockade.

There were a few cotton factories in the South before the beginning of the war, and the domestic manufacture of coarse cotton and woollen goods was pretty common. Every old spinning wheel has been brought into requisition, and thousands of hand looms put in motion. The women of the South went to work with a will to clothe the army. One reads, not without a moistened eye, of amateur concerts given in Southern cities to supply regiments with clothing, where a pair of soldier's socks was the price of admission. The war of Southern Independence has not only created a nation; it has developed its industry and resources. It has opened mines of coal and iron, and built up foundries, forges, and manu-

factories of a hundred kinds. The people of the South have shown an energy and a command of resources, as well as a heroism, which has astonished the Northern people, and won them the respect of the whole world.

CHAPTER XX.

STATE RIGHTS AND STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

The colonies independent of each other.—Their independence separately acknowledged.—Sovereign states before the constitution.—Virginia.—Declaration of rights.—The State constitutions.—Ratification of the Federal constitution.—Coercion.—Resolutions of '98.—Declarations of American statesmen.—Supreme right of revolution.—Secession of states, statesmen, and military and naval officers.—The true allegiance.

THE fact and doctrine of State Sovereignty, State Independence, and State Rights, by which the smallest State in the American Union was intended to be the equal of the largest, and all free, sovereign, and independent, may require to be more particularly stated and illustrated. I give, therefore, the following facts, with all convenient brevity.

The colonies, before the revolution of 1776, were independent of each other, with separate governments.

They united in the War for Independence as separate and equal powers.

At the end of the war the King of Great Britain acknowledged their independence as separate and

individual States. As such, they are named in the treaty of recognition.

The States existed as independent Governments before the formation of the Federal Constitution.

In the Convention of 1787, by which the Federal Constitution was framed, each State, large or small, had but one vote. It was not a convention of the people, but of States.

Under the Constitution, each State, small and large, has two senators, and thereby equal power in the higher branch of the legislature.

The Constitution recognises the crime of treason against the individual States. The Federal Government cannot occupy an acre of land in any State, not even for a fortress, without the express grant of the legislature of that State. It declares that "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, *nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people.*"

The State Rights doctrine, admitted in the Federal Constitution, is expressly declared in the Constitutions of the several States. I copy first the following from the CONSTITUTION OF VIRGINIA:—

"A Declaration of Rights made by the Representatives of the Good People of VIRGINIA, assembled in full and free convention; which rights do pertain to them and their posterity, as the basis and foundation of government. Unanimously adopted June 12th, 1776.

"1. That all men are by nature equally free and independent, and have certain inherent rights, of which,

when they enter into a state of society, they cannot by any compact deprive or divest their posterity.

"2. That all power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people; that magistrates are their trustees, and servants, and at all times amenable to them.

"3. That government is, or ought to be, instituted for the common benefit, protection, and security of the people, nation, or community; and that where any government is inadequate or contrary to these purposes, a majority of the community hath an indubitable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish it, in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the public weal."

THE CONSTITUTION OF MASSACHUSETTS, adopted in 1779, is quite as emphatic—

"An original, explicit, and solemn compact" of the people with each other.

"Art. I. Sec. 4. The people of this Commonwealth have the sole and exclusive right of governing themselves, as a free, sovereign, and independent State; and do, and for ever hereafter shall, exercise and enjoy every power, jurisdiction, and right, which is not, or may not hereafter be, by them expressly delegated to the United States of America in Congress assembled."

"7. The people alone have an incontestable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to institute government, and to reform, alter, or *totally change* the same when their protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness require it."

Every officer under the old Constitution made the following declaration on oath :—

"I do truly and sincerely acknowledge, profess, testify, and declare, that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is and of right ought to be a free, sovereign, and independent State."

The Constitution of NEW HAMPSHIRE, adopted 1792, declares :—

"All government of right originates from the people, is founded in *consent*, and instituted for the general good."

"The people of this State have the sole right of governing themselves as a free, sovereign, and independent State."

"Whenever the ends of the government are perverted, or public liberty manifestly endangered, and all other means of redress are ineffectual, the people may, and of right ought to, reform the old, or establish a new government. The doctrine of non-resistance against arbitrary power and oppression is absurd, slavish, and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind."

VERMONT, in 1793, declared :—

"The community hath an indubitable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to reform and alter government in such a manner as shall be by that community judged most conducive to the public weal."

CONNECTICUT IN 1818 :—

"The people have at all times an indefeasible right to alter their form of government in such manner as they may think expedient."

PENNSYLVANIA, 1790 :—

"The people have at all times an unalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform, or abolish their government in such a manner as they may think proper."

MARYLAND, August 14, 1776 :—

"Whenever the ends of government are perverted, the people may, and of right ought to reform the old or establish a new government."

"In all cases and at all times, the military ought to be under strict subordination to, and control of, the civil power."

The new States of the West, it will be observed, are as emphatic in their declarations of State rights, State sovereignty, and the supreme right of revolutions, as those which existed before the Federal Constitution. Thus Ohio, one of the great new States of the West, in its Constitution formed in 1802, declares that—

"The people have at all times a complete power to alter, reform, or abolish their Government, whenever *they may deem it necessary.*"

INDIANA, in 1816 :—That "the people may alter or reform their Government in such manner as they may think proper."

MISSOURI, in 1820 :—That "the people of this State have the inherent, sole, and exclusive right of regulating the internal government and police thereof, and of altering and abolishing their Constitution and form of Government, whenever it may be necessary to their safety or happiness."

MAINE declares that "the people have the right to institute Government, and to alter, reform, or totally change the same, when their safety and happiness require it."

MICHIGAN, in 1835, asserts that "the people have the right at all times to abolish one form of Government and establish another, whenever the public good requires it."

These declarations in the State Constitutions, which are the supreme law in every State, have all been accepted and confirmed by the Federal Government; yet in the face of all these declarations, these States have been sending armies to subjugate their sister States, and force them under a Government which they have solemnly repudiated. Can human inconsistency and falsehood go further?

Observe also that when the Federal Constitution had been framed by delegates from the several States, it did not take effect until it was accepted and ratified by these States.

VIRGINIA, in thus ratifying the Constitution, asserted the *right of secession* by declaring that "the powers granted in the Constitution COULD BE RESUMED BY THE STATE, WHENEVER PERVERTED TO HER INJURY OR OPPRESSION, and that the liberty of conscience and of the press cannot be abridged, restrained, or modified by any authority of the United States."

The STATE OF NEW YORK in ratifying, declared that "*the powers of Government may be re-assumed by the people* whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness."

Rhode Island made the same declaration.

There was serious opposition in many States to the acceptance of the Federal Constitution, from a fear that the powers granted to the Federal Government might be perverted and used to destroy the sovereignty of the States. In the debates in the Virginia Convention, Mr. Mason said:—"What, would you use military force to compel the observance of a social compact? It is destructive to the rights of the people."

Mr. Randolph said:—"But how shall we speak of the intrusion of troops? Shall we arm citizens against citizens, and habituate them to shed kindred blood? Shall we risk the infliction of wounds which will generate a rancour never to be subdued? Would there be no room to fear that an army accustomed to fight for the establishment of authority, would salute an Emperor of their own?

"If an army be once introduced to force us, if once marched into Virginia, figure to yourself what the dreadful consequence would be. The most lamentable civil war would ensue. It would set father against son, and make brother slay brother. To compel your obedience a rapacious army will penetrate into the bosom of your country, carrying destruction and desolation before it. The commander of such an army will be liable to the corruptions and passions incident to other men. If he be formed for military genius, address, and ambition, he may procure this army to proclaim him king."

Patrick Henry, the great orator of the revolution, opposed the ratification of the Constitution in similar

terms; but by the influence of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, it was accepted, with the above solemn reservation, by a vote of 89 to 79.

The vote in the Massachusetts Convention shows that a dread of centralization was not confined to Virginia. After a stormy debate it was ratified—yeas 187: nays 168.

In New York there was a violent opposition, and it was carried only by the speeches and declarations of Alexander Hamilton, the friend of Washington. He said:—"To coerce the States is one of the maddest projects ever devised.—Can any reasonable man be well disposed towards a Government which makes war and carnage the only means of supporting itself—a Government that can exist only by the sword? Every such war must involve the innocent with the guilty. This single consideration should be sufficient to dispose every peaceable citizen against such a Government. But can we believe that one State will ever suffer itself to be used as an instrument of coercion? The thing is a dream—it is impossible." The ratification took place, but by a vote of 30 to 27.

In the Pennsylvanian Convention, Mr. Wilson said:—"The supreme, absolute, incontrollable power *remains* in the people. They may change the Constitutions whenever and however they please." "Those who ordain and establish have the power, if they think proper, to repeal and annul."

When the question of State Rights was agitated after the adoption of the Constitution, they were again affirmed by the Kentucky Resolutions of 1797, drawn

up by James Madison, the Father of the Constitution, and the almost identical Virginia Resolutions of 1798, by Jefferson, which were as follows:—

"This Assembly doth explicitly and peremptorily declare, that it views the powers of the Federal Government, as resulting from the compact to which the States are parties, as limited by the plain sense and intention of the instrument constituting that compact as no farther valid than they are authorized by the grants enumerated in that compact; and that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of powers not granted by said compact, the States who are parties thereto have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authority, rights, and liberties appertaining to them."

In the United States Senate in 1830, Mr. Hayne, the great South Carolina statesman, said:—

"It cannot be doubted and is not denied that before the Constitution each State was an independent sovereignty, possessing all the rights and powers appertaining to independent nations. They remain equally sovereign and independent as to all powers not delegated by the Constitution.

"If there be no common superior the parties must be their own judges."

Jefferson held that the Sovereign States which made the Constitution have the right to judge of its infraction.

Daniel Webster, the Northern statesman, in the debate with Mr. Hayne, said:—

"We do not deny that the people may, if they choose, throw off any Government when it becomes oppressive and intolerable, and erect a better in its stead."

Chancellor Livingston held that—

"In cases which cannot be decided by the supreme court, States are justified in withdrawing from the Union. The doctrine that the Federal Government is formed by the people, and not the States, leads to consolidation and monarchy."

Levi Woodbury, an eminent Northern statesman, said:—

"The States existed prior to this Government. Each of them possessed all the rights which appertain to sovereign and independent nations."

And Andrew Jackson, in his famous Nullification Ordinance, asserted—

"The indispensable right of resisting acts which are plainly unconstitutional, and too oppressive to be endured."

The Act of Secession was contemplated by every State, as an undoubted right, in the adoption of the Constitution. Several expressly declared it. All admitted that there was no power to hinder it. Hamilton declared that the idea of coercion was madness. Secession, as a last resource, has been contemplated by the people of every section of the Union. In 1826, in the senate of the United States, Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, made the following emphatic declaration:—

"On the slave question my opinion is this: I

consider our rights in that species of property as not even open to discussion, either here or elsewhere; and in respect to our duties (imposed by our situation), we are not to be taught them by fanatics, religious or political. To call into question our rights is grossly to violate them; to attempt to instruct us on this subject is to insult us; to dare to assail our institutions is wantonly to invade our peace. Let me solemnly declare once for all, that the Southern States never will permit any interference whatever in their domestic concerns, and that on the very day on which the unhallowed attempt shall be made by the authorities of the Federal Government, we will consider ourselves as driven from the Union. Let the consequences be what they may, they never can be worse than such as must inevitably result from suffering a rash and ignorant interference with our domestic peace and tranquillity."

It seems absurd to argue or quote authorities on a matter so plain as this. Under the American democratic system, a majority of the people of every State have the sole right to choose and change the government and political relations of that State. It was never agreed that the Federal Union should be perpetual, and if it had been, Americans do not believe that one generation has the right to sell its whole posterity into political slavery, or subject it to a despotism. The only acknowledged power is, "We, the people." They can make and unmake. What the States had the power to delegate, they had the right to resume.

And, then, what is the use of arguing about the

right of eight millions of people to do this or that? They alone are judges of what is best for them, and there is no earthly power to sit in judgment upon their right. The only possible logic in politics is the logic of facts. The South did withdraw from the Union. The States of the South sent delegates to the beautiful central town of Montgomery, Alabama, and formed a new Confederacy, which they prepared to defend.

As each State had its defined boundaries, it necessarily carried with it its forts and arsenals. Some of these had been built by the States and ceded to the Union. Others had been built out of the common fund. The South had no more than her fair proportion, probably less. She had also officers in the army and navy. She called upon her gallant sons to come to the defence of the States to which they owed allegiance. There was no doubt or hesitation. The most distinguished, the most gallant officers in army and navy were Southerners, and they resigned their commissions in the Federal army and navy, and tendered their swords to the New Confederacy. There were three hundred or more of these officers. Ships came in from the distant Pacific and China seas, and heard the first news of the Dissolution of the Union from the pilot who brought them into port.

The Southerners took a farewell look at the starry flag, shook hands with their Northern messmates, and said good-bye, to meet them next time, perhaps, with shot and shell in deadly conflict. They sent their commissions to Washington, and went to defend their homes.

President Davis a soldier as well as a statesman, had won brilliant laurels on the hard-fought field of Buena Vista. General Lee, the Confederate Commander-in-Chief, had served with distinguished honour under General Scott in Mexico. His father, Harry Lee, had been a dashing cavalry officer in the Revolution—Washington's favourite commander of Lee's Light Horse Brigade. His ancestors were among the most distinguished of the old cavalier families of the "Old Dominion." His wife, the mother of five heroic sons, all serving in the Confederate army, was the adopted granddaughter of Washington, the only daughter and child of George Washington Parke Custis. General Lee is the Washington of the Confederacy. The Johnstons, Beauregard, "Stonewall" Jackson, Bragg, Hardee, were distinguished officers of the Federal army, as Maury, Semmes, Maffit, &c. were of the navy. Traitors? No. They owed allegiance to the Federal Government so long, and only so long, as their respective States were members of that confederation, the same as it would be in the dissolution of the German Federation. When that union was dissolved their allegiance was due to the States of which they were citizens, and which had the legal right to try and punish them for treason. This one fact carries the entire argument. The Virginian fighting against Virginia—the South Carolinian fighting against South Carolina, would be the real traitor. I believe there are very few of them.

General Scott was a Virginian. He was old and infirm. He held the military rank of Lieutenant-

General, created expressly for him. He believed that he could prevent a war. He was disappointed, overborne, and thrown aside, to make way for M'Clellan and Halleck. He was too old and feeble to have been of any service to Virginia, and it was well, perhaps, that he remained at Washington.

It is not needful to write a history of the war. The time for that will come. I wish only to notice particular incidents and circumstances, with which I have had a special acquaintance.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW THE NORTH BEGAN THE WAR.

New York and the South.—Fort Sumter.—Northern excitement.—The military.—The Irish 69th and General Meagher.—The volunteers.—Peculation and starvation.—Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves.—Colonel Billy Wilson and his regiment.—The uniformed militia.—The Southern army.—Federals and Confederates.

A LARGE majority of the people of New York were friendly to the South. New York merchants were largely engaged in Southern trade; New York manufacturers found in the Southern States their best market; New York capitalists found the most profitable employment for their funds in making advances on Southern cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco. In New York, also, the Democratic party, which has always been in favour of State rights, was largely in the ascendancy.

I saw the expedition sent to the relief of Fort Sumter sail down New York harbour, and out of the Narrows. Crowds looked on with a gloomy curiosity, foreboding evil. Not a cheer was raised—not a gun was fired. The fleet steamed away in silence, and no voice said, God speed.

A few days after came the news of the attack on the fort by the Confederate batteries, under General Beauregard, and then of its surrender. In one day, New York changed its aspect. The friends of the South were silenced by this attack upon the flag of the Union; her enemies were excited to a frenzy against her. A thousand flags were hoisted. The national colours were displayed everywhere; noisy mobs went about the streets compelling Southern sympathizers to run up the stars and stripes, and in a whirlwind of excitement, and a display like that of some great national holiday, the North decided upon war.

Not that the North was unanimous. Far from it. Great numbers of leading men, more than two hundred newspapers, and in some districts a majority of the population, were opposed to the whole policy of coercion. They believed it to be unconstitutional, anti-republican, and impossible of success. But all these were overborne by a noisy, violent, insane war party; and all the excitable and weak-minded were drawn into the fatal movement. President Lincoln, who, up to his arrival in Washington, appears to have had no proper idea of the crisis he was to meet, issued a hasty call upon the governors of the Northern and unseceded States for troops to put down the insurrection. The governors of every Slave State indignantly refused to comply with this requisition, which they pronounced unlawful and wicked; but the governors of the free States responded promptly, and, in a few days, several thousands of men were on the way to Washington, to defend the honour of the flag, and the

safety of the capital. These first volunteers were regiments of organized militia, well-armed, equipped, and disciplined, so far as troops can be disciplined, in peaceful evolutions.

In New York these regiments were among the best of the militia who gave splendour to the processions of Broadway. They were composed of merchants, shopkeepers, and the better class of mechanics. The 7th Regiment, one of the first to march to Washington, as well as one of the first to return, was composed of almost an aristocracy. It could contribute thousands of dollars to the wants of other less fortunate regiments. In Washington it was quartered in the Capitol, and took its meals at the fashionable hotels.

It is remarkable that four-fifths of those who, in the early stage of the war, marched to the defence of Washington, were opposed to Mr. Lincoln's administration, and to the policy of coercion. This is the reason why whole regiments left the field on the morning of the battle and rout of Bull's Run. They did not wish to invade Virginia, nor did they believe that the Government had the right to march them there. They were ready to defend the capital of the nation, not to subjugate sovereign and independent States, whose people, according to the Declaration of Independence, had the right, not only to separate from Great Britain some years before, but at all times to choose such form of government as to them should seem best adapted to secure their prosperity and happiness. Thus, while the Southern forces were animated by all the ardour which inspires men who fight for their

homes and their rights, a large portion of the Northern army was led upon the field against its wishes and convictions, and took the earliest opportunity that offered to get as far from it as possible—the greater number running to Washington, and some hundreds keeping on in their flight until they reached New York.

The first hasty levy, made upon false pretences, exhausted the organized militia. The regiments who went to the defence of Washington, for the most part, returned the moment their time had expired. Very few ever went back again. The members of the Irish 69th, which, judging from its loses in killed and wounded, must have fought bravely at Bull's Run, assured me, both officers and men, that they would never return. The men, poor fellows, made only this reservation—they would not volunteer again, unless driven to do so by starvation. Brigadier-General Thomas Francis Meagher has succeeded in organizing a new 69th Regiment; but I venture to assert that it does not contain ten per cent. of the rank and file of the surviving members of the old regiment.

The two recruiting officers of Mr. Lincoln's army, raised after these first levies, were General Peculation and General Starvation. I write only of what I saw in New York and its neighbourhood; but I believe the same state of things existed in every Northern city. Needy and ambitious adventurers set up for captains, colonels, and even for brigadier-generals. Every man who could raise a certain number of recruits could secure a commission, of a grade pro-

portionate, not to his military capacity, but his success in enticing men to enlist. Many of these officers were from the lowest classes of society. Some were gamblers, some devotees of the prize ring, some keepers of low drinking-houses. The higher grades were broken-down politicians, used-up speculators, and characterless adventurers. I have seen conduct in epauletted officers, and heard language which would degrade the veriest blackguard. An officer in uniform, walking arm-in-arm with a drunken recruit, was no uncommon spectacle. A man who could raise two hundred pounds towards the organization of a regiment, could get the appointment of quarter-master, or the, perhaps, more desirable appointment of suttler; and so have the opportunity to plunder both the Government and the regiment, on the condition of dividing a fair percentage of his unfair gains among the commissioned officers.

If such were the officers, what were the rank and file of the volunteers? Bear in mind that at the outbreak of the war there was a general panic, a stagnation of trade, and a suspension of industry. Hundreds of thousands were thrown out of employment, and left without support. Zealous partisans of the government in New England closed their shops and manufactories, in some cases when not compelled to do so, to force their workmen to volunteer. I have seen some of these workmen returning home to England and Ireland, rather than enlist in the Northern army.

While imminent danger of starvation was driving men into the ranks on the one hand, the Government

at Washington held out tempting inducements on the other. The pay was raised to thirteen dollars a month, (£2 12s.) with everything found, and an additional bounty of one hundred dollars (£20) to each man, at the termination of his term of service.

But even with these inducements and necessities, I never saw a more ragged and wretched set of recruits than were paraded through the streets of New York, gathered into the military camps on Staten Island, and other places in the vicinity. As numbers were of more consequence than quality in the work of filling up companies and regiments, all were taken that offered. Hundreds of poor loafers were fed and lodged for weeks at one regimental depôt, and when rejected by the Government officers, they went and immediately volunteered, for present support, in some other corps, in its formative stages.

With an army so officered, and so recruited, who can wonder at the ill-success of the Northern arms? Who can wonder at the outrages committed on the soil of Virginia, which must alienate and madden the people of the South for generations?

In speaking of the New York volunteers, I must not forget to make suitable mention of two regiments which were expected to do much toward the subjugation of the whole Southern Confederacy. I refer to two regiments of Zouaves—the Firemen's and Billy Wilson's. The first was recruited from the roughs of the New York fire companies—probably the most independent and insubordinate set of rowdies that even an American city could furnish. Colonel Ells-

worth had been a shop-boy in Chicago, an amateur soldier, and later a law-student in the office of Mr. Lincoln, in Springfield, Illinois, when the President of the United States was a third-rate lawyer in a third-rate country village. Ellsworth, a mere boy in years, and with no military experience, took command of twelve hundred unmanageable desperadoes. Their whole military career was a continuous "spree," or a series of outrages. To get them out of Washington they were sent over into Virginia. Their colonel was the first man killed, in a boyish and unmilitary exploit. They marched upon the field at Bull's Run only to be scattered into fragments at the first onset of a Southern regiment. Practised runners with their fire engines, they headed the great run back to Washington, but did not stop there, and in twenty-four hours the greater part of them were celebrating their defeat with their comrades in the engine-houses of New York. When men deserted by companies and regiments, it was useless for the Government to think of arresting or punishing deserters. It was much easier to suppress newspapers and imprison individuals suspected of treasonable sentiments.

Colonel William Wilson—or Billy Wilson, as he was universally denominated—raised another regiment of Zouaves, which was expected to be as terrible in its effectiveness as the one above described. Billy Wilson, a small, wiry, dark-complexioned, hard-headed, uneducated man of the people, had devoted his early energies to the profession of pugilism. His successes in the prize ring, and the influence he had acquired over the class to which he belonged, naturally made him a

chief in political caucusses, and he became a recognised underground leader of one of the parties or factions in New York politics. At the outbreak of the war he saw a new opening for his ambitious aspirations, and he had no trouble in recruiting an entire regiment, which was said to have been composed of pugilists, bullies, rowdies, and thieves.

Colonel Billy knew his men—mere boys they were for the most part—and they knew him. He promised to lead them where they would half of them be killed in the first fortnight, and they brandished their knives with delight. He promised the survivors each a plantation in the South, well stocked with negroes, and their ecstasy was boundless. They fell on their knees in Tammany Hall, and, with uplifted knives, swore to defend their flag and exterminate all traitors.

New York breathed more freely when the regiment was marched down to its barracks on Staten Island. One Sunday a worthy Methodist preacher went down to give them some spiritual instruction. Colonel Billy paraded his regiment to be preached to, and took his place beside the minister to keep them in order When the exercises were over, Colonel Billy thought he would improve the occasion, and enforce the good lesson they had received. "Boys!" said he, "I want you to remember what this preacher has said to you. He has said it for your good, and you had better believe it. If you don't you'll be sorry, for you are going down South in a few days, and one half of you will be in h—ll before three weeks are over!"

"Three cheers for h—ll!" shouted some one.

The cheers were given with a will by twelve hundred not very melodious voices, followed by the inevitable "tiger."

"What does this mean?" asked the astonished and frightened preacher.

"Oh! the boys are all right," said the blandly smiling Colonel Billy. "The fact is, they are not very well posted in their Scripture, and think h—ll is a nice place down towards New Orleans, and they are d—d anxious to get there."

In the large towns and cities in America the volunteer regiments, brigades, and even divisions of uniformed militia have been of a highly respectable and even brilliant character. The cities of the North and South have had a pride and a degree of rivalry in the elegance and discipline of their crack regiments. New York regiments visited Richmond, Charleston, and Augusta, Southern cities, where they were received with true Southern hospitality, and Southern regiments or companies sometimes made a summer excursion to New York or Boston, where they were treated like brother soldiers.

There was a great charm in these organizations. The privates in the ranks were gentlemen; men, at least, of a certain social position and with sufficient means to bear the expense of such military excursions, which sometimes cost one or two hundred pounds to every man. When they visited a distant city, they were all received as one, and found every house thrown open to entertain them. They were invited to every place of amusement, whole populations turned out to welcome

them, and they spent their time in balls and festivities. The *esprit du corps* operates on such occasions to make every man take to himself the honours paid to the body to which he belongs; which is, in fact, one of the principal sources of happiness in all organizations. When the War of Secession began, these voluntary military organizations formed the nucleus of the Southern army, and comprised the very *élite* of her youthful population.

For example, one Southern regiment, at the very beginning of the war—the Seventeenth Carolina, Colonel Cunningham—was composed of the following companies:—

Charleston Riflemen—Captain Joseph Johnson, jun.
Sumter Guard—Captain John Russell.
Irish Volunteers—Captain Edward Magrath.
Union Light Infantry—Captain David Ramsay.
Calhoun Guard—Captain John B. Fraser.
Richardson Guard—Captain F. D. Richardson.
German Fusiliers—Captain Samuel Lord, jun.
Montgomery Guard—Captain James Connor.
Palmetto Guard—Captain George B. Cuthbert.
Cadet Riflemen—Captain N. S. Elliot.
Brooks Guard—Captain John E. Carew.

These were all old volunteer companies, and all made a portion of the Confederate army, and fought upon the battle-fields of Virginia. The newspaper from which I have cut the above list adds that —"Besides all these, the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen, the Charleston Dragoons, the German Hussars, the

Phœnix Riflemen, and several other companies have left this morning. Over two thousand homes will be desolate this night, and some five thousand children will be left without a paternal protector." It will be observed that there were two Irish and two German companies among these volunteers.

At the same period—the spring of 1861—the *Mobile Advertiser* said:—

"Troops are arriving and departing constantly. For the most part the men are fine, soldierly-looking fellows, with a very strong sprinkling of the *élite* of the South, who have doffed broadcloth and left mansions to wear homespun and take soldiers' fare. They do it without a murmur. We saw yesterday a company in one of the Mississippi regiments, every one of whom save twenty-eight were regular college graduates. These are the men who are abandoning everything but 'sacred honour' at the call of their country. Can these men be conquered?"

One of the strangest scenes of the war occurred at this early period, before the State of Tennessee had passed the Act of Secession. Memphis, Tennessee, is situated on the Mississippi, in the south-western corner of the State, on the borders of the State of Mississippi. Four hundred North Mississippi Confederate troops, on their way to join the Southern army, found it convenient to pass through Memphis.

They were met at the depôt by an artillery company, which fired a salute. The military companies of Memphis, and the citizens generally, turned out to honour them, and greeted them with lively demon-

strations of respect. They were escorted through the streets of Memphis with the two flags, the "stars and stripes" of the U. S., and the "stars and *bars*" of the C. S. A., flying over them side by side. It was surely a strange and unusual circumstance that, going to the wars, troops should not only pass quietly through a portion of the enemy's territory, but that they should meet with shouts of welcome, and that the enemy's flag should be thrown over them as an emblem of hospitable protection.

While the Southern military organizations came out *en masse*, and made at once a disciplined army, very few Northern regiments followed their example. The New York 7th, the crack regiment of the city, did indeed march (by rail) with commendable promptitude to save Washington; but, that duty performed, it marched home again, and twice repeated the operation without coming in sight of the enemy. The Irish 69th New York regiment, was the only one of the old militia regiments, within my knowledge, that volunteered and became a part of the Union army.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CAUSE AND SPIRIT OF THE WAR, AND PROTESTS OF THE PEACE PARTY.

A difference of opinion.—Who began it?—Slavery and the war.—A case in point.—Spirit of the South.—Character of the Northern armies.—The war press of the North.—The spirit of peace. — Inconsistencies of Northern statesmen and editors.—Motives of the war party.—The party of peace.

THE cause of the war has been a matter of much controversy. To me it seems very simple. It was a difference of opinion upon State rights—upon the right of secession—the right of revolution; the right, in a word, of a great people, and of eleven independent States, to choose their own Government and institutions. The war was an attempt of the North to invade, conquer, and subjugate, or, if necessary, exterminate the South, and retain the whole territory of the Union under a centralized government, and a resistance, on the part of the South, to this invasion and attempt at subjugation.

In a word, secession caused the war. I hold that the Southern States had a right to secede, with a sufficient reason, and that they alone can be the judges of what is necessary to their welfare and happiness.

But what was the cause of secession? It was the conviction of the people of the South that a majority of the people of the North had determined to deprive them of their constitutional rights. It was a long course of insults, wrongs, outrages, and violations of the Constitution, culminating in the John Brown raid into Virginia, and its fitting sequel, the adoption of the Chicago Platform, and the election of Abraham Lincoln.

It is a mistake to think that the war began with the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The Northern pulpits and the Northern press had been hurling insults at the South for thirty years. The Northern churches of three or four of the largest denominations had formally excommunicated their Southern brethren, who were certainly as good Christians as themselves. Northern emissaries were sent into the South to stir up disaffection among the negroes. Northern agents inveigled away servants from their masters, and by means of secret organizations hurried them off to Canada. Northern Legislatures passed unconstitutional laws, intended to obstruct the execution of the agreement among all the States to restore fugitives to their masters. Then came the campaign in Kansas, with organized bands of Yankee settlers armed with Sharp's rifles sent by Yankee preachers. Then came the invasion of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, with an armed band of followers, and pikes for the negroes, whom they expected to stir up to rise and murder their masters, so as to inaugurate over the whole South a St. Domingo massacre. John Brown was

only a precursor of Abraham Lincoln, who has attemped to do with his armies and his proclamation what the other tried to do with his pikes and Harper's Ferry invasion.

Was slavery the cause of the war? Archbishop Hughes of New York gives this answer. He says:— "This is simply impossible, except in the sense that a man's carrying money on his person is the cause of his being robbed on the highway. Slavery existed since the Declaration of Independence, and before. And if it ever could have been the cause of civil war among the peoples and States of the Union, or of the colonies, that civil war should have broken out, say eighty or one hundred and twenty years ago. Slavery, therefore, is not the cause of the war. There is nothing new in it."*

The best way to understand a subject is to bring it home. Suppose Great Britain were, instead of a United Kingdom, a Federal Union of Independent States, each with its own King or Governor, and Parliament; and that the people of England, Scotland, and Wales, after abusing the Irish for some years as Papists, idolaters, superstitious worshippers of the scarlet woman of Babylon and the Beast of the Apocalypse, should unite in an effort to restrict and finally put an end to this accursed institution of Popery, and the Irish should withdraw from the British union in consequence, and ask to be let alone, and should then be invaded, and a million of men should be raised to

* New York *Metropolitan Record.*

subjugate her, would it be right to say that Popery was the cause of the war; or would it be the bigotry and fanaticism of Protestants?

Or, suppose the European powers were to form a similar union, for mutual aid and defence, with the local Governments of each nation as now, but a common Capital and Congress at Vienna or Rome, and the institution of polygamy in Turkey should be denounced, threatened, persecuted, and conspired against, so that Turkey, aggrieved, insulted, outraged and threatened, should withdraw from the European union, and a war of conquest followed to bring the Turks back into the union, or exterminate them, would it be proper to say that polygamy was the cause of the war? No; the war did not begin at Fort Sumter. Its earlier shots were fired by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and the English or Scotch emissary of some English Anti-Slavery Society, George Thompson; by the New England and New York Abolitionists, who denounced the Constitution as "a covenant with hell;" by such writers as Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and by such preachers as her brother, the Yankee Spurgeon, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. It was the intermeddling fanaticism of these, and such as these, that began the war, and it is these who are urging it on to every species of inhumanity, barbarism, and extermination.

The spirit with which the South accepted the war, when it was seen to be inevitable, was calm and heroic. It cannot be supposed that eight millions of men, with no navy, no army, and few military resources, wished for a war with twenty millions, having an

army, a navy, and resources in abundance. The South did not wish for war, and scarcely expected it. She relied upon the Democratic sentiment of the North, and hoped, as she asked, to be permitted to go in peace.

But when it became evident that war must come, and that she must fight for her independence, the world has never seen a more heroic and devoted patriotism than the whole South exhibited. She did not call for mercenaries, for foreign hirelings, for the scum of her population to fight her battles. It was the flower of her young chivalry that rushed into the ranks of her armies. Her men of position and wealth, her senators and statesmen, her planters and scholars, were not only the officers, but the rank and file of her army. The young men of every Southern College shouldered their rifles and marched to the nearest camp. Fathers and sons stood side by side. Of the five sons of General Lee, serving under him in Virginia, one was a general, another a colonel, while the youngest, a boy of eighteen, serving as a private volunteer in an artillery regiment, went, under his father's eye, into the thickest fire of the hard-fought and unequal fight of Antietam. "Sending us in again, father!" he gaily cried to the Confederate Chief, as mounted on the gun-carriage, he was borne into the smoke of the sanguinary and desperate conflict.

I have no desire to underrate the courage or the devotion of the Northern people. If their country was invaded, and they were threatened with subjuga-

tion, they might show the same spirit. But half the people in the North do not believe this war was ever right or necessary. Lust of money, power, and empire have combined with fanaticism to make the war. The best men in the North have kept out of it. Few men of a high social position have been found in the army, either as officers or privates. In every great battle, where thousands have been killed on either side, it has been the best blood of the South shed on one side—men fighting for homes, wives, children, country; on the other mercenary invaders, drawn by high bounties and pay, and the promise of plunder into the ranks, and whose loss there were few to mourn. General Meagher induced—seduced—five thousand poor Irishmen in New York and Boston to enlist in his brigade. They were expended in a series of senseless and useless butcheries, until there were only four hundred remaining, and then he resigned, and left them to their fate. In this way, in wretched hospitals on the Mississippi or James river, and in a hundred useless battles, two or three hundred thousand men have found graves in the Southern soil they went forth to plunder and subjugate. What must be the reflections of their political or military leaders, if they have any feeling or conscience, in all their future years?

The spirit in which the war was urged from the beginning by its Northern advocates was shown in the leading Lincoln papers. I copy a few paragraphs from papers published in the spring and summer of 1861.

"Virginia has plucked down vengeance upon her head . . . She has thrown herself under the lead of Pryor, Garnett, and other young Hotspurs, who, dragging the more cowardly and discreet Hunters and Letchers in their train, are precipitating her into the gulf of perdition. Long the nursing mother of treason, but without the courage to act openly and strike boldly, like her rebel sisters on the Gulf, this cowardly old hypocrite is about to receive just retribution for her crimes. As the elder Napoleon said of Prussia, on the eve of the battle of Jena, 'Her destiny is determined; let it be accomplished!' —*New York Tribune.*

This is the paper that began the cry of "On to Richmond!"

"To complete the harmony of Northern sentiment, upon the unity of which the strength of the Government in this conflict is dependent, all who sympathize with its enemies should be indignantly frowned upon by their neighbours; and, if noisy and seditious in the utterance of their treason, they should be brought to punishment. If we wage this holy war with the earnestness the cause authorizes, we shall battle treason wherever we meet it. It is nowhere more dangerous than where it defiantly parades itself within our own limits."—*New York Times.*

"Draw the sword; throw wide the scabbard. Let one hundred thousand volunteers from the States yet faithful be called for, to invade and subjugate the assailants of the national honour. And let us never

cease to fight till South Carolina is a desert, a desolate land, and sown with salt, that every passer by shall wag his head."—*Boston Atlas.*

"It is true that there are a few men—we are happy to say that we have been able to find very few—who, even at the present juncture, do nothing but wail over the horrors of civil war, and ask, with imploring accents, why men cannot differ about slavery without desiring to cut each other's throats. But the people at large are not to be deceived by this lachrymose sophistry."—*New York World.*

The *World* has changed hands since the publication of the above, and is more humanely conducted.

"We can have no peace until one of the two civilizations triumphs. . . . The short cut to peace in this country is a reunion of the States, though this may cost us a great war. The weaker party must take and for ever keep the subordinate place."—*New York Times.*

"The dynasty of Jeff. is nothing but a house of cards. It represents nothing but the audacity of a few men, every one of whom will be hanged or driven out of the country before the year is out. We repeat the prediction that the leaders of this conspiracy will be hanged, or driven into exile, before the year is out [1861], and their sympathizers in this region, and at the North, will go down with an overthrow from which there will be no recovery."—*Washington Republican.*

When the organ of the Government at Washington

made such predictions, it is no wonder that the country was flooded with pictures of a Federal Zouave hanging the President of the Confederate States.

"Rebellion must be put down. . . . The heart of the people throbs fiercely with impatience of treason. The thought uppermost to-day in the popular mind is, 'down with rebellion!' The prayer most anxiously sent above by a long-suffering people is for a leader equal to our great emergency, who shall call out all loyal men to exterminate treason from the land."—*New York Evening Post.*

"As certainly as we now write, the North West, with spades only, protected with rifles, will drown out the whole country on the lower Mississippi, as relentlessly as they would drown out rats in the hold of a ship. And nothing is easier. Let them look to it, then; and return to their allegiance, while it is yet in their power to do so."—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

This paper was edited, and the above was probably written, by General James Watson Webb, since United States Minister to Brazil, where his quarrel with Mr. Christie, the British Minister, was, to use a mild term, characteristic.

"The President must direct the great National arm, which only awaits his command to deliver a blow that will end the war at once, by its crushing weight on the heads of those who have evoked its wrath—or that arm, fired with a public rage which will brook no control or guidance, will deal out, in its blind wrath, a destruction more terrible and complete

than ever a people suffered before. The instincts of humanity will be forgotten, and that will prove a war of utter extermination, which the President has now the power to control and limit to the punishment of those whose crimes have given it birth."—*New York Daily Times.*

"Woe to him that ventures to speak of peace, or compromise, or mediation, or adjustment, until treason shall have been effectually rebuked by the condign punishment of the traitors."—*New York Tribune.*

"The worn-out race of emasculated First Families must give place to a sturdier people, whose pioneers are now on their way to Washington at this moment in regiments. An allotment of land in Virginia will be a fitting reward to the brave fellows who have gone to fight their country's battles, and Maryland and Virginia, Free States, may start anew in the race for prosperity and power."—*New York Tribune.*

Alas! the allotment was soon made for most of these brave fellows, who were by such means induced to march to Virginia. It was six feet long by two feet wide. This has been the allotment of more than a hundred thousand Federal volunteers in Virginia—the only kind of allotments the invaders of the South are ever likely to have in quiet possession.

"Whenever a privateer sailing under letters of marque and reprisal of Jefferson Davis can be caught, all the men on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy, should be at once run up to the yard-arm, without any further trial than an inspection of the ship's papers."—*New York Tribune.*

This paper is edited by Horace Greeley, a philanthropist!

It was in view of such expressions as these, a thousand times repeated and re-echoed, that the editors of Nashville, Tennessee, issued an address to their countrymen, from which I copy a single paragraph:

"And what is the spirit that moves the vast North? Revenge and hate stream through every column of their journals. Conciliation, peace, and mercy are banished words. 'War to the knife,' 'extermination of the rebels,' 'crush the traitors,' are the common forms of their expressions. The South is to be overrun and crushed for ever; her proud spirit broken, her property confiscated, her families scattered and slaughtered, and then to remain through all time a dependency on the 'free and sovereign' North. Powerful armies of fanatics and plunderers are to be quartered in our cities and towns in the South, dictating to us laws at the point of the bayonet, and the slaves to be turned loose with more than savage atrocity on helpless women and children."

But it will be asked, was this the unanimous expression of the American press? Were there none to take the side of moderation, of justice, and of peace? There were many. I have a list of two hundred northern papers that were opposed to the war. The *New York Herald* opposed it until a street mob compelled it to change its tone, and it has ever since, while pretending to advocate the war for the Union, done all it considered safe to do to cripple the

Government and aid the South. The New York *Journal of Commerce*, one of the most able and dignified daily papers in America, opposed the war, until the Government refused to carry it in the mails, and it had to choose between a change of editors and suppression. The *New York Express* has from the beginning either openly or covertly opposed the war. The *New York Daily News* opposed it with great ability, until suppressed by being excluded from the mails, and seized by the police. On the 18th of April, 1861, *The News* asked:

"Are we a bloodthirsty people? Cannot Americans be induced to pause and ponder? Shall wild passion, under the sway of fanatics and interested demagogues, replace the reason which has heretofore governed a free and enlightened people? Shall we eat better, live better, sleep better, die better, from knowing that thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens have been slain in battle—brothers by brothers, fathers by sons, friends by the hands of those to whom they had been most devoted? Have the agonizing groans of the dying, the fearful cries of the wounded, the lamentations of the widowed and orphaned, and the shrieks of maidens outraged, become sounds which we should not shrink to hear? Will mangled limbs, the loathsome horrors of fields of carnage, ravaged fields, burning towns and villages, terror-stricken crowds fleeing before a brutal soldiery, be gratifying to our eyes? Is wholesale murder no longer included in the law, 'Thou shalt do no murder?' The mind is palsied at the recklessness with which the internecine

strife into which misrule has plunged the country is spoken of by those who sustain the policy of the Administration."

In another number it said :—

"Whichever side won in this unhappy quarrel it would bring no joy, and every life lost would be that of a brother and a friend. There are no laurels to be won in this conflict. The thorny and bitter plant which grows on the shores of the Lake of Sodom will twine the victors' brows and deck the biers of those who perish in this fratricidal and unnatural war.

"There are those who gloat over the prospect of coming butchery; who, like vultures, scent in anticipation the carnage about Fort Sumter, and glory in the fatal blow that divides the Union, as they hope, for ever. *Their horrible exultations at this moment, when civil war is about to commence, show that the party to which they belonged had this very end of disunion and war in view when they initiated their political aggression against the South.*"

It was for such words as these that this able and fearless democratic organ was suppressed. In a similar spirit the Buffalo *Republic* said :—

"We cannot divine the ways of Providence; but to us it seems that a more unnatural and unhallowed warfare does not disgrace the annals of the world. Suppose the wrongs of the South are imaginary wrongs? Imaginary grievances have a moral force as potent as those that are real, and demand as serious treatment. Has the party in power dealt earnestly and candidly with the wrongs set forth by

the Southern people? Most assuredly not; but with dogged obstinacy it has persisted in forcing its ethical doctrines upon a people to whom they were repulsive, and now because they refuse to swallow the republican draught, their homes are to be made desolate, and their fair country made to run with blood."

The Baltimore *Exchange*, in the following paragraph, speaks the sentiments of Maryland and the Border States:—

"We believe that right and justice are with our brethren of the South, and that the cause they represent and are defending is the cause of their domestic institutions—their chartered rights and firesides. We look upon the Government which is assailing them as the representatives, not of the Union, but of a malignant and sectional fanaticism, which takes the honoured name of the Union in vain, and has prostrated and is trampling on the Constitution. The war which that Government has wantonly begun we regard as a wicked and desperate crusade, not only against the homes and rights of our Southern brethren, but against the fundamental American principle of self-government."

It is a curious fact that some of the leading men and papers which have been violent advocates of the war, at first committed themselves against it. Thus Wm. H. Seward, Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State, at the dinner of the New England Society, in New York, December, 1860, made a speech, from which I make the following extract:—

"The question then is, when at this time people are

struggling under a delusion that they are getting out of the Union, and going to set up for themselves, what we are to do in order to hold them in. I do not know any better rule than the rule which every good New-England man, I suppose, though I have not much acquaintance with New-England—every father of a family in New York who is a sensible man—I suppose New-England fathers do the same thing—the rule which they exercise. It is this—if a good man wishes to keep his family together it is the easiest thing in the world. When one gets discontented, begins to quarrel, to complain, does his father quarrel with him, tease him, threaten, coerce him? No, that is the way to get rid of a family. But, on the other hand, if you wish to keep them together you have only one thing to do—to be patient, kind, forbearing, and wait until they come to reflect for themselves. The South is to us what the wife is to the husband. I do not know a man in the world who cannot get rid of his wife if he tries to do so. I can put him in the way to do it at once. He has only got two things to do—one is to be unfaithful to her, the other is to be out of temper with her, and she will be glad to leave him. That is the most simple. We have a great many statesmen who assume to know at once what the South proposes to do; what the Government proposes to do; whether they intend to coerce our Southern brethren back into their allegiance. Then they ask us, of course, as they may rightly do, what will be the value of a fraternity which is compulsory. All I have to say on that subject is, that it was so

long time ago as in the days of Sir Thomas More, when he made the discovery, and so announced it in his writings, 'that there are a great many school-masters, but very few who know how to instruct children, and a great many who know how to whip them.'"

Hon. Robert Dale Owen, formerly United States Minister to Naples, and now or lately in the service of the Lincoln Government, said:—

"If the cotton states persist in secession, we must acknowledge them, on some terms or other, before or after war; or else we must conquer and reduce them to submission. No man of common sense proposes to reduce them to submission. Then, if they persist, the sooner we make terms with them the better."

Hon. Horace Greeley, in November 1860, wrote as follows:—

"If the cotton states unitedly and earnestly wish to withdraw peacefully from the Union, we think they should and would be allowed to do so. Any attempt to compel them by force to remain would be contrary to the principles enunciated in the immortal Declaration of Independence—contrary to the fundamental ideas on which human liberty is based."

Quoting from the Declaration of Independence the doctrines, that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and that when any government becomes hostile to the interests and happiness of a people it is their right to alter, or abolish it, and form another, he added:—

"*We do heartily accept this doctrine,* believing it

intrinsically sound, beneficent, and one that, universally accepted, is *calculated to prevent the shedding of seas of human blood.* And if it justified the secession from the British Empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, *we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Federal Union in* 1861."

And yet this man has done more than any other, Seward perhaps excepted, to shed seas of human blood, by the base betrayal and violation of his principles!

Even the New York *Evening Post*, afterwards one of the most violent and bitter of the war papers, in April, 1861, had not quite forgotten its ancient professions of democracy. It said:—

"This is a Government of the people. There is no doubt that when a majority of the people of this country decide to break up the Government, their decision is final; and no sensible man doubts that if, by a fair and unobstructed vote, the majority of the people of the seceded States declared their positive and earnest desire to leave the Union, they would not find the remaining States unreasonable."

These are a few of very numerous instances in which interest, or fear, or a prevailing madness, has caused men to forget their principles.

The actual influences which caused and have continued the war, with all its bloodshed, atrocities, and horrors, and which urge portions of the Northern people to a war of subjugation or extermination, are of a complex character.

There is the greed of power. That America is the greatest, as well as the freest, most enlightened, most moral and religious of countries, and is destined to possess the whole continent and rule the world, is an American idea hard to abandon. The flag of the Stars and Stripes is the symbol of this great and glorious empire.

The greed of gain was another motive. Millions of capital at the North were embarked in manufacturing for the Southern market, and in the Southern trade. The competition of Europe was shut out by the Morrill Tariff. It was a large stake, and Northern capitalists were willing to contribute liberally to the war, in the hope of getting back what secession might deprive them of for ever.

The Republican party, after many long struggles had just come into power, and secession took from them half of the fruits of victory. The South would not submit to their rule. This was an insult as well as an injury.

The Abolitionists, who made the freedom of the negro the first consideration, were ready either to dissolve the Union or to fight for its continuance. They had been letting the Constitution slide, and spitting upon it, for years. Now came a chance to free the negro, as an incident of a war for the Constitution. The followers of John Brown are ready to excite a servile war—to make the whole South a St. Domingo—to excite four millions of slaves to rapine and murder, to exterminate a white population of eight millions, and make their country a desert of wild beasts and

savages. Never on the earth was a more ruthless and insane fanaticism.

Add to these the mercenaries, native and foreign, whom high bounties, high pay, and the licence of rapine and plunder have brought into the field, and an army of contractors, suttlers, &c., made rich by the plunder of Government, army, and people, and you have an idea of some of the interests engaged in the war against the Confederate States of America.

There is a peace party throughout the whole North. It is composed of democrats who have not forgotten their principles, philanthropists whose love of men does not lead to murder, patriots who hold that liberty is of more value than empire, and Christians who do not expect to compel men to fraternal union with rifle and cannon. In many districts of the North the peace party has been in a majority of numbers, but it has not had the means of political action, and it has not come to the point of revolt against the established Government. Many who should have been its leaders have been silent or unfaithful. I have the hope that the true voice of America may yet be heard; and that the true American spirit may be aroused in the hearts of people not wholly corrupted, maddened, and lost.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MY RECORD.

Before the war.—Election of Mr. Lincoln and its consequences.—Secession.—Southern military movements.—Inauguration of President Lincoln.—Organization of the Government.—Various opinions.—The New York Press.—"Peace or War?" "The City of New York."—"The future of America."—"The principle of coercion."—"Second Edition! The Inauguration of civil war."—Conclusion.

I CLOSE this book, as I began it, with matter of a more personal character than any contained in the intermediate chapters. I wish to place on record what I thought of the war before it began—before the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter—when I saw it looming in the future, and had some idea of its vast proportions. I have given extracts from several Northern papers, for War and for Peace. I beg the indulgence of the reader while I give some longer extracts from a paper of my own.

At the beginning of 1861, I commenced the publication of a weekly newspaper in New York. One number was issued before the attack on Fort Sumter, and when it was hoped and believed that peace would be preserved. But the perfidious Government at

Washington, while promising to evacuate that fort, was preparing an expedition for its relief. The sailing of that expedition brought war, and my literary enterprise was nipped in the bud. I did not issue a second number. If I had done so, it is not likely that it would have reached many readers.

In the number issued before the sailing of the expedition from New York, which began the war, I published the following *résumé* of the position of affairs and several articles which will give the reader an idea of the situation as it then appeared to a Democratic New York American:—

[From the *New York Age*, April 2, 1861.]

"The Presidential contest of 1860 was an epoch in our history. Four candidates divided the suffrages of the American people: Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, Republican; Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, Democrat; John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, Democrat; and John Bell, of Tennessee, American. Mr. Lincoln received a majority in every Northern State except New Jersey. He did not, however, receive a majority of the popular vote, and was elected President under the forms of the Constitution, with a majority of nearly a million of votes against him.

"The election was remarkable from its sectional character. While every Northern State but one gave a majority for Lincoln, he got no majority in any Southern State, and but very few votes. The South went *en masse* against him, with a strong determination of not submitting to the platform on which he was elected.

"As soon as the result was known, conventions were called in several of the Southern States. South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, have formally seceded from the Federal Union, and have formed a new government, under the title of the Confederate States of America, with its capital at Montgomery, Alabama. Jefferson Davis, late Senator from Mississippi, formerly an officer in the army, and Secretary of War, was elected President.

"The Constitution of the Confederate States is that of the United States, with a few alterations. The President is elected for six years, instead of four, and cannot be re-elected. All officers of the Government, except foreign ministers and heads of departments, hold office during good behaviour, and cannot be removed for political reasons. These provisions, it is expected, will put an end to office-seeking. There are other safeguards against extravagant and corrupt expenditures. These are generally considered wise amendments. Others can be made by convention at the call of three States.

"Nearly one hundred and fifty officers of the army and navy, citizens of the Confederated States, have resigned their commissions, considering that they owed allegiance to the States to which they belonged, and not to the Union, of which those States were no longer members. Some of the most capable and distinguished of those officers have been appointed to commands in the military service of the new confederacy. Most of the civil posts are also filled by those who have

held appointments under the United States Government.

"As the States seceded from the Union they took possession, as far as was practicable, of the fortresses, arsenals, and other public property, held for their use and protection hitherto by the general government. Most of these were destitute of garrisons, and were taken without difficulty. Major Anderson, stationed at Fort Moultrie, Charleston, being threatened by a superior force of South Carolina troops, retired to Fort Sumter, in the centre of the harbour, which, with sufficient men and supplies, was considered an almost impregnable position. A feeble and abortive attempt to send him supplies and reinforcements was made by the late administration. The *Star of the West* entered the harbour, but was driven off by the batteries erected by the troops of the State. The holding of the fort, and still more, the attempt at its reinforcement, was considered an act of war by the seceded States.

While the forces of South Carolina were gathering around Fort Sumter, Lieutenant Slemmer, at Pensacola, held Fort Pickens, though the Navy Yard and Shore batteries were surrendered to the Florida troops. When the Confederate Government was organized, Gen. Beauregard, late a distinguished officer of the United States army, was sent to take the command at Charleston, and Gen. Bragg, distinguished in the battle of Buena Vista, was dispatched to Pensacola.

"On the 4th of March, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, having escaped from a rumoured conspiracy to assassinate him, was inaugurated President at Washington.

In his address, which was looked forward to with great anxiety, he expressed the intention to execute the laws, as far as power was given him, over the whole territory of the United States: to collect revenues, and to hold and possess the fortifications and other property of the Government. He also announced that he would not invade the seceded States, or force officials upon them against their will. The seeming contradictions of the inaugural message have not found a satisfactory interpreter. Its declarations are considered warlike or pacific according to the feelings or interests of those who attempt to expound them.

"The new Administration at Washington was organized by the appointment of Messrs. Seward, Chase, Cameron, Wells, Bates, Smith, and Blair, to the Cabinet. These appointments did not explain the inaugural. Some of them were supposed to be for coercion, some for conciliation; the views of others were unknown.

"Meantime, a powerful armament and large force was being drawn round Fort Sumter. The forces of the United States were small and widely scattered. The supplies in the fort were running low, and fresh provisions, supplied from Charleston, could be cut off at any moment. It became necessary either to send supplies and reinforcements, or to abandon the fort. General Scott estimated that its relief would require at least ten thousand men, and a powerful naval force. It is said that Major Anderson's estimate was larger. As the garrison would starve or be taken prisoners before any such force could be gathered, the Govern-

ment at Washington was reluctantly compelled to abandon the position.*

"Indian raids in Texas, made by the powerful and warlike tribes on that frontier, had caused two or three thousand U. S. troops to be sent there, under the command of General Twiggs, the third officer in the army, ranking next after Generals Scott and Wool. The Texan Convention, which passed the ordinance of Secession, sent commissioners, backed by a strong military force under General Ben. M'Culloch, a famous ranger, to demand the surrender of the fortresses and military property to the State.

"The troops were divided, and scattered along the frontier. General Twiggs, a Southerner, and sympathizing with the secession movement, had at his urgent request been relieved from the command of the south-western division. But his successor had not arrived. He pleaded for delay; but the matter was urgent, and he finally surrendered, was stricken from the rolls of the army, and received in New Orleans with a popular ovation.

"The late Congress passed a tariff law, increasing the duties on many important articles. The Southern Congress adopted a lower scale of duties. While goods imported into New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., pay from twenty-five to fifty per cent., with some much higher, the same goods brought to Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, or New Orleans, pay from ten to twenty-five per cent. The effect of this will be to

* It was stated in New York that the Government had ordered the evacuation as a military necessity.

send the great bulk of foreign commerce to the Southern ports. When the goods are once entered, there is nothing to hinder their being distributed over the Western States, or brought to our Eastern cities.

"The slave States which have not yet seceded and joined the Southern Confederacy, hold a doubtful position. Attached to the Union by feeling and interest, they are yet so identified with the South, that several of them have declared by large majorities, that any attempt at coercion against the Southern Confederacy, would cause them to secede. This is undoubtedly the position of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The other States would probably follow in their lead. Such, frankly and impartially stated, are the difficulties which surround the Government at the opening of Mr. Lincoln's administration. No President has ever had so great a responsibility.

"The inauguration of the President at Washington was the signal for the assembling at that point of a vast army of office-seekers. An immense number came from the north-western States, the home of the President. 'To the victors belong the spoils,' has become the watchword of all parties. The Republican party does not show itself less greedy than the Democratic. There are, or would be, including the seceded States, some sixty thousand offices; but a great portion of them, small country post-offices, are of little value. There are probably from ten to fifty applicants for every office supposed to be worth having.

"The first pressure upon the President was for cabinet appointments. Mr. Seward, supposed at

present to entertain moderate and conciliatory views toward the South, was warmly opposed by the ultra-Republicans, led by Mr. Greeley, while Mr. Chase, believed to be an ultra of the Greeley and Giddings school, was as strenuously opposed by the moderates. A speedy rupture of the Cabinet was predicted, but it has not been tried yet on any question of sufficient importance to bring its supposed antagonisms into action—the abandonment of Fort Sumter being considered a military necessity.

"In the extra session of the Senate, called to act upon the appointments of the President, various attempts have been made to draw or drive the Republican Senators into a declaration of the policy of the Administration, but without effect. Mr. Douglas, in a plausible speech, interpreted the inaugural as meaning conciliation and peace, because Congress had done nothing to provide for the other alternative of civil war.

"Mr. Hale and other Senators declared frankly that they were entirely in the dark as to the intentions of the Government.

"Mr. Breckenridge inferred from the silence of the Republicans in the Senate, and of the Administration, that their intention was war. If it were peace, he said, they could have no objection to say so. They are silent, therefore they mean war; but the Senator may have lost sight of the war that might be made on the Administration by its own party, in case of a declaration of peace toward the Southern republic.

"The Administration met with a difficulty which

threatens serious consequences to its party, in the claims of the German Republicans. Several of their leaders claimed important diplomatic appointments. Mr. Carl Shurz, of Wisconsin, a refugee from Prussia, claimed the mission to the Court of Victor Emmanuel, while Mr. Hassaurek, a well-known radical editor and speaker of Cincinnati, applied for the mission to Switzerland. Mr. Seward determined that no foreigner should be appointed to a first-class European mission. They could have the smaller missions in Europe, or those in South America. The diplomatic appointments generally indicate a moderate policy, with the exception, perhaps, of that of General James Watson Webb to Constantinople, which was probably to get him out of the way of doing mischief. Mr. Shurz has since been appointed to Spain, and Mr. Hassaurek to one of the States of South America.

"The Spirit of the Press on the Great Question of the day is sufficiently remarkable.

"The 'Herald' has been Southern, pro-slavery, and secession from the beginning. Early last summer it predicted the secession movement and the consequences which followed it with remarkable accuracy.

"The 'Tribune,' like all the Republican papers, ridiculed the idea of secession or disunion, and said the slave States could not be kicked out of the Union—that the whole cry was got up for political effect. Now it tells us that the conspiracy has been in existence for thirty years, with a perfect determination to carry it out at the first convenient opportunity. When the movement actually commenced, the 'Tribune' said that

if a majority of the people of any of the Southern States wished to change their government, they had a right to do so, and they might go in peace. Now there is not a paper in the Union so strong for coercive measures and civil war.

"The 'Times' has been on both sides of the fence, almost on alternate days. A strong coercive article one day is balanced by a conciliation one the next.

"The 'Evening Post' is for war.

"The 'Express' is for peace, conciliation, and reconstruction.

"The 'Courier and Enquirer,' edited by General Webb, is fiercely for war and death to all traitors.

"The 'Journal of Commerce' is firmly for conciliation and peace.

"The 'World,' which began very moderate, has grown excessively warlike of late.

"The New York Press may be set down as about equally divided on the momentous questions of War and Peace.

"PEACE OR WAR.

"We have looked over the whole ground long and anxiously, and our conclusion is that there must be peace. It is a political, financial, and military necessity. Why President Lincoln has not more frankly avowed it as the policy of his administration, it is hard to say. His reticence may also be a political necessity. The inaugural address contains strong expressions both of coercion and conciliation. Its warlike declarations cannot be carried out—its peaceful ones can be.

"There is no existing law by which the President can collect the national revenue in one of the seceded States. There is no law by which he can raise a sufficient military force to take or hold one of the fortresses which may be considered within the Southern Confederacy. It is as well to look all the facts in the face. Nothing can be done towards collecting the revenue, executing the laws, or carrying out the intention to hold and possess the fortresses without express authority of Congress. And if there were law for it, what then? Suppose there had been a force of twenty thousand men to relieve Fort Sumter. It would have been met by a force of 50,000 Southerners. Virginia, Kentucky, every Southern State would have joined hands with the Southern Confederacy. The war would have been begun—who can tell when, where, or how it would have ended? The officers and the men who have fought together under our flag in the past would have been pitted against each other. The first act of coercion on the part of the Government of the United States against the Southern Confederacy will unite the whole South, and divide the North. It is not as if we had a foreign enemy. For seventy years the people of the South have been our brethren. We have poured out our blood upon the same battle-fields. Together we have made progress in the arts of peace. Why should we go to war with them?

"And for what purpose? Suppose we were to conquer—burn their cities, waste their fields, introduce all horrors of servile insurrection, and finally

subdue them—what then? Can one portion of the Union hold the other as conquered provinces? Can we hold the South as Austria holds Venetia, or as England holds Ireland? To do this, our Government must become a military despotism. It cannot be done under the Constitution. And if it were, there are four millions of negroes to be disposed of. The North, the conquering section, must either govern them in slavery, or take the responsibility of setting them free, and providing for them.

"Frankly, we see no course for the Government to pursue, but to acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, make equitable treaties, conciliate the border States, and wait for the developments of the future. It is easy to clamour for war, but it is wise to count the costs before entering upon such a war as this. Those who think the South is powerless do not understand her. In the Mexican war the Southern States contributed twice as many men as the Northern. The South, with her fields cultivated, and nearly all her work done by Negroes, can place almost her entire white population under arms. In a great emergency, the Southern States could place in the field a million of soldiers—the greater part of them such men as won the battles of Buena Vista and New Orleans.

"We do not undervalue the courage nor the resources of the North; but the South has this undoubted advantage. In case of a civil war, with the North as the aggressor, the whole South would be united to a man, while the North would be divided.

A large and powerful party at the North, and millions of all parties, would oppose such a war. It is for these reasons, among others, that we believe in peace as a political and military necessity.

"New York, like every other city, suffers from the impending revolution. We say impending, for only a part is accomplished. The Slave States must finally belong to one confederacy. New York is the commercial and financial capital of the whole country, and must suffer from the derangement of trade with any portion. What we are now suffering from is the paralysis of suspense. Millions of gold are lying in the vaults of our banks, as useless as the same weight in paving-stones. The banks cannot lend their money, for nobody dares to borrow. Of course the every-day wants must be supplied, and the ordinary operations of trade in the necessaries of life must go on; but everybody who can wait until he can see what he has to rely upon does so. And this makes dull times for the rich and hard times for the poor.

"New York is also threatened with a loss of commerce from the operation of the rival tariffs. The Southern people are in favour of free trade. They wish to buy and sell in the open markets of the world. The Northern people, being largely manufacturers, want the protection of high tariff duties. But if goods can be imported into Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans at low rates, and be distributed over not only the South, but the West, what can the merchants of New York do, but transfer their

capital to the new channels which commerce will inevitably open?

"And if more than half the sea coast of the United States is open to the commerce of the world, how can the manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania expect to maintain the high prices for which they have passed the existing tariff? Can we expect that the great West, growing into power with giant strides, will consent to high duties and high prices, to build up the prosperity of the East? We have here another wedge, which may rend the Union into other fragments.

"The interest of New York is that of the whole country. It is manufacturing, as well as commercial; but our manufactures are mostly of a kind which do not need protection. With moderate and nearly equal tariffs, North and South, New York could hold her own, and advance in her wonderful career of prosperity."

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

"They are mistaken who say that Americans are destitute of loyalty and patriotism. It is not true. We love our country, and as a rule we are loyal to its institutions.

"It is hard for us to believe that the glorious destiny which seemed to await us can be wrested from us. We have looked forward to the time when America, with its population of a hundred millions, filling the continent from ocean to ocean, should be the first

civilized power in the world. We have hoped that her example and influence would lead the whole human race to civilization and freedom.

"A dark cloud has settled over this once brilliant prospect. The growth of corruption and fanaticism has brought a crisis in our national affairs, and we can see no escape from the impending ruin. For twenty years the popular feeling of the North against the South, and the institutions of the South, has been steadily increasing. We have no faith in any permanent reaction. At the same time, the feeling and opinion of the South has steadily increased in an opposite direction. Twenty years ago, a large portion of the Southern people were willing to admit that slavery was an evil which they would gladly be rid of if they knew how it could be accomplished. To-day, the predominant sentiment of the South is that the normal position of their four millions of negro population is that of an enforced pupilage to civilization. They hold that the black race was created to be the servants of the white, and that it cannot be put to any better use.

"Neither the North nor the South can be driven or persuaded out of its opinions on this subject. The only basis of union between them, therefore, is entire toleration. If the people of the North had been content with the enjoyment of their own opinions on this subject, leaving the South at peace, making no war upon its institutions, leaving each social system to make its own progress, without interfering with the other, the Union might have been preserved. But

the North, years ago, entered upon an earnest propagandism, with the avowed purpose of destroying the Southern institution.

"The South remonstrated—it warned, it threatened in vain. At last, when the Abolition party had triumphed in nearly every Northern State, and men pledged to the "irrepressible conflict" were placed at the head of the nation, South Carolina withdrew from the Union. Six States have followed her example, and they have organized a Southern Confederacy.

"Is there any prospect that this breach can be healed? Is there any hope that we shall any more rejoice in 'one Constitution, one country, one destiny?' We do not see the first element of such a prospect. North and South are both earnest, conscientious, and determined. In opinion, they are at open war.

"How is union possible? Only in two ways. There must be a union of mutual consent and choice, or a union of force. The South will not consent to union, except with entire toleration of her institutions. She will resist an enforced union to the last extremity.

"So far as we can see, our future is to be either a military despotism, in which the North, by the power of numbers, will conquer and subjugate the South, and rule over the Southern States as conquered provinces, or we must exist as separate republics, each enjoying her own institutions, and working out her own destiny.

"There can be no cordial union until either the

majority of the North give up all active opposition to slavery, or the Southern people give up slavery itself. An enforced union brings upon us civil war, with its untold horrors.

"The best we dare hope is a peaceful separation.

"But may not people in time, by the exercise of their reason, come nearer together, and finally cast aside their differences? Have they done so? To us they appear to be for ever diverging more widely apart.

"Our society is broken into fragments. Every village has as many little cliques as churches of different denominations. Things are denounced as sins in one pulpit which are lauded as moral duties in others. People are in this way set against each other, and brought to the brink of bloodshed and civil war.

"The most terrible wars the world has ever seen have been caused by diversity of religion. Let the pulpits of one State or country denounce the faith or morals of another, and the people will soon be ready to cut their throats.

"When the Northern pulpit says slavery is a sin against God, and the Southern pulpit with equal fervour says slavery is a Divine institution, can we wonder that people, excited by their opposite teachings, should be pointing their cannon at each other?

"Had all pulpits North and South held the same doctrine on a subject so important as this, there would have been no difficulty. Assuredly there is a true doctrine, and assuredly all who profess to teach

by the authority of Christ should teach the same doctrine."

THE PRINCIPLE OF COERCION.

"Our Government is based upon the principle, that all its rights and all its powers are derived from 'the consent of the governed.' This is the basis of all its lawful authority. To collect revenues of the seceded States would be "'taxation without representation,' and would lead, of course, to civil war. The moment our Federal Government is imposed upon any State without its consent, and against the wishes of a majority of its inhabitants, that moment it becomes a military despotism—as much so as Russia in Poland, Austria in Hungary, or England in Ireland or India.

"We have believed in the Union, hoped in the Union, wished to preserve the Union—but never a Union of force. No forced Union can be preserved, nor is it worth preserving. If the Southern people will not be our brethren unless we cut their throats, we must be severed for evermore."

"SECOND EDITION!

"THE INAUGURATION OF CIVIL WAR!

"New York, April 9, 1861.

"In our first edition we gave the result of our observations on the state of the country, and predicted, as we hoped for, PEACE. In those articles we have nothing to retract or alter. We believe that peace is our true policy.

"But since that issue the Administration at Washington has begun military and naval movements, whose only result can be CIVIL WAR, with all its horrors. A large fleet, and all the land forces that could be hastily collected have been sent to the Gulf of Mexico, probably to relieve Fort Pickens and blockade the mouth of the Mississippi and the ports of the Southern States.

"This is WAR, unless better counsels prevail. It is the beginning of a desperate conflict, of which no one can foretel the issue.

"The first effect will be to unite the whole South. The people of Virginia, Kentucky, and all the border States will not act against the South, and they cannot remain neutral.

"And if the border States were not to formally secede from the Union, the flower of the young men of these States, to the number of not less than two hundred thousand, would volunteer in the army of the Southern Confederacy.

"If Virginia and Maryland go with the Gulf States, they take with them Washington, the national capital.

"When oceans of blood have been shed, with the untold horrors of such a contest—brother against brother, father against son—what will be the final result? Union? Harmony? Peace? Never! We shall have two rival military despotisms coming out of a long, bloody, fratricidal war, with loads of debt and a wasted country burdened with taxation.

"Republicans! this responsibility is with you.

The responsibility is with those who have the power. You can say to the South—'Brothers, go in peace!' or you can say, as you now seem to be saying—'War! conflagration! rapine! blood!'

"DEMOCRATS OF THE NORTH! have you no voice in this matter? Are you to be dragged into a civil war of murderous horrors, for a cause in which you have no sympathy? The voices of the Democratic organizations of New York City and State have gone out in earnest protests against an unnecessary and useless civil war. Let the million voices of the people who love justice and are opposed to an impending military despotism, be heard at Washington and save our country from the most terrible of all calamities."

In vain! My feeble voice and all voices that were for peace were drowned two days afterward in the howls of rage and vengeance that succeeded the bombardment and capture of Fort Sumter; for it was to the relief of that fort, and not to Fort Pickens, as I had surmised, that the secret expedition had been directed. The Government knew that the first serious effort to relieve Fort Sumter would be the signal for General Beauregard to open fire from his batteries. The Federal Government at Washington provoked and began the war; and it is, in my opinion, responsible for all its consequences.

These were my opinions and feelings before the war began and at its beginning. That war, with all its horrors, is in its third year, and I have seen no cause to change them. I held them when New York and the whole North was covered with flags and other

symbols of a determination to maintain the Union by force, and when it was believed that seventy-five thousand men and ninety days were sufficient for its restoration. Ten times that number have fallen in battle or by disease, and the North and South are still further separated by the torrent of blood and tears that rolls between them.

THE END.

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